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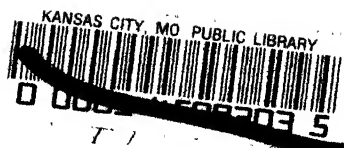
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THE SIGNIFICANT MODERNS

AND THEIR PICTURES

Also by C. J. Bullett

APPLES AND MADONNAS

VENUS CASTINA

COURTEZAN OLYMPIA

THE
SIGNIFICANT
MODERNS

and Their Pictures

BY C. J. BULLIET

WITH 274 REPRODUCTIONS



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INTRODUCTION

THE art movement that was excitedly and indignantly known, during the first quarter of the present century, as Modernism has run its course. It began with Cézanne and ended with Picasso.

Cézanne has arrived today at the unfortunate status that was Raphael's after the Renaissance. Multitudes of imitators have caught his surface idiosyncrasies, as they did Raphael's, and have repeated them to the surfeit of art lovers. Cézanne's apples are beginning to bore like Raphael's Madonnas. Presently, as the imitators are relegated to the scrap heaps, Cézanne will emerge in solitary grandeur to take his place alongside the reclaimed Raphael.

Cézanne's shoving into the gulf of torment has been far more rapid than Raphael's. In our day of instantaneous interchange of ideas the world over, Cézanne arose with phenomenal swiftness, and the legion of imitators got in their work as swiftly. Raphael's gospel spread slowly. It was a full century before his imitators had surfeited Italy, and another century before the plague had enveloped Europe. Then, the debacle of the imitators was delayed until the Courbet-Manet revolution in the Second French Empire swept away the "academy." It is to be hoped that the rehabilitation of Cézanne will come with a rapidity commensurate with his fall.

After the significant work of Picasso there has been only a mulling over and a more or less feeble recombination of the inventions and discoveries of the Moderns when they were in their creative prime. Everything, apparently, has been brought

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to canvas and marble that the Modern genius was capable of. Modernism will now go the way of its immediate predecessor, Impressionism, measuring time until some new impulse is born into the world. It may be for decades, if civilization slows down; it may be for even a boresome century. The Byzantines held sway for nearly a thousand years before the Italian Renaissance. But Impressionism, the first really significant movement after the Renaissance, was succeeded in its green young maturity by Modernism. Claude Monet, Impressionism's inventor, lived to see its demise.

Though "Finis" has been written to the creations of the Moderns, the best of their work will endure. Cézanne is of the stature of Apelles, Giotto, El Greco, Rembrandt and Reubens, and the others I choose to classify as The Giants of the movement, Seurat, Renoir, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Rousseau, Matisse and Picasso, are commensurate in loftiness with Titian, Leonardo and Velasquez.

It behooves us, in this period of sterility, between the decline of Modernism and the start of the next really significant art movement, to comprehend and treasure the works just finished as we do the long-accomplished masterpieces of the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Byzantines, the Italians of the Renaissance, the Flemish mediaevalists and the Impressionists. It is the attempt of this book to weigh and evaluate the Modern men and their pictures.

With the wane of Modernism there is coming a headlong, pell-mell relaxation of the standards the Moderns set up. Modernism was a revolt against the smooth sentimentalities of the Salon of Bouguereau. The Monet rebels went off on one tangent—the natural appearance of things as seen through atmospheric haze. The Cézanneites sought more substantial verities.

Cézanne and the succeeding "Fauves" of Matisse and "Cubists" of Picasso searched history and their own subconscious for an esthetic that would bring Nature and her works,

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including human models, into a fresh and vivid consciousness. Much that was bizarre resulted—not a little that was foolish.

“Old hat” artists gnashed their teeth and wept tears of vexation to see a goodly part of the intellectual world falling for what to them was, in toto, hokum. With Modernism now going the way of all flesh—and all paint—these artists and their newly developed kind are eager to believe the period of “madness” is past, and a return is being made, the world over, to a lazy, photographic naturalism.

In dictator-controlled countries of Europe this opinion is being officially fostered. The artist exists for the state, like everybody else, and the need of the state is for propaganda art that can be grasped unmistakably by the multitude. Hitler, particularly, with little cultural background, has ruthlessly wiped out experiment, exiling the artists along with the men of science. Stalin and Mussolini, a little more imaginative, still believe Russian artists and Italian artists are first and foremost Russians and Italians. The dictators have erected strong nationalistic barriers for their artists as well as for their tradesmen and professional soldiery. Other countries are following suit. There is no longer a free-flowing internationalism in the arts that resulted in Parisian Modernism, compounded of such elements as the Italo-French impulses of Cézanne, the French impulses of Matisse, the Spanish of Picasso, the Dutch of van Gogh, the Italian of Modigliani, the Russian of Chagall.

In America, where the artists have always preferred the easiest way of a lazy naturalism, the world-wide tendency toward a bristling, bragadoccio nationalism has resulted in a determination, puerile so far, to paint the American scene. Aiding and abetting a “patriotic” school that has been taking shape are President Roosevelt’s “new deal” projects for the artists.

Paint America and prosper! Down with the foreigners! American art for Americans!

Slogans like these, real and implied, in either America or

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the isolated countries of Europe, might be all right were there great creative geniuses guiding the course of art. If Hitler, for example, had the outlook of a Lorenzo the Magnificent or a Pope Julius II, a mighty renaissance might dawn in Germany. But as long as there are Hitlers in commanding positions in Europe, as long as there are leaders in America of no more vision than the instigators and fuglemen of the American scene, books will be necessary, abundantly illustrated, as a reminder that better things have been and as a promise that better things may come again.

"Modernism" ended abruptly, partly because the inventive genius of the artists had gone to the farthest frontiers along trails blazed by Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso; partly because, simultaneously, the eager epoch of its creation ended politically and economically with the crash in 1929 of the money markets of the world. Substantial support for the art was cut off at the period when it was no longer of account, as the eye of history will view it.

Art, an esthetic thus finished, has not yet caught up with the new era of civilization. But it will. And there will be a new Modernism. For always, in art, is there a Modernism. Plato spoke—and complained of it—in Athens.

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I. THE GIANTS

PAUL CÉZANNE

Born AIX-EN-PROVENCE, FRANCE, JANUARY 19, 1839.

Died AIX-EN-PROVENCE, FRANCE, OCTOBER 22, 1906.

CÉZANNE'S father was Louis Auguste Cézanne, a hatter of Aix, whose business so prospered that, in time, he was able to set himself up as a small banker.

The Cézannes were originally Italians of Cesena (whence their name) and had crossed the Alps and settled in France.

Cézanne's mother was Elisabeth Aubert, of Creole ancestry, a maidservant in the hatter's home. Five years after the painter's birth, Louis Auguste Cézanne and Elisabeth Aubert married, and he was thus legitimized. Two daughters were born, Marie, out of wedlock, and Rose.

When Cézanne was twenty, his father, whose bank had been as fortunate as his hattery, bought the fine country estate at the edge of Aix where the painter was to spend most of his days, rendering it immortal.

Paul, at the time of the purchase, had just been graduated from the Collège Bourbon at Aix, with the degree Bachelor of Letters. A fellow student, Émile Zola, son of an engineer constructing the canal at Aix, was his best friend and his literary rival. For Cézanne, like Zola, had an ambition to be a writer. His marks were better than Zola's in Latin and in the classics.

Both were musicians. Zola played the clarinet in the college orchestra, and Cézanne was second cornet.

Cézanne had a third urge, which Zola didn't share—to paint. The banker, himself a lover of the arts, gave his son a second-hand box of paints, a gift he was to regret. He was letting his boy Paul play around as he pleased, believing that, when the time came, he would settle down to the study of law. So, away from their college classes, Cézanne and Zola roamed the hills around Aix, both composing verbal rhapsodies, and Cézanne, in addition, transferring his emotions to canvas.

After graduating, Zola went to Paris. Cézanne stayed in Aix and took up his law. But, developing a stronger and stronger distaste for the Code Napoleon, he begged off after a year, and went to work in his father's bank. However, instead of concentrating on adding up columns of figures, he adorned the margins of his ledgers with drawings. He too was dreaming of Paris—but of Montmartre instead of the Bourse. Zola was writing him glowing letters.

In 1863 he persuaded his father to take him to Paris to look around. It was the year of the Salon des Refusés, which excited Paul, particularly Manet's "Lunch on the Grass." Banker Cézanne, keeping his head, decided there was nothing in painting as a career. Paul came to the opposite conclusion.

The father, disappointed, nevertheless let Paul have his will. He settled on him one hundred and fifty francs a month. Later, convinced of its inadequacy, he increased the allowance to three hundred francs. This he paid regularly, without grumbling, but also without addition until his death in 1886.

This allowance of \$720 a year, while keeping Cézanne from actual want, and even making him envied by the artists around him, didn't make him the man of wealth and ease some of the writers have supposed him to be. After his father's death, he

came into a little more money, but it was not until 1897, when his mother died and the estate was divided equally between himself and his two sisters, that Cézanne was enabled to live in real comfort.

Cézanne's beginnings as an artist were not auspicious. He failed to pass the entrance examination for the École des Beaux Arts, and so entered the Académie Suisse. He met there Pissarro and Guillaumin, and later, through them and Zola, the great Manet himself, along with Renoir, Monet and Sisley. Zola, as a rising young journalist and art critic, was in close contact with this circle, fighting valiantly in its defense.

In 1866 Cézanne was ready to submit a picture to the official Salon. To his astonishment, it was rejected. He wrote an indignant letter to Nieuwerkerke, Napoleon's minister of fine arts, demanding another Salon des Refusés.

"What you ask is impossible," some secretary wrote on the margin of his letter and returned it to him. "We have now come to realize how much beneath the dignity of art the exhibition of the Refusés was in the past, and it will not be re-established."

The next year Cézanne married Mlle. Marie Hortense Fiquet, a fellow villager, who thereupon entered upon a life-long ordeal as the most harassed, most patient art model in history.

For Cézanne painted slowly and demanded of his models an absolute rigidity. "Do I have to tell you again you must sit like an apple?" he testily shouted at Vollard, his dealer and biographer, one day, while painting his portrait. "Does an apple move?"

It was Mme. Cézanne who schooled herself to become the perfect model. All his friends had tried. Zola even posed for him nude as a study for an acrobat. But all, eventually, gave

up—all except Mme. Cézanne. He did numerous portraits of her, as of himself, his other perfect model; and, while he came to use reproductions of Rubens' nymphs as models for his nudes, because living female models disturbed him when they took off their clothes, he often made his wife pose undressed for anatomical details. One son was born, in 1872.

Cézanne sent year after year to the Salon of Bouguereau, always getting the rejection slip. In 1874, he participated in the exhibition of his friends, the Impressionists, and again in 1877.

Ridicule and ill-natured derision were heaped upon the initial show. But at the exhibition of 1877, according to Théodore Duret, best historian of the movement, "the Impressionists gave full scope to their boldness of treatment, and consequently excited such disgust that they were regarded as unspeakable barbarians. But none was regarded with such profound horror, none appeared to be so absolutely barbaric, as Cézanne. In 1877 the recollection of the Commune was still fresh, and the fact that the Impressionists were at that time spoken of as Communards was principally due to the presence of Cézanne in their midst. And he a banker's son, with as much distaste for politics as for law!

So savage was the critical assault that even his fellow exhibitors, who should have been of tougher fiber, looked at him askance. Zola himself was disturbed. Though literary interpreter for the Impressionists and their most vigorous champion, even he couldn't grasp the significance of the pictures by the greatest of them all. He locked into a cupboard the paintings Cézanne was in the habit of giving him, so that other artists, visiting his house, wouldn't see them.

"I could not leave my best friend, the companion of my youth, to their tender mercies," he told Vollard. "It pains me

so to think what my friend might have been if he had only tried to direct his imagination and work out his forms."

Mme. Cézanne has been criticized for being unable to give him the sympathetic understanding that might have made Cézanne's life happier. But by what right? If Zola couldn't understand nor Manet, why expect it of her, a country girl, wholly untutored in the arts? She did a pretty good life's job as a model, and in going out into the fields and picking up the canvases he threw away in rage because he "couldn't realize." Only Renoir grasped Cézanne.

Cézanne understood the cold shoulder of the artists and of Zola, and he didn't exhibit with them any more. He retired to Aix, where, for the remainder of his life, he lived like a hermit, now and then paying Paris a visit, chiefly to wander in the Louvre.

"I want to make of Impressionism something solid and enduring like the art of the old masters," is his own expression of his aims—aims that were accomplished, despite his despondent sizing up of himself a year before his death: "I am too old; I have not realized, I shall not realize now. I remain the primitive of the way which I have discovered."

But if he shunned his old comrades, the Impressionists, he continued to send from Aix to the jury of the Salon, only to draw the same old rejection slips. In 1882, nevertheless, the unexpected happened. His painter friend Guillemet, who knew his story and the dry-throated thirst of his ambitions, was on the Salon jury. Each jurymen was allowed a "charity"—a single picture from the pile of the rejected. Guillemet chose a portrait of a man by Cézanne. It attracted no attention, and cannot now be identified. But Cézanne was overjoyed. He had crashed the Salon of Bouguereau!

But it didn't happen again, and by 1890 Cézanne was for-

gotten by the Impressionists and by everybody else except Renoir, the younger van Gogh, Gauguin and a few such non-descripts who frequented the little shop of Père Tanguy on the Left Bank. Père Tanguy was a color grinder who traded pigments and blank canvas for "daubs" when the artists couldn't pay him in money.

One day Ambroise Vollard, another petty dealer, wandered in and saw some of the queer pictures by a certain Cézanne that Tanguy had taken in trade. Vollard became interested, bought three or four, took them home and studied them. Gradually becoming convinced that here was a find, Vollard returned to Tanguy's, bought the rest of the Cézannes he had; visited Aix, and bought some more.

In December, 1895, Vollard, having acquired by purchase and on loan about 150 canvases, opened an exhibition in the rue Laffitte. Crowds came in to see—to laugh or to wax indignant. Whistler was annoyed. "If a six-year-old child had drawn that on his slate," he told Vollard, pointing to a portrait of Cézanne's sister Marie, "his mother, if she were a good mother, would have whipped him." Fantin-Latour was equally annoyed, but kept silent. His feelings were determined a little later, however, by Vollard, who, meeting in Fantin's studio a commissioner of the Louvre, asked casually and without malice for permission to take to the museum one or two of Cézanne's still-life studies of fruit to compare them with Chardin's. "Don't you dare to treat the Louvre lightly in my presence!" burst out Fantin angrily.

But the critic, Gustave Geffroy, took up the cudgel for Cézanne. Paris began to listen. The Indépendants, revolting against the Impressionists, who were becoming slowly established, as well as against the old tiresome Salon (which goes its even, disdainful way even unto this year of grace, 1936), in-

vited Cézanne in 1899 to exhibit with them. He sent a landscape and two still-life pictures. He participated again in 1901 and 1902; and then, in 1904, a whole room was allotted him in the Autumn Salon. He had arrived!

For the Fauves—Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck and the rest—excitedly took him up as their patron saint, and soon the explosive, barbaric name “Cézanne” was heard through Paris and the world. Cézanne was puzzled, a bit terrified, and then angry. He thought he was being spoofed. He died October 22, 1906, without realizing that he was on his way to the immortality he had longed for so desperately—an unsatisfied longing so nervously harassing that it had brought on diabetes. Weakened by the anxiety malady, he stayed out in a raw October rain, painting in a field near Aix. On his way home he fainted and was picked up by a laundry cart. A heavy cold ensued, and two weeks later he was dead.

The Autumn Salon had just hung an even bigger show of his than in 1904. In his illness he didn't know the extravagant praise and blame heaped upon him. Paris heard of his death, and his show was turned into a “retrospective”—the first of a multitude. The critics revisited his gallery, and expressed their “second thoughts.”

“Cézanne's portraits would tickle one's ribs at a Punch and Judy show,” wrote De Bettex.

“A few apples and a napkin take on a sort of grandeur,” countered Théodore Duret.

And, a little later, Joachim Gasquet: “He possessed the accurate mysticism of reality, and his torment was to render life yet more living.”

Cézanne restored to painting its spine.

Three centuries of imitating and refining on Raphael and the masters of the Italian Renaissance had resulted in the ex-

quisite surface enamel of the Salon of Bouguereau—bisque with sawdust guts!

The Impressionists, weary of such perfection of outward form with nothing inside, had sought obscurity in billows of golden haze.

Cézanne counter-rebelled. Form was worth preserving—only it must be honest form, re-observed in nature, and not the synthetic sham the studios had evolved over a period of centuries out of the *ipse dixit* of Raphael.

"We must remake Poussin from Nature!" he exclaimed; but in the remaking he refrained from destroying ruthlessly the beauties the Impressionists had invented.

"I want to make of Impressionism something solid and enduring like the art of the old masters."

Monet twinned with Poussin!

GEORGES PIERRE SEURAT

Born PARIS, DECEMBER 2, 1859.

Died PARIS, MARCH 29, 1891.

DEAD at thirty-one, Georges Seurat left a heritage of a few great pictures that prove him the most commanding painting intellect of modern times, establishing his kinship with such mental giants as Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo.

He died a victim to intensity of concentration on problems he set himself for the working out of a thoroughly scientific method of painting. Long hours in his studio through nights as well as days, nibbling at chocolate candy to satisfy hunger that annoyingly intruded, so undermined his constitution over a

period of ten years that he fell an easy victim to an infectious form of pneumonia.

Of the same disease, almost simultaneously, died his young son by his mistress, the model for the famous "Powdering Lady," the one portrait he did comparable to the six monumental pictorial epics that constitute his life's work—"Bathers," "A Sunday Afternoon on the Grande Jatte," "The Models," "The Parade," "The Chahut" and "The Circus."

So secretive was Seurat about his personal affairs, though he readily and even eagerly discussed, on any occasion, his theories of painting, that his most intimate friends, with the possible exception of Toulouse-Lautrec, were unaware of his relations with "La Poudreuse" until she applied for her part of his bequest, which was granted. Other of his pictures went to his mother, at whose home he took most of his meals, though he slept at his studio; still others to his brother and a few intimate friends, including his co-worker, Paul Signac. Signac was given "The Circus," later to find its way into the possession of the American lawyer, John Quinn, who bequeathed it to the Louvre.

"A Sunday Afternoon on the Grande Jatte" fell to Edmond Cousturier, whose wife, Mme. Lucie Cousturier, herself a painting disciple of Seurat, is author of the most sensitive appreciation of the artist's work, surpassing Signac's. It was from Mme. Lucie Cousturier that Frederick Clay Bartlett bought the picture, to present it later to the Art Institute of Chicago as the centerpiece of the magnificent Helen Birch Bartlett Memorial Collection.

To Signac belongs the honor of having introduced Seurat, in 1884, to the Impressionists, from whose work stemmed so shortly Neo-Impressionism or Pointillism. Seurat was only twenty-five, but he had already painted one of his six master-

pieces, "The Bathers." It had been rejected by the Salon, and Seurat, in the righteous rage artists feel who have done a work they know to be big and have had it slighted, sent it to the exhibition of the Indépendants which was being organized that year. The picture impressed Signac, one of the promoters of the show. The meeting of the two artists resulted in the making of art history.

Seurat, son of a wealthy bailiff of La Villette, Paris, had lived a sheltered and secluded life. Congenitally studious, caring nothing for mixing with his fellows, male or female, he lived in books and at his drawing board, working out the intricate new theories his mind was evolving from his studies. There was no necessity for him to give any thought toward earning a living.

At sixteen he had entered the École des Beaux Arts, where, for four years under the able instruction of Henry Lehmann, a pupil of Ingres, he had developed into an adroit draftsman. Possessing a scientific turn of mind, he had become interested, on his own and quite apart from Lehmann, in problems of color.

It was the period when Helmholtz, Chevreul, Charles Blanc and Ogden N. Rood were making such crackling discoveries in optics and the phenomena of the spectrum. Monet and Pissarro were working on the same problems and were even displaying their results in the picture galleries of Paris as Impressionism. But in the seclusion of the Beaux-Arts, where the heresy of Impressionism was ignored, Seurat had not so much as heard their names. He had studied the masters in the Louvre, particularly Delacroix, in the light of his theories. Monet and Pissarro had done that, and had also gone to England to look at Turner and Constable. The boy Seurat had collated his data,

and his theories were in pretty good working order, young as he was, when he met Signac.

Signac was seeking to get results with tiny dots so juxtaposed as to give the illusion of light when they met on the retina of the observer, in contrast to the shreds and little ribbons of the Impressionists. He explained his idea to Seurat, who instantly saw the point. Signac also showed his new friend everything the Impressionists had been doing, and a broadside of light burst into the well-prepared brain of Henry Lehmann's precocious student.

But Seurat brought into the new combination of ideas, upon which he set immediately and eagerly to work, something of his own that was far more important than Signac's dots—more important, even, than the original "color division" of the Impressionists. It was something he had already perfected in "The Bathers," a genius for construction in paint, analogous to the works of the architect and the engineer.

He had left the Beaux Arts to serve his year in compulsory military training. During this year and in the months following he had made drawings of fortifications and of boats on the Seine, harbor scenes around Honfleur, lighthouses and people, particularly boys bathing. These sketches gradually were synthesized in his powerful brain into a formidable vision, architectural in its structure, but translatable into terms of paint. Out of it came "The Bathers."

Without this structural element, the dots of Signac would have meant nothing—the nothing, indeed, they mean in Signac's own pictures. With it, Seurat takes his place scarcely lower than Cézanne's, whom he far surpassed in intelligence and craft, though falling short in frenzy of invention. Signac's dots, if anything, weakened rather than strengthened Seurat's structure.

So industriously and with such intelligent invention did Seurat work that in 1886, scarcely two years after grasping the idea, he had ready for exhibition "A Sunday Afternoon on the Grande Jatte." It was the first completely Pointillist picture. On being exhibited, it excited the liveliest ridicule since the first shows of the Impressionists, the wits finding particularly inviting the monkey the dignified lady was leading. The Grande Jatte was the island in the Seine where the bourgeoisie of Paris sought recreation Sunday afternoons. As in case of "The Bathers," he had found his subject matter and his inspiration from his chief sport of boating on the Seine.

Seurat's new-found friends were intent on painting the nude. It was the period when Renoir was doing the first version of his monumental "Bathers," when Degas was painting marvelous girls emerging from their tubs, when Suzanne Valadon, later to shine as an artist herself, was leader of the models on Montmartre.

So Seurat, for his next picture, turned to studio life. On one of his walls he hung his "Grande Jatte." Then, in front of it, he stood nude a girl model of athletic physique, legs spread, crossing her hands in front of her. This same model he posed in two other positions, one with her back to him, and one sitting sidewise, putting on her stockings. Again there were innumerable sketches, and out of them "The Models" emerged, after a lapse of two more years.

By this time, Seurat had struck up a warm friendship with Toulouse-Lautrec. His excursions into the night life of Montmartre with the noble dwarf was the one recreation he allowed himself, in addition to his boating on the Seine.

But, as in the case of his boat excursions, he again worked when he played. While Lautrec was making the quick drawings that often satisfied him as finished work, Seurat was en-

gaged in sketches that were to go into grander compositions.

His next three pictures, which likewise were his last epics, though "La Poudreuse" was reserved for the crowning glory, reveal Seurat as becoming more human, though he did not flag for a moment in his architectural magnificence.

"The Parade" is a parade of a band of circus or vaudeville musicians. "The Chahut" reveals music hall performers, two girls and a man, engaging in a dance regarded in its day as decidedly off color—the "chahut" rivaling in wickedness the "can-can." "The Circus" celebrates the same performances from which Toulouse-Lautrec (likewise Renoir and Degas) drew inspiration.

Seurat, decidedly, was beginning to live, as is likewise proved by his liaison with the "Powdering Lady" that was under way when pneumonia struck him down.

Though he painted so few finished pictures, Seurat's industry, through the ten years of his working life, is almost incredible, as is realized when an examination is made of the innumerable working sketches extant. There are more than seventy for "Grande Jatte." One of these, a version of the island without the human figures, is so complete that nobody would suspect it of being a study had not the Birch-Bartlett picture been painted. Many small pictures exist in the same completed state that doubtless would have been incorporated in larger subjects had Seurat lived on.

Before he set to work on a final canvas, he had so perfected his design that he knew where every dot was to go, and not only its position but its color. With it all scientifically worked out, he could apply his dots as well by gas light as by the light of the sun. Hence his long nights of industry, from which not even "La Poudreuse" could lure him away.

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR

Born LIMOGES, FRANCE, FEBRUARY 25, 1841.

Died CAGNES, FRANCE, DECEMBER 17, 1919.

WHILE the Impressionists in general, headed by Monet and Pissarro, sat patiently out in the open air and watched the play of sunshine and shadow on forest trees or the façades of cathedrals, Renoir was more passionately intent on the transparencies and luminosities which light developed on nude female bodies. Unless a girl's skin could "take the light," he would have none of her as model.

Renoir, out of friendship for Monet, did his bit in the way of landscape, developing even a violet shadow, instead of the blues of his friends or the blacks of the old masters, that became one of the major scandals of Impressionism—one of the "lunacies" the critics were always seeking and finding.

But from first to last Renoir's real passion was the nude, and through a life of devotion he became the foremost painter of naked femininity in the history of the world. Apelles, Botticelli, Cranach, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Boucher, Goya, even the discreet Velasquez left legacies of enchanting nudes, but none in such extravagance, nor in an opulence that rivals the luxurious fecundity of nature. Renoir's nudes have in them, like Cézanne's apples, the quintessence of creation—the vitality of primal fruition. They never grow stale.

Renoir as a child was apprenticed by his father, a tailor hard pushed to feed a big family, to a manufacturer of porcelain in Paris. When machines were invented to apply the tints more economically than by hand he lost his job, but soon was painting fans and window blinds for another manufacturer. For sub-

jects for his fans he went to the Louvre, where he copied Watteau, Boucher and Lancret.

"Boucher's 'Diana at the Bath,' " he told Vollard long afterward, "was the first picture that took my fancy, and I have clung to it all my life as one does to one's first love. I have been told many times that I ought not to like Boucher, because 'he is only a decorator.' As if being a decorator made any difference! Why, Boucher is one of the painters who best understood the female body. What fresh, youthful buttocks he painted, with the most enchanting little dimples! It's odd that people are never willing to give a man credit for what he can do. They say: 'I like Titian better than Boucher.' Good Lord, so do I! But that has nothing to do with the fact that Boucher painted lovely women superbly. A painter who has the feel for breasts and buttocks is saved!"

It might be argued that Cézanne hadn't any such "feel," but let it pass.

Having saved some money, Renoir, at twenty-one, entered the studio of Gleyre, where he lost track temporarily of Watteau and Boucher, and developed an enthusiasm first for the luscious girls of Diaz and then for the bolder, less sentimentalized nudes of Courbet. Delacroix, next encountered, supplanted, with his oriental splendors, the lesser lusters of Diaz; but Courbet remained a major influence until Renoir had developed nudes of his own that eclipsed Courbet's—all except that magnificent girl putting on her stockings, who takes her place eternally with the Venus of Velasquez and the Maja of Goya.

At Gleyre's Renoir met Monet, Sisley and Bazille. With the brilliant colors he had mastered in the decorating of porcelain, Renoir was learning to heighten the glow of feminine skin above the eighteenth century conventions. But he wasn't satisfied. So when Monet, with whom he had kept in touch, worked

out with Pissarro the method of producing the illusion of light by juxtaposing tiny shreds of pigment, Renoir saw the possibilities of the new Impressionism as applied to his nudes, and became an enthusiast in the movement.

For the ensuing dozen years he gave Impressionism a thorough try. But discovering, like Cézanne, and almost simultaneously, its limitations (its value in rendering atmosphere, but at the sacrifice of form), Renoir reverted, like the Aixman, to the old masters. He retained the best features of Impressionism, combining them with what he had learned from Boucher, Diaz, Delacroix and Courbet.

While Renoir blazed trails almost as original as Cézanne's, giving to the world a new and galvanizing conception of the feminine, devoid of the insipidities and sentimentalities of the Salon of Bouguereau, he was nevertheless spared the martyrdom of Cézanne. His nudes were not "hard to understand" like those of Cézanne—like, later, the nudes of Picasso. They remained human and feminine and, as such, forgivable, even though the beholder might prefer the Salon's lovely wraiths seated naked in the crescent of the summer moon.

It was with a nude that Renoir first tempted fate. In 1862, his first year at Gleyre's, he submitted to the jury of the Salon a girl lying uncovered on a bed, with a male dwarf near her playing a guitar. It was rejected.

Next year he was more successful, this time with a half-naked "Esmeralda" (Victor Hugo's heroine) dancing in the shadows of Notre Dame. That was the year Manet's "Lunch on the Grass" was rejected, along with so many other canvases of rising young artists that Napoleon III granted the Salon des Refusés. It was because Renoir was in the official Salon with "Esmeralda" that he was spared the honor of participating, along with Manet, Whistler, Pissarro, Fantin-Latour and the

rest, in the most renowned art exhibition of modern times.

But "Esmeralda" proved a Dead Sea apple to Renoir. It had bitumen in it. Renoir, one day on a sketching trip in the Forest of Fontainebleau with Sisley, encountered Diaz—his first meeting with the elderly Barbizon who had so aroused his admiration.

"It's not badly drawn," commented Diaz on the sketch Renoir showed him fearfully at his invitation; "but why the devil do you paint so black?"

Renoir took the criticism to heart. He began immediately putting bright colors into his shadows, first blue and later the famous violet.

But "Esmeralda" was "black." "After the Salon was over, I destroyed it," Renoir told Vollard, "partly because it was cumbersome, and partly because I had conceived a distaste for bitumen." His nude stretched on a couch with the dwarfed guitarist shared the same fate.

For the next half-dozen years Renoir bombarded the Salon, generally with nudes, sometimes successfully. As the Impressionists developed, Renoir along with them, and the Salon became determinedly hostile to the movement, Renoir's luck with the juries failed. During the seventies, he was rejected regularly, and he joined his fellow Impressionists in their independent shows.

In 1879, he was re-admitted to the Salon with a portrait of the actress "Jeanne Samary." His rehabilitation came about through the good offices of the influential publisher, Charpentier. Renoir, to live, was painting portraits. Pot boilers, he called them, but he regarded them no worse than an occasional necessary reversion to his old job of decorating porcelain. The old enthusiasm for the machine had abated, and hand-painted ware was again in demand. Charpentier, at first as a sort of charity,

but later thoroughly interested, commissioned portraits of himself, his wife, his children and his friend, Jeanne Samary. As a climax, he ordered the big picture, "Mme. Charpentier and Her Children," now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

It was this success with his portraits and a visit to Italy, 1880-81, that diverted Renoir's attention from the experiments of the Impressionists and set him back on the road of his logical development from the old masters—from Watteau, Boucher, Lancret, Goya and Courbet.

He returned from Italy, however, with the first attack of that savage rheumatism which was to render the last twenty years of his life a torture, confining him, ultimately, to his wheel chair and forcing him to paint with his brushes strapped to the back of his stiffened, shrunken hand. It was in this condition that he painted, after 1900, the grandest nudes of his career.

To rid himself of the initial attack in 1881, he went to Algiers, which tempted him as much, however, for being the exotic land of Delacroix's harem nudes as for its hot, dry climate. He not only recovered his health for the time being, but he found under the tropic sun new and brilliant tones for the rendering of the flesh of his girls.

Back in Paris in 1883 a new life opened for Renoir, not only in his rejuvenated art, but in his financial circumstances. Durand-Ruel gave a show of seventy of his paintings, including a marvelous blond nude he had brought back from Italy before leaving for Algiers. The show was so successful from the point of sales that Durand-Ruel entered into an arrangement with him to finance him to the extent of supporting him and his family in comfort, lifting from his mind a worry that had haunted him from babyhood.

Under pleasant circumstances, thus provided, Renoir's

genius flourished lavishly in its new trend. He painted as he pleased, Durand-Ruel being wise enough not to dictate. During his last thirty years, he painted only women (generally nude), children (mostly girls—but often his son), and flowers, which “took the light” almost as well as the velvety skin of a human model.

Renoir’s models, particularly Gabrielle, nursemaid for his children, and original of the great nudes of his maturity, became famous in the bohemia of Paris. Gabrielle, older now than in those exciting days, sometimes visits the galleries of Durand-Ruel in Paris to gaze at glories since faded. She is treated, on these visits, with the utmost deference—the muse of Renoir.

Earlier than Gabrielle, and somewhat of her type, were Madame Renoir and Suzanne Valadon, the latter herself to become a painter and the mother of Utrillo. They were favorite subjects of his in 1883, when he was forsaking Impression for the new and modern vision—the period when he was at work on his first version of the immortal “Bathers.” That year he did two panels for Durand-Ruel, “City Dance” and “Country Dance.” Suzanne Valadon is the girl in “City Dance”; Mme. Renoir in “Country Dance.”

Renoir, active to the end despite his crippling rheumatism, died of bronchial pneumonia after an illness of two weeks.

VINCENT VAN GOGH

Born GROOT-ZUNDERT, HOLLAND, MARCH 30, 1853.

Died AUVERS-SUR-OISE, FRANCE, JULY 29, 1890.

VAN GOGH, lowliest and unhappiest in his lifetime of the procession of heckled failures in the "Modern" movement, has skyrocketed of late into a popularity as amazing, not to say absurd, as his former neglect. The populace, particularly in America but also abroad, spellbound by his morbid adventures as recited in his own letters, in numerous biographies and even in best-selling novels, stand awed before his paintings, and read into their hectic color-slashings all the torments that were in the soul of the man. People no longer laugh at his bizarre drawing nor see anything absurd in his fantastic, out-of-nature coloring. Would that they would occasionally smile! This distraught straining of fevered eyes is as injurious to van Gogh's reputation as a sincere artist as were the former sarcastic grins.

The lay lovers of art never get tired of the recital, over and over, of the lurid events in the life of van Gogh, evangelist and whoremaster, simultaneously, equally intense as saint or sinner. They remember and delight in hearing again how, as a young picture salesman at Goupil's, Brussels, the refusal of the daughter of his landlady to marry him drove him into such despondency that he asked to be transferred to Goupil's, Paris; how the change, instead of doing him good, drove him, brooding, into religious fanaticism (his father, in Holland, was a preacher); how he studied for three months for the ministry, then went into Belgium as an evangelist among the coal miners, but lost his official standing in his church for preaching and practicing Christian communism.

Dismissed from orders, van Gogh's morbid "inferiority com-

plex" caused him to turn to painting. He would say in pictures what he had failed to say acceptably in words. Miners became his models, they and their women folk, for crude but powerful paintings after the fashion of Millet—as nearly as his untutored hands could follow. He took lessons from his cousin, Anton Mauve, and was making progress in overcoming technical difficulties when another girl rejected him, this time his cousin, "K."

Again there was a severe setback in his psychology. But again he rallied, and looked about for a girl who would have him, somebody who could conceivably need him, somebody lower even than his miserable self. He found her in a prostitute called Christine, already pregnant. He took her in, tenderly cared for her during her labor with a chance lover's baby, used her as a model for some volcanic nudes, and exalted her to the saintliness of a new repentant Magdalen. She got tired, eventually, of sitting on the pedestal where he placed her, returned to her old job of walking the streets and deserted him.

His brother Theo, who is the compassionate grand hero of the epic unrolled before the bulging eyes and swelling heart of the layman, came to his rescue, took him to Paris to live in his own house, put him to study in the studio of Cormon, and introduced him into the circle of Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, Pissarro, Degas and Gauguin.

Van Gogh woke up with a start to find that the world had progressed beyond the studio gloom of the nudes of his mistress and the stormy atmosphere that enveloped his miners and his peasants gathering and eating potatoes. He noted the vivid color dots of Seurat and color dashes of Pissarro. He went them both one better with long streaming and whirling ribbons of pigment.

He bade Theo an abrupt and cavalier good-bye, and went off into the country, to Arles, to paint his new visions. It was

there, in 1888, he began to produce the series of pictures that were to startle the world. Two years later, he shot and killed himself at Auvers, in the grounds of a sanatorium presided over by Dr. Gachet, his friend and a friend of all the artists.

The two years, productive in canvases, were no less productive in scandal for the picturesque legend. The main episode was the visit of Gauguin, whom he invited over from Paris to live with him in his cottage with "the yellow room." Too fierce a friendship developed. Gauguin, mentor and adored personal companion, was difficult as both. He got on van Gogh's overwrought nerves. One night Vincent started after him with a knife to kill him. Thwarted, the Dutchman suffered a terrible attack of conscience, during which he used the knife to cut off his own ear. Then, freakishly remembering the madame of a house of prostitution who had been friendly on professional visits, he wrapped up the ear and took it to her as a present.

Such, in rapid outline, is van Gogh, the man; and there has scarcely ever lived an artist who painted more personally. Nor has there ever lived one who wrote more incessantly, more humanly or more intelligently of his own work. His letters to his brother Theodore, in three massive volumes, literally tell all, and tell it absorbingly. These letters, supplemented by the journals of Gauguin, not so prolific but equally explosive, and by a mass of anecdotes naturally told in the newspapers or jotted down in diaries on the occasion of his sensational suicide, document the career of van Gogh as of no other artist in history.

Van Gogh at Arles, living on the meager allowance sent him by Theo, was too poor to hire models. It is an incessant complaint in his letters. So, he was driven to paint, fortunately for the world, a series of self portraits, magnificent. The postman Roulin also obliged—for a drink. So did Roulin's wife, and she became, by magic of his brush, "La Berceuse," the woman rock-

ing a cradle, in the lullaby legends of the Breton sailors. He painted the sunflowers in Arles fields and gardens as nobody else ever painted sunflowers. He painted his own "yellow room"—fantastically decorated the room itself and then transferred it to canvas. He painted the night café of the town, with its late stragglers. He painted a pair of old shoes—anything that came to hand. At the asylum at Saint-Remy, he painted Dr. Gachet and Gachet's daughter and the long, lonesome corridor of the hospital. They were his life; they are his art.

EUGENE HENRY PAUL GAUGUIN

Born PARIS, JUNE 8, 1848.

Died HIVA-HOA, DOMINIQUE ISLAND, MARQUESAS, MAY 8, 1903.

PAUL GAUGUIN has excited to emulation the rebel romantics of modern times as nobody except Omar Khayyám, in Fitzgerald's rediscovery. But, whereas old Omar only sat and meditated under his tree in the wilderness with his jug of wine, his loaf of bread and his mistress, Gauguin actually lived his exciting, feverishly envied romance. Even the level-headed bourgeois French gentleman, Henri-Matisse, after turning sixty, made, in 1930, a voyage to Tahiti to see for himself what tempted Gauguin.

Gauguin was born with the elements in his blood that impelled him to his exotic destiny. He was a mixture of Spanish, Arab, Celt, African and Inca.

His father was Clovis Paul Gauguin, editor in Paris of the newspaper, *National*. His position after the revolt against Louis-Philippe became so precarious that, late in 1851, he sailed

for Peru with his two children, Paul and Mary, and his wife, Aline Marie Chazal Gauguin, daughter of the Peruvian agitator, Flora Tristan.

It was from the erratic Flora, pamphleteer and Socialist agitator against Louis-Philippe, that Gauguin derived most of the characteristics that led to his fame and to his notoriety. Her father, of the Spanish nobility, was an officer in the Peruvian army when she was born at Lima in 1803. Her mother was an Inca Indian. At fifteen Flora was sent to a school in Paris, from which she eloped the next year with an obscure adventurer, a certain Chazal, whose first name Gauguin, in later years, was unable to learn. Flora was disowned promptly by her parents. Having spirit of her own, she deserted Chazal shortly after the birth of a daughter, Aline Marie, destined to be Paul Gauguin's mother. She went back to Peru, but finding her family obdurate in their repudiation of her, she returned to Paris with her baby, and started writing, for a living, pamphlets of a Socialistic trend dealing with trades unions, woman's suffrage and humanitarian problems. She encountered, in 1836, her husband Chazal, who sought to win her back. In a fit of jealousy, following her refusal, he stabbed her severely. She survived, but in so weakened a condition that she died a few years later. Chazal was condemned to twenty years' servitude, and passed from the recollection of men. Aline Marie married her mother's young friend and disciple, Clovis Gauguin, and in due time Paul Gauguin came into the world with all this for inheritance.

On the way out from Paris to Peru Clovis Gauguin died of heart failure and his body was taken ashore and buried at Punta Arenas, Chile, then the southernmost town of the world. The widow and her small children went on to Lima, where, for four years, they lived with an uncle of Flora Tristan, a haughty, wealthy old Castilian of noble blood, Don Pio Tristan y Mos-

coso. Before he left Lima at eight, Paul Gauguin had acquired the "hidalgo manner" that was his through life.

When the father of Clovis Gauguin died in France, the mother of Paul and Mary took them back to claim their part of the inheritance. Paul was put to school in a seminary of the Jesuits, where he remained until seventeen, irking under the discipline, hating his studies and dreaming of growing up and going to sea, back to the tropics.

So importunate did he become that his mother consented to his leaving school and shipping, as a common sailor, on the *Lusitano*, a merchant ship plying between Havre and Rio de Janeiro. He had tried for an appointment in the French navy as a cadet, but so neglectful had he been of his studies at the seminary that he couldn't pass the examination, much to his mother's chagrin. For Flora Tristan hadn't neglected the education of Aline Marie.

On reaching Rio at seventeen, Gauguin's tendencies began to assert themselves. He had a feverish affair with an actress in the Brazilian capital, from whom he escaped to sail home. But on board ship was another romantic young woman, a Prussian. With her the energetic Paul contracted a liaison in defiance of ship's discipline, so that, back in France, he was dismissed in disgrace from the merchant marine.

Nevertheless, through a powerful and wealthy friend of his mother, the Paris banker, Gustave Arosa, he got into the French navy. But when his ship, much to his disgust, sailed north instead of to his beloved tropics, it was interned at Copenhagen for the period of the Franco-Prussian war, which broke out after it had left French port.

At Copenhagen Gauguin met Mette Sophia Gad, daughter of a Protestant clergyman of good family and social position, whom, four years later, he was to marry. A sister of hers was

the wife of Fritz Thaulow, already celebrated as a painter, and it was through this connection that Gauguin's mind turned presently to painting.

While he was idling in Copenhagen, unable, by rules of war, to get back to Paris, his mother died. She left Paul and Mary in charge of her friend, Arosa, who, on Paul's return, secured his discharge from the navy and got him a job as clerk in the important stockbrokerage of Bertin. Gauguin mastered quickly the technique of money making. He arose rapidly in the concern and amassed a little fortune of his own through his official duties and through speculating on the side. One year he drew down forty thousand francs.

But Thaulow, now his brother-in-law, had set him thinking in terms of paint as well as stocks and bonds. Sundays he went out sketching with a painter friend, Émile Schuffenecker, and on one of these excursions he met a companion spirit from the tropics, Camille Pissarro, of mixed Portuguese, Creole and Jewish descent, born in the Danish West Indies.

Pissarro, with Claude Monet a leader of the Impressionists, taught the young financial genius how to use his mathematical brains in the dividing of colors to produce rich and florid effects like the verdure he had seen in Peru and Rio. Tales of the jibes and persecution of Pissarro and his Impressionist friends in their show at Nadar's in 1874 aroused in him, too, the rebel spirit of Flora Tristan. Soon, Gauguin was neglecting his affairs on the Bourse in favor of his painting and his sculpture, which latter he was learning in the studio of his landlord, Bouillot.

Seeing him slipping financially, his wife Mette, of course, woman-like, was worried. She would have liked for husband a famous painter—a better painter than her sister's husband, Thaulow—but money matters had to be faced meanwhile, especially as five children had arrived in the household with

a rapidity commendable in the light of the national débâcle of 1870.

Gauguin, irritated but listening to reason, sold some pictures he had bought—paintings by Manet, Renoir, Monet, Pissarro, Guillaumin, Jongkind, Sisley, Daumier and even the despised Cézanne. They didn't bring much—he hadn't paid much for them, indeed—but the little enabled him to go back into the Bourse for another partially successful fling.

But the studio bug had bit him hard and fatally. He had been participating in the exhibitions of his friends, the Impressionists. In 1881 the great Huysmans compared a nude of his to Courbet's, and added: "I do not hesitate to affirm that among contemporary painters who work in the nude, no one has yet struck so vivid a note of reality." Gauguin was lost!

In 1883, the Gauguins gathered up their children and went to Mette's people in Copenhagen. They would live there until Paul had time—a few fleeting months, at most—to win fame and fortune as a painter. In Copenhagen, however, Gauguin encountered too much mother-in-law, particularly as she heard he was philandering, and he went back alone to Paris and to "freedom."

"Freedom" in that year of 1885 was accompanied by poverty so dire that he was glad to work as a bill-poster for three and a half francs a day to get something to eat. He was determined not to go back as a slave to the brokerage offices, and nobody would buy his pictures. No wonder. There are a few still extant, trite, undistinguished Impressionism. There were no buyers for even the masterpieces of Monet and Pissarro, let alone this twiddle-twaddle of the amateur Gauguin.

In 1886 he went into Brittany, where living was cheaper. In rustic surroundings he hoped to forget his metropolitan troubles. It was no use. He returned to Paris, where he met

another artist, Charles Laval, about to sail for Martinique. Gauguin fairly leaped at a chance to go along to his beloved tropics.

Martinique, however, despite the allure of its brown-skinned girls, whom Gauguin eagerly painted, held them for only a little while. The climate was too strenuous for the sickly Laval, who had gone partly for his health, and even Gauguin felt its miasma. In January, 1888, they were back in Paris, whence Gauguin set out again for Brittany.

Gauguin's individuality, little by little, was beginning to emerge from the layers of theory the well-meaning Pissarro had smeared over it. His paintings of the natives of Martinique were noticed in Paris. Theodore van Gogh wrote his brother Vincent about them, and Vincent, hearing how hard-up was Gauguin, invited him to come for a few months' vacation in his little house with the "yellow room." Gauguin accepted. Their temperaments clashed. Van Gogh, in a fit of madness, tried to kill his new and really beloved friend with a knife. Gauguin fled back to Brittany, and soon to glory.

For his Breton "Yellow Christ" created a sensation when exhibited in Paris in the wake of his Martinique things. He returned to the capital to find himself recognized among his fellow artists as an important original, though making no impression on the buying public.

One night, in 1891, while his chief care was the staving off of starvation, he heard a lecture by a Dutch traveler describing the glories of the South Seas and Tahiti, from which the lecturer had just returned. The blood of Flora Tristan pounded in his brain. He announced to his friends his intention of going to Tahiti to paint the tropics.

He was vague about ways and means of paying his passage out, but so eloquent was he in picturing what he would do

when he got there that the Symbolists, his artistic and literary associates of the moment, began to regard him as their prophet. They must see to it that such dreams were realized.

They arranged an auction of thirty of his best paintings. By dint of sandbagging everybody they knew who had a centime to spend, they managed to net 9,860 francs, and on April 4, 1891, the rather dazed Gauguin left Paris for Tahiti.

In Tahiti, as the world knows from florid reports of dozens of breathless biographers and novelists, Gauguin went native. He left the coast town of Papeete, where there were white men, settled twenty-eight miles in the interior in a native hut, and took for mistress the little brown girl of thirteen, Tehura.

Inspired by Tehura and her gods, he painted a long series of exotic pictures that took away the breath of Paris when he sent them back. Tehura, stretched naked on a rude couch in their hut, was revealed in genuine terror, fearful of "The Spirit of the Dead Watching." In other poses she was happier in presence of more benign gods or of her human "tane," her big white lover.

"The Eve I have painted," he wrote Strindberg, when the novelist-critic found fault with Tehura and her surroundings, "and she alone, logically may remain naked in our presence. . . . The Eve of your civilized conception makes you and makes all of us misogynists: the Eve of eld, she who terrifies you in my studio, might perhaps smile on you less bitterly some day."

But if she ever smiled thereafter, it wasn't Gauguin's doing. For even when he wrote Strindberg, he had already deserted Tehura, to go back for one of his fleeting visits to France. She never saw her "tane" again, nor did her unborn baby ever see its father. This son, travelers tell me, is a stalwart fisherman, who, as a side job, shows travelers around in Tahiti,

pointing out Gauguin relics. When he came into the world, Tehura named him Emil, though Gauguin already had a legitimate son by that name living in Copenhagen.

After Tahiti, Gauguin went into other islands neighboring, finally settling in the Marquesas, where death overtook him, a victim of swamp fevers and the maladies that attend tropical love.

He wrote as volcanically well as he painted. *Noa-Noa* and his idiotically suppressed *Intimate Journals* are of a piece with his pictures.

HENRI-MATISSE

Born LE CATEAU (NORD), FRANCE, DECEMBER 31, 1869.

ROBUST, blond son of a provincial grain merchant who desired that he become a lawyer, Henri-Matisse dutifully entered the office of an attorney friend of his father's as a clerk, to pick up what knowledge he could from observation and from the books in the office library, pending formal entry into a law school.

But he was taken with appendicitis, and was ill at his father's home for a long time. A neighbor, who had seen him sketch idly, suggested that he paint to while away the tedium of convalescence. He found canvas and paint more to his liking than briefs and quill, and when he recovered in 1892, he went to Paris to become a painter. He was just past his maturity.

He took the world's word for it that Bouguereau, czar of the Salon, was the greatest painter alive, and entered his studio for instruction. Somehow, Bouguereau was a bit disappointing, and so was Gabriel Ferrier, Bouguereau's colleague, also intent

on teaching the young man his elements. Free classes under volunteer instructors in the École des Beaux Arts Matisse found more to his liking. So he settled down there to study.

Short of funds and having a remarkable native facility with his brushes, he joined the little army of painters who were copying pictures in the Louvre for sale by the government to provincial museums and private buyers. Matisse made good immediately, and for the next ten years, while he continued his studies, this was his chief source of income.

"But," as he related long afterward to an interviewer, "when I introduced some of my own emotional impressions, or personal translations of the pictures, the government did not care to buy."

Meanwhile, Gustave Moreau, having noted him at work in the Louvre, invited him to study at his own studio. Matisse was there for four years. A fellow pupil was the diametrically opposite Georges Rouault, who was following Moreau's mystical bent, and who became his acknowledged successor, eclipsing Moreau in genius. It is a compliment to Moreau's broad-mindedness as a teacher, whatever may be thought of his pictures, that out of his studio could come both Rouault and Matisse.

In 1897, Matisse met the veteran Pissarro, along with Bonnard and Vuillard. He tried his skill at Impressionism, doing as good a job at it as he was doing simultaneously in the Louvre, copying Ruysdael and Chardin. The next year, following a suggestion of Pissarro's, he went to London to study Turner. It was from Turner, back in 1870, that Pissarro and Monet had got the definite hint that led to their division of color to simulate light—their invention of Impressionism.

Matisse wasn't particularly impressed. The Parisians had far out-distanced Turner in the decades that had elapsed since

Monet and Pissarro had made their journey to London. But Matisse heard about Whistler and his Japanese prints. Back in Paris, he began an intensive study of the arts of the Orient, a study which was to blossom in his adaptation of Persian pattern.

About this time he met Derain; also, it was now that he began tampering with his copies of the old masters in the Louvre, introducing the ideas that were to cost him his job. In company with Derain, he discovered Cézanne, and he bought from Vollard a Cézanne, "The Bathers," to hang in his own studio.

With strange new ideas milling about in his brain, Matisse went to Corsica to start experimenting in paint, away from the tyranny of the Louvre. He stayed a year. Next, in 1903, he traveled to Munich to see a show of Mohammedan art. Here he found confirmed his ideas of the decorative value of the Asiatic arts, first suggested by his contact with Japanese prints.

In 1904, Vollard, discoverer of Cézanne and now on his way to a small fortune, was impressed by the development of Matisse and gave him a one-man show, exhibiting nearly fifty of his pictures.

Then came the famous Autumn Salon of 1905, with its room devoted to the weird pictures of Matisse, Derain, Marquet, Manguin, Vlaminck and Rouault. "Wild beasts!" the populace, excited as it had not been since the Salon des Refusés of 1863, called the innovators, and Matisse was their leader. The Fauves had appeared!

The "wild beasts" had matters their own way for three years, and then appeared the Cubists, led by Picasso, a personal rival of Matisse. It was Matisse himself who named them, in ridicule of an angular painting by Braque, Picasso's right-hand man.

But the Cubists could only share the limelight—they

couldn't crowd out the Fauves. Matisse and Picasso, though bitter rivals in methods as well as in art leadership, became twins in popular detestation. Their pictures were savagely assailed, without much discrimination as to which was which, as the lowest ebb of "the cult of the ugly" (an expression invented in Courbet's time and proudly accepted by the grand old Communist), as sinister, anarchistic, deformed, abnormal, hideously immoral.

"Oh, please do tell the American people," Matisse begged a newspaper interviewer, when the Armory Show of 1913 in New York and Chicago made his name as notorious this side the Atlantic as it had been in Paris, "that I am a normal man; that I am a devoted husband and father; that I have three fine children; that I go to the theater, ride horseback, have a comfortable home, a fine garden that I love, flowers, etc., just like any man."

Matisse's family life, a score of years later than that plea, came into mild controversy with the publication by Gertrude Stein of her breezy *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*. Miss Stein related how Matisse, early in his Paris days, had married, bringing into the family "a daughter he had had before his marriage. . . . The girl was exactly like her father, and Madame Matisse, as she once explained in her melodramatic simple way, did more than her duty by this child because she had read in her youth a novel in which the heroine had done so—and consequently had been loved all her life." Miss Stein described Mme. Matisse as "a very straight, dark woman with a long face and a firm, large, loosely hung mouth like a horse. She had an abundance of dark hair."

To all of which Matisse replied in a pamphlet, *Testimony Against Gertrude Stein*, published at The Hague in 1935: "Madame Matisse was a very lovely Toulousaine, erect, with

a good carriage and the possessor of beautiful dark hair, that grew charmingly, especially at the nape of the neck. She had a pretty throat and very handsome shoulders. She gave the impression, despite the fact that she was timid and reserved, of a person of great kindness, force and gentleness. She was generous and incapable of calculation in her gestures of kindness. She characterizes the story of the novel having to do with a case of adoption similar to that in my family as pure invention."

The "lovely Toulousaine" was Amelie Noellie Parayre, and it was she who posed for "The Woman with a Hat," one of the most viciously assailed of Matisse's pictures in his early Fauve days. The girl he brought into the family was Marguerite, now Madame Georges Duthuit. Two sons were born, Jean and Pierre, the latter now a prosperous art dealer in New York.

Matisse, unlike the sphinx Picasso, who never talks, has been quite willing at all times to explain what he is about. One of the first of American critics to attempt an appraisal of his work, Charles H. Caffin, visited him in the summer of 1910 in his country studio just out of Paris, when he was working on his two large decorations for a rich Russian, "Dance" and "Music"—pictures to become notorious.

"Matisse explains," wrote Caffin, "that he derived inspiration for them from watching the soldiers and *ouvriers* dancing with their sweethearts at the Moulin des Galettes; and adds that the ballet at the opera interested him but was too artificial; in fact too *organisé*. He searches for the natural impression and then does the organizing for himself."

To the charge that he drew like a child of five, Matisse replied to another interviewer: "That is what I'm trying to do. I should like to recapture that freshness of vision which is characteristic of extreme youth, when all the world is new to it."

"We of today," he told a third, "are trying to express ourselves today—now—the twentieth century—and not to copy what the Greeks saw and felt in art over two thousand years ago. . . . The very early Greeks and the Primitives only worked from the basis of emotion, but this grew cold and disappeared in the following centuries. . . . If one feels no emotion, one should not paint. . . . When an artist or student draws a nude figure with painstaking care, the result is drawing, not emotion. . . . While working, I never try to think, only to feel."

Matisse's "explanations" were even more mystifying to the rank and file than Picasso's silence. It was not until time, long and justly famous for mellowing and reconciling all things, had done its work that Matisse became accepted as "the grand old man" of French art, logical successor to Claude Monet, equally misunderstood and assailed in his prime.

A jazz age, which produced marvels in science, music and mechanics as bizarre and fantastic as Matisse's in paint, gradually brought about "understanding." Matisse's colors became accepted as the wild harmonies they are, instead of being looked upon as discords. And even his drawing, always the product of magnificent craftsmanship whatever direction his lines might take, were forgiven for the sake of their mastery. They were new inventions to express new ideas for which the "academy" had no symbols. The phrase-makers invent slang terms when Webster falls down!

In 1917 Matisse moved to Nice, in the south of France, and there he has lived and worked ever since. A characteristic domestic scene is M. Matisse drawing from a nude model, with Mme. Matisse sitting over in another corner knitting.

The world that laughed at him in 1905 has bought and bought at ever-increasing prices, making him rich. In 1927, America, which had hooted at his fantastic daubs in the

Armory Show fourteen years before, gave him first prize in the Carnegie International. The Carnegie Institute, a year or two later, invited the "wild beast" to act in so tame a capacity as a judge in another International.

From Nice he has made excursions in search of tropical motifs—into North Africa, where Delacroix and Renoir used to go, and to Tahiti, happy hunting ground of Gauguin. But what he has seen hasn't affected materially his well-fixed style.

He is an inveterate movie fan—or was before the talkies. But, he liked the quiet of the darkened movie auditorium—a quiet in the midst of crowds—rather than what was transpiring on the screen. He sat often with his eyes shut, in delicious content—meditating—sometimes slumbering!

PABLO PICASSO RUIZ

Born MALAGA, SPAIN, OCTOBER 23, 1881.

PABLO PICASSO, certainly the most intellectual artist of modern times with the exception of Seurat, may yet take his place in art criticism as the most emotional.

The sensitive observer, starting on the high sentimental level of the pictures produced in his youth, when Toulouse-Lautrec was his chief enthusiasm, and surveying his work as it progresses, will find no abrupt break in emotional content in its climb higher and higher, culminating on the bleak mountain peaks of Cubism.

It is this emotional content that differentiates Picasso's Cubism from all other brands, even his co-worker Braque's. As Claude Monet, when rightly appreciated, is the only Impressionist, so Picasso is the only Cubist. Impressionism, like

Cubism, was a highly intellectual evolvement. But Monet's soul traveled with his mind, as has Picasso's. Pissarro in Impressionism, like Braque in Cubism, traveled all the way intellectually, but faltered emotionally.

When Picasso came down from the peaks and started on his journey "back to Ingres," he kept his emotionalism still intact.

This unbroken continuity of soul substance demonstrates Picasso a great artist and true, above and beyond his amazing versatility as an experimenter—a versatility unmatched in the whole range of art, ancient and modern.

Picasso was extraordinarily precocious. A pupil of his father, who was a drawing master, by the time he was eleven he had evolved a style distinctively his own. Ruiz was his father's name—Picasso uses the name of his mother.

At nineteen, when he made his first visit to Paris, Picasso was well known in the art circles of Barcelona both for his drawings and for his editing of an art magazine, *El Renacimiento*, in which he demonstrated an intelligent grasp of theories, almost instinctive, that he was putting into practice.

In 1903, three years after his first glimpse of Paris, Picasso went there to stay.

"His beginnings in Paris were difficult," testifies Maurice Raynal, "though his talent was immediately recognized by Guillaume Apollinaire, André Salmon, Max Jacob, Maurice Cremnitz and myself. Picasso amazed us by his piquant and profound intelligence and delighted us by his wit and often unsatisfying eccentricity of his humor."

This testimony gives the lie direct to recent traducers of the great Spaniard, who would make it appear that both his wit and wisdom are mediocre, and that he has reached the heights

through cunning trickery and breaks in luck rather than through substantial merits.

Gertrude Stein, in her *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, reveals the human elements, the bohemian scandals in these first "difficult" days in Paris—his affairs with his models and mistresses, Fernande and Eve, his annoyances at Marie Laurencin, and other entertaining chit-chat. "Gertrude Stein had a sentimental attachment for Picasso," is a part of Henri Matisse's retort in the round-robin pamphlet, *Testimony Against Gertrude Stein*, published at The Hague following the appearance of the *Autobiography*.

Picasso, at the outset, frankly imitated in his pictures Toulouse-Lautrec, Daumier and Steinlen, both in methods and in the choice of material—prostitutes and paupers, absinthe drinkers and morphine eaters, social outcasts and labor drudges—developing rapidly, however, into distinctive slants on harlequins, acrobats and denizens of the circus and the music halls. His outlook, like Lautrec's, was morbid, and to express the drabness of the lives of his creatures, Picasso literally drenched his canvases with blue. When art critics and historians later began to subject his painting to analysis, this became known as Picasso's "blue period." It extends from his début in Paris through 1905.

The pink or rose period followed. The acrobats and circus people are still present, but there are softer nude girls, girls who can afford maids, combing their hair in front of mirrors. This period, from 1905 to 1907, came simultaneously with an excursion into Holland, where dawned sunnier views of life. The social struggle of Barcelona and the hypnotic spell of Lautrec were forgotten.

The rose period might have developed soft sentimentalities had not Picasso, along with Derain, Vlaminck and other of the

Fauves encountered Negro sculpture, pieces of which were pouring abundantly into the Paris shops from the Congo as curios.

Picasso, with a taste trained in the shadow of the Moorish Alhambra and other African relics in Spain, saw, like Vlaminck, something more than childishness in these fantastic carvings by tropical savages. He began experimenting, producing his first violent distortions from the "normal" form with which Europe was familiar—the normal of old masters like El Greco and Botticelli, who had partially actuated Picasso's blue and rose periods. Picasso and his French friend, Braque, who had now deserted the Matisse wing of the Fauves, proceeded to combine elements of Congo sculpture with the abrupt angular planes of the village roofs and oil mills of Cézanne—and Cubism resulted.

That was about 1907. In 1908 Matisse derisively called "Cubist" a painting by Braque hung in the Autumn Salon, and Cubism came into the consciousness of Paris art circles, and rapidly circled throughout the world.

Eager young artists flocked to the Cubist standard. In 1911 there were enough of them to hold a show of their own in a separate room (Room 41) of the Salon of the Indépendants. In 1913 Guillaume Apollinaire, poet and literary spokesman for the radical art movements of Paris, published his *Cubist Painters*, discussing these, and fixing them forever in the history of art as the pioneers: Pablo Picasso, Georges Braque, Jean Metzinger, Albert Gleizes, Juan Gris, Marie Laurencin, Fernand Léger, Francis Picabia, Marcel Duchamp and Raymond Duchamp-Villon.

Picasso has had numerous periods since, and has been so spectacular an experimenter in practically every "ism" that has come to Paris that he has been sought out by each new group of young enthusiasts eager to wrap around him the robes of

high priest of their movement. Nevertheless, he has never quite abandoned Cubism. He has returned to it again and again to set it off along some new tangent that his lightning-swift imagination dictates on fervid impulse. To his annoyance (even though he may mark it up to "good publicity") a thousand "Picassoids," as Ozenfant picturesquely terms them, mount their witches' broomsticks and fly swiftly off to follow along the same tangent.

The World War interrupted the orderly development of Cubism in all its practitioners, in Picasso (a Spaniard and non-combatant) along with the rest. In 1917 he went to Italy with the Russian Ballet of Serge Diaghilev, working out the settings and costumes for Cocteau's "Parade," with music by Erik Satie. The ballet soon became the concern of a number of the other Moderns.

About 1919 Picasso turned to the Greek classic for suggestions for mountainous nudes with arms and legs weighing tons, frightening into spasms the nymphs of Fontainebleau. This is his antique period.

About 1923 he reverted without warning to Ingres, producing a magnificent series of women's portraits, including a superb one of his wife, the Russian Olga, mother of his son.

Scarcely another year had elapsed when the Surrealists sought to claim him. He had been searching "his subconscious" as industriously as even the young fellow Spaniard, Joan Miro, and had brought up geometrical nightmares that matched any of Miro's or Max Ernst's.

For the past decade and more, Picasso has been painting simultaneously in about all of his "periods," as the spirit moves him.

"In one of his customary paradoxes," writes Raynal, who has been a watchful admirer from the outset, "he claims that

his so-called Cubist art and the more realistic manner he cultivates simultaneously with it are one and the same phase of painting"—a statement hard for the good and faithful Raynal to swallow at a gulp; but not so difficult if emotional content is considered paramount to intellectual experiment in form. This emotional content, as I have said, has been unbroken from his "blue" days to the present.

Picasso's present days might be considered far from "blue," in the allegorical sense of the word, if success in his art were the only standard applied. For he is regarded, with practical unanimity by the modernistically inclined as the leader of all living painters. In addition (and it wouldn't necessarily follow) he is a best-seller in the world market.

He has lived for several years as a hermit from a necessity not far different from Lindbergh's—the necessity of avoiding annoyance by the multitude. The blinds of his Paris mansion were always down, the doors always locked. It was harder to see him than to get an audience with the Pope. But behind those lowered blinds, behind those locked doors, he worked incessantly to fill all the orders that poured in for his paintings. The few intimate friends he could afford to permit himself said that, despite his labors, he wasn't much different from the youngster who broke into smart circles of Paris exactly a third of a century ago—intelligent, witty, eccentrically humorous.

Only recently legal proceedings for separation brought by his wife have drawn him forth from his hermitage. For, under French law, half of everything he possessed was hers, and until everything was settled he couldn't be allowed to touch the pictures he was working on for fear he might spoil them and thus deprive Mme. Picasso of her half of the value. Picasso, seeing humor in the situation, fared forth and has been min-

gling as of old in the bohemia of Paris, doing nothing to offend the law, having a good time with old associates. It is said, as an illustration of Mme. Picasso's sense of humor, that she upbraids him as a nobody, whereas she is a colonel's daughter!

II. SOLITARY REBELS

HENRI DE TOULOUSE- LAUTREC-MONFA

Born ALBI, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 24, 1864.

Died CHÂTEAU DE MALROMÉ, FRANCE, SEPTEMBER 9, 1901.

COUNT HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC could trace his ancestry back to the thirteenth century, and in those old Counts of Toulouse there was royal blood. One of them, Count Raimond the Sixth, had caused his brother to be hanged in 1214, and of this exploit Toulouse-Lautrec was humorously proud of boasting in the night haunts of Paris, at the Moulin Rouge, where the girls kicked high in the can-can, where they crowded around him in the intervals between performances for the new-rich Americans, drank his drinks—and supplied his own pathetic thirst for female companionship and conversation.

For Lautrec was lame and under-sized. When he sat at table he was taller than when he slid from his chair and waddled away. One night he forgot his drawing pencil, left it lying on the table. A cruel wit, dancing by, picked it up and called to him: "Here you are, sir, you have forgotten your walking stick!"

He felt that all the high-born ladies of his own circle laughed at him, or, more galling, pitied him. At the Moulin

Rouge he was a wealthy aristocrat. Blood and money both commanded respect from the can-can girls.

Lautrec was the offspring of first cousins. One day a friend of his father, returning from Paris and the Moulin Rouge, reported to old Count Alphonse de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa and Adèle Tapié de Celeyran, his wife: "Henri is not leading a clean life. You ought to do something in the matter; he is bringing disgrace on the name."

"On our name!" replied the Count, "Our name! Poor little fellow! We have to be thankful that he does not curse us for bringing him into the world as he is!"

From the day of his birth in 1864 his bones were frail, and his legs failed to keep pace with the development of his body. His noble father, an ardent out-of-doors man, taught Henri to ride, both because it was a man's exercise and because open air might overcome, in time, his defects.

The Count was careful, and there were no mishaps from the horses. But at fourteen Henri fell on a polished floor in the ancestral home at Albi and fractured one of his frail little thigh bones. The next year he fell into a gully on the estate and broke the other. The bones slowly re-knit, but failed to grow at all any more.

In maturity, Lautrec had one of the finest heads in France, a pair of brilliant eyes and a brain abnormally keen. He was perhaps overly sensitive in his diffidence in the presence of noble ladies. For women appreciate such attributes, and he might have found companionship in the blood of queens had he not deserted his set for the girls of the Moulin Rouge.

One of the young ladies, indeed, of the rural aristocracy, viewing his poor little corpse, said to the old Count, his father: "I would gladly have taken care of Henri. I would have married him and prevented him drinking himself to death."

Furthermore the cultured actress, Yvette Guilbert, though repelled when she met him, became very fond of him later. And Jane Avril, May Milton, "Cecy" Loftus, Anna Held, Polaire, Loie Fuller, even the great Rejane were proud to number the noble dwarf among their friends.

But these celebrities, who were of the higher class of entertainers in the music halls of Montmartre, or, like Rejane, only visitors, were an acquired taste. Lautrec began with the nameless can-can girls, circus riders and even denizens of the bordels. He studied them naked and clothed.

A youthful admirer of the great Degas, Lautrec was interested first in the rhythms of the dancers and the circus riders. But he quickly began to scent these sprightly girls as personalities and to differentiate them. Degas had been interested in them only as types.

From their portraits, he progressed to his amazing studies of May Milton, Jane Avril, May Belfort, La Goulue and the rest—a gallery of night life celebrities unmatched in the history of art of the world.

May Belfort, an unknown chorus girl before he did a series of lithographs of her, was an intimate infatuation. The handsome, commanding, queenly dancer, Jane Avril, he followed around like a dog.

La Goulue, "the glutton," born Louise Weber, "circe of the can-can," held him in thrall by treating him with cruel contempt, refusing repeatedly to pose formally for a portrait he longed to make, and otherwise "putting him in his place." La Goulue lived to see the can-can outmoded by the belly dance of Little Egypt, by the barefoot Greek dances of Isadora Duncan, by the Salome of the naked torso of Maud Allan. She died in 1928, on the threshold of the bare-buttocked Sally Rand era, in abject poverty, forgotten personally by everybody, but

living immortally in the chance sketches made of her by the dwarf she despised.

Lautrec began his art life by painting his father's horses. One or two of these paintings, executed when he was less than twenty and untutored, reveal a precocious talent.

His father sent him to Paris, where he studied first with Bonnat and then with Cormon. He acquired some essentials, but it was not until he took a studio of his own across a courtyard from Degas that he began to find himself. A model he had in common with Degas, who was posing also for Renoir, was Suzanne Valadon, a young girl fresh from the circus. She became, within a year after going to the studios on the Butte, the mother of a son destined to fame as Maurice Utrillo. From model, she developed herself into the most distinguished woman painter of modern trend in Paris, except Marie Laurencin. It was Lautrec in that first eventful year of hers on Montmartre who discovered her talent as artist, and it was from him she had her first lessons. They lived in the same apartment house.

In his studio across from Degas' and partly inspired by Mlle. Valadon, Lautrec painted pictures of the circus and of circus people, subjects then claiming the lively attention of Renoir and Seurat as well. In company with Seurat, he began his night rounds of the music halls, the bars and the dancing establishments, sketch book in hand. Another companion of his rambles was Dr. Tapié de Celeyran, cousin of his mother, who came to Paris as a surgeon in the International Hospital. Operations performed by Dr. Tapié stimulated his imagination and fed his flair for the morbid. He began finding subjects in the hospital to put alongside his café dancers.

By 1891 Lautrec's paintings, quick drawings and lithographs of the frequenters of the lurid night places of Mont-

martre, were attracting attention, and during the next five years he did his great work. Then, about 1895, his friends noticed he was drinking too much, considering the frailty of his health. In 1898 he began showing such decided signs of mental aberration that, in February, 1899, he was shut up in a sanatorium for the insane.

His insanity, however, cleared up as acute alcoholism abated, and after three months he was discharged. His friend, the critic Arsène Alexandre, who visited him in the *Maison de santé* found him charming and gay. While confined, Lautrec did a series of more than twenty drawings of the circus entirely from memory, ranked among the best of his work, vivid and astonishingly accurate in detail.

After leaving the sanatorium he went traveling. At Havre he fell in love, characteristically with a barmaid; he painted a portrait of her which ranks as one of his masterpieces. Proceeding to Holland, Portugal and Spain, he returned after a year to Havre expressly to see again his charmer. But she had disappeared.

At Bordeaux he witnessed the opera "Messalina," and was so impressed that he painted two ambitious pictures of Mlle. Granne in the rôle of the Roman courtesan against the settings the scene painters had provided. They were among his last important pictures, finished before the middle of April, 1901.

He proceeded then to Paris, where, woefully weakened, he did some race track sketches and some drawings from nude models. In August he went home to his mother, to her ancestral château at Malromé. On September 9 he died.

ODILON REDON

Born BORDEAUX, FRANCE, APRIL 20, 1840.

Died ROYAN, FRANCE, JULY 6, 1916.

ODILON REDON, a pale wraith throughout the whole course of the development of modernism—always to be reckoned with, the on-rushing rebels felt, but never closely allied with any of them—has become, at last, a god in the pantheon of the latest and perhaps last important development, Surrealism.

In the days when Claude Monet and his Impressionists were deserting the sober twilight of their studios and going out into the mid-day sun, finding nothing too garish to set down on canvas, Odilon Redon, while intellectually comprehending and even sympathizing, stayed indoors and painted his "waking dreams."

During the interval between 1881, when Redon first began attracting attention in Paris, and 1924, when the Surrealists started to function, Sigmund Freud arose and flourished, elevating dreams to a place of first importance in a psychology that had formerly laughed at them as toys. The Modernists in art, restlessly roving all centuries and searching all emotional experiences for grist for their mills, could not well overlook Freud. In considering the Freudian dream philosophy (the German Expressionists already had made more than a start) it was no difficult matter for the Surrealists to hark back to the painted dreams of Odilon Redon, particularly as J. K. Huysmans, a mystic as powerful if not as analytic as Freud himself, had focused attention upon them.

Des Esseintes, morbid, epicurean hero of *A Rebours*, liked most among the bizarre pictures that decorated his walls those

signed Odilon Redon. They "passed all bounds, transgressing in a thousand ways the established laws of pictorial art, utterly fantastic and revolutionary, the work of a mad and morbid genius."

Redon came near being an American. His father, a villager in the vicinity of Livourne, emigrated to New Orleans during the Napoleonic wars, and, being shrewd in trade, amassed there a comfortable fortune. He married a Creole who bore him a child. When she was pregnant again, the Redons, deciding they had enough money, sailed for Bordeaux. Not long after arrival Mme. Redon gave birth to the son conceived in New Orleans—Odilon Redon, April 20, 1840.

The boy was sickly. He grew up on the family estate his father had bought with his American money, in the mistral-swept, desolate regions around Bordeaux, morbid and melancholy, afraid of the dark in the huge old rooms of the mansion and of ghosts. He had a tutor because of his delicacy, and it was not until he was eleven that he was sent to school to mingle with children other than his four brothers and sisters. The excessive timidity of his first contact with strange children was to characterize him through life.

His first holy Communion impressed him profoundly. Its mystical content, which was very real to him and not the jargon of a priest, wrought on his imagination, conjuring up strange dreams and religious images. At fifteen, in the course of his secular school studies, he became friendly with the botanist Armand Clavaud, who showed him the wonders of nature through the microscope, explaining to him the germination of organisms, plant and animal, impelled by a blind desire to propagate. This all, somehow, became intimately mixed with the religious fantasies of his First Communion. The blind forces of nature, compelling life on and on, generation after

generation, were akin to God, the Trinity, the Virgin and all the Saints.

In classical literature he encountered the Fates and the Furies, Centaurs and the Minotaur, Phaeton and Pegasus. The literature of the Hindus and all the Orient, the stories and poems of Edgar Allan Poe and Baudelaire, the novels of Flaubert, the dramas of Wagner, particularly *Parsifal*—all added to his stock of fantasies and phantasms, very real to his sickly imagination. He grew up to illustrate Poe, to paint Buddha and Parsifal, and the holy men and women along the Ganges, Centaurs, Pegasus and Orpheus. Not only these, but huge spiders in webs magnified through Père Clavaud's microscope, and embryonic creatures that now delight the Surrealists.

Near Bordeaux, on the other side of a cemetery, lived an etcher named Bresdin, the same Rodolphe Bresdin who was being forgotten until the generation of the moderns pulled him back into the limelight as they have El Greco. Odilon Redon in his teens risked the terrors of the graveyard to visit Bresdin and watch him at work. Bresdin showed the boy how to use etchers' tools. Being a mystic himself, as his surviving etchings testify, Bresdin confirmed Odilon Redon in his emotions while teaching him a trade.

Encouraging him in his art, Redon's parents sent him to Paris to study. He settled in Montparnasse and met Corot, Chintreuil and Courbet, whose influences were in the direction of a healthier outlook on life.

He met, too, Fantin-Latour, whose studio he entered to study lithography, a companion art of the etching he had learned from Bresdin. If Bresdin had directed his emotional impulses along the lines of religious and medieval mysticism, from Fantin-Latour he learned to appreciate flowers—the soul of flowers. When Redon, long after, in profound melancholy

over humanity, turned his genius toward the blossoms in his garden, he produced in oil and pastel the most haunting flower pieces in the whole history of art. He concentrated here all the mysticism of all his dreams—a haunting, ethereal beauty, yet with no straining toward the exotic. He eclipsed the exquisite flowers of Fantin-Latour as completely as he had the knights and ladies and peasants and nymphs in the haunted forests of Bresdin.

His studies were interrupted in 1870 by the Franco-Prussian War, a peculiarly horrible experience for Odilon Redon. He volunteered and took active part in skirmishes around Tours, protecting the city from the German invaders. Immediately after, because of the fearful strain on his bodily health, he was discharged from service. But he had seen enough to add a new stock of nightmares to his over-crowded brain.

In 1879 he married a healthy, vigorous young woman, who began, as Courbet had done before war interrupted, the job of driving out some of the ghosts that were haunting him. He mingled with his fellow artists, and even participated actively in the exhibitions of the Indépendants, that younger group headed by Seurat, Signac, Volton, Pissarro and other rebels against the authority of the Salon of Bouguereau. His perception of talent in others was as sensitive as his own skill with the brush. Redon alone didn't laugh when the queer customs collector, Henri Rousseau, carted his outlandish paintings to their exhibition hall.

Redon lived comfortably on proceeds from his father's estate. But after the turn of the century the family fortune began to be gradually so depleted that he was forced partially to earn his expenses. He turned from etching and lithography definitely to paint and pastel, and it was then that he began to produce his flowers. Connoisseurs were fairly quick to discover

that something new and strange and exceeding precious had come into art, and it was no great while until Redon was financially comfortable again.

The outbreak of the World War, however, violently disturbed his new-found comfort and tranquillity. The old agony of 1870 returned, only now he suffered it through his son, who left for the front. He didn't live to see his son return nor peace restored. He died in the summer of 1916 at Royan, whither he had retired from the cruel turmoil of Paris to live again with his fantasies and his phantasms.

HENRI-JULIEN ROUSSEAU

Born LAVAL, FRANCE, 1844.

Died PARIS, 1910.

FROM 1886, when, at the age of forty-two, he carted his first picture to the exhibition of the Indépendants in Paris, to 1910, the year of his death, when he sent his last, Henri Rousseau, the customs collector, was the butt of the art circles of Paris.

In the estimation of everybody he was a fool, in some meaning or other of that multi-faceted word.

The newspaper feature writers, looking annually for a funny story, sized him up as a clod-hopping fool who thought he could paint, and only managed to render himself ridiculous.

A fool touched by that divine lunacy the inexplicable gods sometimes mete out to mortals—thus he appeared to the German critic, Wilhelm Uhde, who was first to defend him seriously in print; to Odilon Redon, the painter-mystic; and later to Picasso, Apollinaire and Marie Laurencin.

Uhde, since Rousseau's death, and now that the world is

meditating on his pictures with close-knit brows, suggests that "people stop talking about the naïveté of Rousseau." He who knew the Douanier's mind better than anybody else testifies that Rousseau discussed with him seriously and with complete understanding "the method of obtaining this or that balance, the choice of this and that tone" and was aware of his superb "power of voluntary stylization." And R. H. Wilenski, most keenly analytic of the newer English critics, finds that Rousseau "arrived by instinct at a point reached by Seurat by intellectual effort." The Louvre adds substantial testimony by hanging "The Snake Charmer."

In death the eccentric customs collector thus attains a dignity he vainly longed for in life. He knew his worth, but he clowned to live!

Rousseau was the son of an ironmonger, who, wishing the boy to have an easier life than his own, got him a job in a grocery store at Laval. Henri taught himself both flute and violin, and became so respectable a performer that at nineteen he was accepted as flutist for the military band to accompany Maximilian's expedition into Mexico.

The tropical forests, with their luxurious plants, gaudy birds and slinking beasts impressed themselves profoundly on his memory—for use forty years later in the painting of his fantastic jungles.

Returning with the army to France after the collapse of Maximilian's short-lived empire, Rousseau was rewarded for his active military service with appointment as a collector of customs in the toll system of the city of Paris—a "douanier." Though it was a minor job, easy and simple, it was too intricate for his subnormal financial wits. It worried him exceedingly during the many years he held on. Eventually difficulty over a check brought him before the courts. The judge, sizing up his

intelligence, understood that the muddle was not intentionally criminal and postponed the case indefinitely. Rousseau in gratitude offered to paint the portrait of the judge's wife—an offer not accepted. Though not condemned, Rousseau felt himself disgraced and brooded fitfully over the affair of the check the remainder of his life.

His experience in Mexico led to his appointment, too, as a sergeant in 1870 for the period of the Franco-Prussian War. One of his exploits in this capacity provided part of the fun Paris had with Rousseau when, after he had become an eccentric, half-witted old fellow, he was made the favorite butt of the wits of Montparnasse. Rousseau, after losing his customs job, earned his living by teaching violin and by directing weekly concerts of a sour orchestra of his amateur pupils, playing violin solos he himself had composed, reciting poetry of his own writing and telling stories. One of his stories related how he and his little squad of soldiers had saved from civil war a panic-stricken town whose more prominent citizens wanted to capitulate without a struggle to the Prussians. At the end of the story, the audience, in which plenty of regular visitors were always sprinkled among the "slumming" newcomers, would shout: "Long live Sergeant Rousseau!"

Shortly after his return from Mexico, Rousseau married, and became the father of a daughter. His wife died, and he married again. But the first wife, Clemence, haunted him through life. It was Clemence he named in his sonnets and his love songs. She appeared to him not only in dreams, but in waking hallucinations like Blake's. On the days Clemence "helped him" Rousseau painted his best pictures. The pictures would appear in the air before his eyes, composed and complete, and all he had to do was to copy them on his canvas. It was that way with Blake. If a visitor to Blake's studio should step,

by chance, between the painter and his vision, Blake would order him impatiently out of the way.

If Clemence became Rousseau's familiar spirit, the second wife, Josephine, did her share in a more materialistic way. It was in her régime that the affair of the check came up and that he lost his customs job. She opened a little shop in a room in their poor Montparnasse home for the selling of stationery and of small paintings of his that were bought as souvenirs by the jolly crowds who came to laugh at his "concerts."

Presently Josephine followed Clemence to the grave; she, however, seems to have stayed there. There followed an interregnum in legitimate romance during which Rousseau had as mistress a young Polish woman named Yadviga, uncertainly identified. Yadviga is what he called her in a poem he wrote. This poem was inspired by a picture for which she posed nude, stretched luxuriously on a red divan set with the utmost naïveté (despite Uhde) in one of his tropical jungles—the famous picture called "The Dream." This red divan, really a magnificent piece of furniture, was the one extravagance the impoverished Rousseau permitted himself—almost as fantastically out of place in his barren studio as in his Mexican jungle. How flatter Yadviga more than by letting her sleep on its red plush in his richest forest, "dreaming of the tropical moon, the dusky green leaves, wild beautiful serpents," as the poem relates, and listening to the mystic music of the star-eyed piper!

But Yadviga vanished from his life like the dream she had inhabited that one tropic night. His widowed heart, at sixty-four, began to beat for a spinster of fifty-four who was a saleslady in a bazaar in the City Hall of Paris. He had accumulated five thousand francs, chiefly through Vollard, discoverer of Cézanne, who listened to Wilhelm Uhde, unconvinced, but willing to take a chance. The saleslady inclined her ear to

romance, but her father sternly forbade the nuptials. The "ridiculous painter" was no match for a daughter of his he had reared so carefully through half a century! Besides, had he not been convicted in a court of law? The courtship continued, however, through two years.

"Every day Henri Rousseau, at sixty-six years of age," relates the Baroness Oettingen in a sympathetic and melancholy biography she has done of him, "traversed Paris from one end to the other, rejoining at the hour of repast her whom he called his 'poor little one.' She saw his bleeding feet. Some friends, seeing his exasperation, tried to make Leonie give way; the marriage day was fixed but she never appeared. Then Henri Rousseau might be seen pale and trembling, traversing the streets of Paris, lamenting his hard fortune, and complaining to the crowd around him."

"I believe," relates the more matter-of-fact Guillaume Apollinaire, critic friend of Rousseau, but also one of the most regular and amused attendants at his "concerts," "that the girl did not like him. He paid five thousand francs one day for jewels which he gave her, and she did not even attend his funeral."

The funeral was only a few weeks away. He died in extreme poverty, "an alcoholic patient," at the Necker hospital in Paris, and, as the Baroness Oettingen records, was buried "immediately in a common grave. The care of some friends too poor or too reasonable to meet a more serious expense, removed the body to a tomb rented for thirty years." The rent will be up in 1940! And Rousseau's pictures now bring fabulous prices!

It was largely through the journalistic notices that Apollinaire, critic and poet, gave Rousseau's "concerts" that he became a major celebrity of Montparnasse. Like Redon and Uhde, Picasso and Marie Laurencin, Apollinaire recognized the serious painting genius of the queer old violinist. But he wrote of

him wittily as well as wisely, and the "slummers" preferred to laugh rather than think. Rousseau returned the journalist's compliments in his painting, "The Muse Inspiring the Poet." The muse is Marie Laurencin, and the poet is her lover, Apollinaire. The picture is sometimes called "Apollinaire and His Muse." When Wilhelm Uhde arranged the first serious one-man show of Rousseau's paintings in Paris, he gave Marie Laurencin also her first show in an adjoining gallery.

At the outset of his career Rousseau was a "Sunday painter," like Gauguin; this was his one day off from his toll collecting, as it was Gauguin's from the Bourse. There is a legend, indeed, that Gauguin made a bet one Sunday that the first absolutely naïve man whom he and a painting companion might run across could be developed into a great artist. The legend has it that the Douanier, taking a Sunday walk, happened to be the man chosen for the experiment. This, however, seems to be one of the jokes that amused Paris in the spectacular reign of Rousseau.

The story Apollinaire relates is that the naïve, primitive talent of Rousseau was first detected by the poet Alfred Jarry, a friend of Henri's father, who brought it to the attention of Rémy de Gourmont. De Gourmont agreed, but became more interested in Rousseau's other primitive gifts, for verse and the violin. Rousseau, when the two poets paid him a visit, was teaching a class of little girls who were singing his songs to his violin accompaniment. It was Rémy de Gourmont's interest in this concert that suggested to Rousseau, much later, similar "concerts" as a means of livelihood.

Rousseau participated in all the Indépendant shows from the organization of the society until his death, except three. Never comfortably in funds, except for the tiny fortune he squandered on jewels for the faithless Leonie, he would haul

his paintings himself through the streets of Paris in a hand-cart—huge canvases, usually, that made the crowds turn and stare. At the gallery the hanging committee were ashamed of his pictures (all except Odilon Redon), just as the Impressionists were ashamed of Cézanne, and they would assign them to obscure corners. But Rousseau, either less sensitive or more obtuse than Cézanne, didn't mind or didn't know.

Picasso, who was host at a dinner given Rousseau in 1908 by artists and literary people beginning dimly to perceive his genius, is said to have got from the Douanier the idea of introducing a violin into his Cubistic pictures—an idea so stressed by Picasso and his co-worker Braque at the outset that it came to be almost an earmark of Cubism. (Another story is that Picasso, himself a violinist and, as a boy, a haunter of a shop where an old workman repaired violins, came by the idea quite spontaneously.) Rousseau in turn is said to have derived his violin motifs from Ingres, another expert performer.

GEORGES ROUAULT

Born PARIS, MAY 27, 1871.

IF MATISSE finds a fresh approach to eternal verities through Persian pattern, Picasso and Modigliani through African sculpture, and Cézanne through El Greco and the Byzantines, Georges Rouault makes medieval mysticism his hunting ground.

His saturnine, grim Christs are the Christs of Gothic stained windows—intensified and transformed as is the habit with art in this iron and granite age of ours. Rouault's Christ is concerned no longer wholly with the comparatively gentle sorrows

of His martyrdom on the cross—self-pitying, knowing His enemies eventually will understand and repent. He is a Christ at bay, losing his grip on a world of scornful men and even more scornful women, callous, laughing at the gentler virtues—the world of Nietzsche and the blond beast.

Rouault's women, similarly, are a translation out of the medieval, when churchmen raged virulently against the "damnable sex." They are the whores of Babylon, hard-boiled into our gangsters' molls laughing at death blazing from machine guns. They will never repent, like the Magdalen, or like the circus prostitute Theodora who became the Empress of Justinian.

Rouault in his cloistered retreat as conservator of the Musée Gustave Moreau, that frowning house in Paris bequeathed by Moreau to the republic and furnished with more than a thousand of his dreary paintings and seven thousand of his mystical drawings, is still not shut from the world as were the monks in the desert of the Thebaid. Even in the museum of Moreau there must be a corner for the radio. The hell Rouault has created and filled with grim, gloomy figures, saints and whores, sinister clowns of the circus and grotesque politicians and magistrates, is as savage as Dante's without being so childish.

Rouault, son of a Breton father and a Parisian mother, began his career as a designer of stained glass windows in imitation of the Gothic windows in the old churches of Paris, whose Christs and saints filled an imagination morbid in boyhood. It is no mystery, therefore—as it is in Matisse's case—how when he came to select an instructor in art he should have been drawn to the studio of Gustave Moreau.

Moreau was a painter companion of Gustave Flaubert, author of the gem-encrusted *Salamambo*, and of Joris Karl Huysmans, who celebrates Moreau along with Odilon Redon

in *Against the Grain*. Moreau's "Apparition," now in the Louvre, and his "Salome," mingle vividly in the hallucinations of Des Esseintes.

Fellow students of Rouault's in Moreau's atelier were Henri Matisse and Raoul Dufy. The volatile Matisse, after emerging, quickly threw off the mystic spell of the Beaux-Arts Prester John; and Dufy is trailed by only intangible wisps of his influence. But Rouault has remained another Moreau—an immeasurably superior one.

For a time, in the early days of this century, Rouault participated with Matisse and Dufy in the activities of the Fauves. But the clamor and the clangor failed to intoxicate him as it did his two old studio mates and their companions, and he withdrew into the cloistered gloom of Moreau's house as its keeper, a job his by right as Moreau's favorite pupil and most conscientious disciple.

It was with a painting that might easily have been mistaken for a mature work of his master that Rouault emerged from obscurity in 1894 as winner of the important Chenavard prize, awarded in the École des Beaux Arts. "The Child Jesus and the Doctors," it was called, with a Moreau halo and general weirdness pervading the canvas. At the Exposition Universelle a bronze medal was attached.

Despite these academic honors well calculated to turn the head of a student of twenty-three, Rouault, restless under the yoke of the academy which Moreau wore willingly, threw in his lot with the Indépendants.

"The Holy Women Weeping for Jesus," in 1897, shows him struggling already for emancipation. By 1903 a pair of female nudes, with swollen bellies and huge thighs, academically clumsy but startlingly expressive of an original and significant vision, demonstrated so clear a victory that Rouault,

when the Fauves began barking noisily two years later, was logically classed with them.

His "Circus Girl" of 1906 was as "beastly" as anything the "wild beasts" were producing. It may have been purposely exhibitionistic. A nude of 1907, while as "beastly," doesn't flaunt herself melodramatically like the "Circus Girl." In 1910, with his "Baptism of Jesus Christ," Rouault is no longer conscious of the Fauves as an "ism." He is a long way, though, from the gentle mysticism of Moreau, whose pictures surround him in the museum. He has lost forever the sentimentality of Moreau without sacrificing the morbidity that so fascinated Huysmans.

The World War stirred Rouault's static, philosophic pessimism to active bitterness. An element akin to Daumier's appeared in his pictures—a satire almost as savage as George Grosz's, emitted with a hoarser growl.

After the war he recovered his equilibrium, but retained the emotions the woes of civilization had engendered. The Rouault of today is a colossus, repelling from his dark tower the fearful, but inviting hardier souls to high adventure.

Hermit as artist, he is not completely so as man. He has a wife, who was Marthe Le Sidaner, of a painter family.

AMADEO MODIGLIANI

Born LIVORNO, ITALY, JULY 12, 1884.

Died PARIS, JANUARY 25, 1920.

HECTIC and feverish as are the romances invented by the French novelists, certain of the painters of Paris, recently dead, lived lives that eclipse them. Gauguin was one, and van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec. But the wildest, weirdest career of them all was Modigliani's.

Dying in his middle thirties of tuberculosis, literal starvation and alcoholism, Modigliani went to his grave in an expensive hearse, covered with costly flowers, followed by a multitude of people of the art and literary worlds. Because of the multitudes, there were uniformed police to keep order. They solemnly saluted as his body was being lowered into its grave—the same policemen who had ordered him to move on during his jags, solitary or accompanied by women.

"You see, he gets his revenge!" muttered Picasso to the journalist Francis Carco, as both stood with uncovered heads.

On Modigliani's breast that day lay a thick curl. His mistress, Jeanne Hebuterne, about to bear their second child, had cut it from her head and laid it there as they gently pulled her away from the corpse, newly arrived at the undertaker's from the hospital. Then she had gone to the home of her parents, who had never approved her liaison, and who received her sullenly. That night she threw herself from a high window onto the pavement. From her crushed body emerged her baby, dead. They buried Jeanne alone, after the funeral of Modigliani; her parents, still bitter, forbade that she lie with him in the same tomb—she a Catholic, he a Jew. Eight years later they relented. Jeanne was dug up and laid permanently at rest beside her lover in Père Lachaise.

Modigliani had coughed himself to death after being removed to a ward in the Charité Hospital from a wretched studio he and Jeanne, model for his blond nudes, had been sharing in damp, raw December weather. His tuberculosis had been aggravated by a prolonged drinking bout with his friend Utrillo, as eccentric and madder than he. Zborowski, the adoring Polish poet, who had bankrupted himself on more than one occasion that Modigliani might eat, had tried to raise money

to send him to the south of France, on the warm Mediterranean, instead of to the Charité.

A year before, Modigliani had got down to Nice, leaving the faithful Jeanne in Paris. He found lodgings in a little, dingy hotel, inhabited mainly by prostitutes. As always, the slender, handsome Modigliani, his black eyes burning with fever and with the liquid intelligence of his genius, fascinated the girls. He was too poor to hire models. They posed in his room for nothing after their boy friends had gone, and fought among themselves for the privilege. Not that Modigliani was gentle—quite the reverse. “He used to make me shiver from head to foot,” testifies Kiki, queen of Montparnasse models. But the girls liked that. Several of Modi’s finest nudes are of the Nice prostitutes.

Modigliani clashed with the police of Nice as with those of Paris. A typical fracas occurred one afternoon when the accepted lover of one of the girls, showing up to keep a definite date, found her naked on the artist’s couch. Modigliani defended himself brusquely on the plea of “painter’s privilege”—he was painting her, not making love. But there was a fight, and Modigliani found himself in the street, the manager of the hotel siding with the more affluent patron.

Modigliani was born in Livorno, Italy, in 1884, of a fairly well-to-do Italian family, partly Jewish in origin. A brother, Emanuele Modigliani, became a political leader and deputy for Leghorn, and it was he who ordered the sumptuous burial, wiring: “Give him a royal funeral.”

Modigliani started to be a sculptor, studying first at the Lycée in his native town, and later at Florence, Rome and Venice. At twenty he went to Paris, where he lodged in a house in Montmartre where Zola once had lived.

The Fauves of Matisse were howling their loudest, and Picasso and Braque were about to launch upon their experiments in Cubism. Modigliani associated himself with the progressives, who readily accepted him. He had a passion and an understanding for the Italian primitives that made him logically of their number. The Italian primitives continued as his inspiration through life, modified by Negro masks, which, at about the time of his advent in Paris, were beginning to excite Vlaminck and Derain. The negroid strain rather intensified than weakened the Italian primitive impulses. Modigliani, in the maturity of his genius, turned out as a twentieth century Botticelli.

At first, in Paris, he pursued his sculpture. But the dust particles from his chisel affected his throat, already beginning to feel the ravages of an incipient consumption that was to carry him off a dozen years later.

He then turned to painting, producing strange, feverish, incredible portraits of girls, nude and clothed, that nobody would buy.

Dressed in corduroys, with a bright red scarf about his throat, handsome and picturesque, he became a familiar figure at the cafés. He was keen of wit, sometimes affable, sometimes growling. Women went into raptures over him. The high-born who frequented the Rotonde for the thrill of "bohemia" as well as girls of the street gave him their favors, pleading to share his poverty or raise him to affluence. Jeanne Hebuterne was one, a girl of good family, promising as an art student. Others were a Russian of noble blood—some said a princess—and an English girl of quality. Modigliani accepted the good that Venus so provided, airily, but refused to be ensnared even for a competence he needed. He preferred to go hungry if need be.

Friends gave him lodging in their studios—sometimes

Soutine, sometimes Kisling. At the cafés he could trade a sketch for a meal. When he had a franc he preferred to drink it rather than eat it. Absinthe intrigued him more than bread. He could have gone back to Italy to his mother and his brother, and sometimes he was tempted. His last words were for Italy and not for Jeanne, nor for the prostitutes of Nice, nor for the Russian princess. "Italia! Cara, cara Italia!" he muttered repeatedly in his death delirium.

Zborowski, whom he met in a café, was the first to sense Modigliani's genius. Wretchedly poor himself, he labored valiantly to improve the painter's condition. Eventually he reaped the reward of his faith in him. For before Modigliani was cold in death, his pictures began to skyrocket.

MARC CHAGALL

Born LIOSNO, RUSSIA, 1890.

CHAGALL, born in Russia, domiciled in Paris, familiarly at home in Berlin, has been claimed as French, Russian and German in his art. A brief visit to Italy made him even a Futurist, in the eyes of the disciples of manifesto-maker Marinetti. And if there is a "Jewish Art," thoroughly racial, as distinguished from the French art of Pissarro and Matisse, the Hispano-French art of Picasso, the French-Italian of Modigliani, the Polish-French of Kisling, then Chagall is its most typical, most thorough, most distinguished master.

Chagall himself considers himself a Frenchman. "I owe all that I have achieved to Paris, to France, whose nature, people, the very air are the true school of my life and art," he expresses it. Paris was his studio home from 1910 until the outbreak of

the World War in 1914, when he went back to Russia. Paris became his home again in 1922, and so has remained. Not only is his studio there, this time, but a little house in a wooded suburb, surrounded by flower gardens of his own cultivation, and alive with birds he coaxes to inhabit his trees.

But the Russians, if they have lost him in person, do not surrender him so easily as artist. In the village of Liosno, where he was born, and in the ghetto of Vitebsk a few versts away, where he spent so many of his boyhood hours, he eagerly absorbed vast quantities of fantastic folk-lore, mingled Jewish and Slavic, which was the substance of his early pictures and which he has never eradicated from his emotional nature.

He saw a bearded pack-peddler, for example, walk unconcernedly over the roofs of the ghetto of Vitebsk, his body inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, utterly ignoring the laws of gravitation. And why not? Why should a Jewish peddler be bound any more by the laws of Newton than Einstein?

Not that Chagall thought it out that far. He didn't think at all. He saw the peddler not through regulation optic lenses, but through the glistening gelatin of a grotesque, fantastic whimsy—just as in the village of Liosno he saw a headless milkmaid walking blithely to her evening chore, stepping over a church steeple, her contented head following several yards behind.

On a boulevard of Vitebsk, outside the ghetto, he saw one afternoon a young man promenading with his sweetheart, hand in hand. Her feet, however, were not on the ground with his. He was holding her at arm's length, high aloft; her arm also was extended and rigid, and neither of them apparently felt the muscular strain which Newton-bound vaudeville acrobats engaged in similar feats cannot hide. They were as much at ease, their hearts beat as happily, as though all four feet were on the ground.

Once the onlooker accepts Chagall's non-Euclidean point of view, as the Russians do, steeped in their legends and folk-lore, his pack-peddler, his milkmaid and his lovers offer no difficulties. Russia will have none of Chagall's self-hypnotism of being French.

As for the Germans, Chagall is claimed—and rightly—not only as an Expressionist, but as one of the two or three inventive extremists of their movement which first took into active consideration the explorations of Freud in the realms of the sub-conscious. Chagall in Berlin was among the most German of the Germans, just as the Spaniard Picasso in Paris was of the French most French. When the Parisian Surrealists, some ten years after the Expressionists, took up Freud where Berlin had left off, Chagall naturally was pounced upon with enthusiasm.

Chagall is the son of a draper who had a thriving shop in the village of Liosno, just outside Vitebsk. As a boy Chagall helped his father in the store, handling silks and satins, learning to love their rich, luxuriant colors. It is no wonder that when his impulses turned to art he sought out the studio in Petrograd of Leon Bakst, who was turning out such marvelous, gaudy scenery for the new Russian theater.

At twenty, in 1910, Chagall left Bakst for Paris, where the Fauves and the Cubists were doing things even more exciting. Chagall took with him his gravity-defying peddlers and milkmaids, and soon was doing violence as startling to the dancers of Paris and the studio nudes. Even then Paris was beginning to classify its Modernism (classification: the hardening of the arteries of art). But Chagall didn't seem to fit into any of the pigeon-holes. His paintings of the Russian ghetto and the Russian farm, of Paris bohemian types, and of aristocratic Jewish types—rabbis and merchant princes—caused their own unique

excitement in the Indépendant shows of 1912, '13, and '14.

He went back to Vitebsk, where he established a school of art, remaining until the Bolshevik revolution and the separate peace with Germany. It was then that he journeyed into Berlin, where, along with the other Russian, Kandinsky, he participated so actively in the inventing and formulating of Expressionism.

After a while he returned to Moscow, where he did the tremendous murals for the Jewish Kamerny Theater, and to Leningrad, where he designed the settings for the Russian production of *The Playboy of the Western World*.

Paris, however, was tugging all this time at his heart strings, and in 1922 he forsook the Russian theater and his Academy at Vitebsk, and went back to his beloved France, whence he hasn't since departed except for brief visits to Russia, Italy and Germany. In addition to paintings, this past decade, he has done etchings for books, particularly a magnificent edition of La Fontaine's *Fables*, published by Volland. Remembering Russia, he has illustrated Gogol's *Dead Souls*. A volume of stories by his neighbor in the Villa Montmorency district, André Gide, boasts Chagall embellishments.

Chagall, with much less of fantasy than he puts into his own pictures, may be regarded as the Wandering Jew of Modern Art. He roams where he will, not idly, but with a self-imposed mission to observe all peoples, live their art lives along with them, adding to their experiences out of his rich store of collected knowledge and adventures, and taking equally from their stores. Wherever he has gone, he has been a master as well as a student.

MAURICE UTRILLO

Born PARIS, DECEMBER 25, 1883.

MAURICE UTRILLO was born in Paris on Christmas Day, 1883, son of an unmarried girl acrobat and artists' model of sixteen and of a drunken rounder, partially identified as one Boissy, a hanger-on in Bohemia who claimed to be a painter but was only a miserable dauber. The girl, whose job as model took her to the studios of Puvis de Chavannes, Renoir, Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, is said to have tried to repel the attack of Boissy.

When Maurice was born she registered him under her maiden name, Valadon. For she was Suzanne Valadon, later to be known throughout Montmartre not only as the most desirable model on the Butte, but as an up and coming painter in her own right.

Mlle. Valadon was too busy earning a living to look properly after Maurice at the outset—a neglect she was to repent bitterly and pay for by the most heroic devotion in the annals of contemporary art. He grew up a street gamin, by turns morbidly gentle and violent to the point of insanity.

Suzanne Valadon presently married, but her husband refused to give his name to her son. When the boy was eight, a kindly, obscure Spanish journalist and amateur painter working in Paris named Utrillo, hearing her lament the plight of the nameless Maurice, offered his own name, which she accepted, and Maurice Valadon was rechristened Maurice Utrillo.

Maurice, however, when he began to paint at nineteen, would have none of this arrangement. He signed his canvases Maurice Valadon. At her tearful entreaty he partially relented,

but stubbornly retained the initial of the only person to whom he felt he owed filial affection. His signature became "Maurice Utrillo V."

Unknown to his mother, Maurice, before he was in his teens, began drinking wine and absinthe. She put him at the College Rollin, Paris, as soon as he was old enough to enter, and here he was accounted a bright lad. But he had a long way to go home daily, and some plasterers, in the habit of making the same route, were accustomed to give him a lift in their cart. To show them he was as much of a man as they were, he would stop with them at wayside taverns and outdrink them.

When Suzanne Valadon, in the midst of her modeling and painting, found all this out and noted what a hold alcohol was getting on him, she had her second fit of distress over his irregular conception; he had inherited his father's drunkenness if he hadn't his name. She called in a doctor and another and another. But it was too late—or perhaps it had always been hopeless. Maurice was doomed to a life of dipsomania.

She took him out of school, kept him constantly with her, taught him to paint. He learned readily and rapidly. But he escaped, on occasions, and could always be found at the bar of the Lapin Agile or some other dram-shop in Montmartre. The dram-shops and the streets of the quarter became the favorite subjects for his brush. Suzanne Valadon took him into the suburbs. He painted churches and old houses—but, again, the wine-shops.

Devoted though he was to his mother, Utrillo more and more freed himself from the virtual prison she tried to build around him for his protection. He became a recognized rounder on Montmartre, known familiarly as Monsieur Maurice, partly in ridicule, but partly in affection for his good heart and his good looks.

His superb skill as a painter was beginning to be noticed. He painted from memory—a particularly retentive memory, made uncannily vivid by alcohol and drugs—by the light of a smoking oil lamp in a dingy back room over the wine-shop of a friend, M. Gay. Sometimes, even, he painted from picture postcards scenes he had never beheld, with a reconstructive imagination akin to Cézanne's, who used to do female nudes from crude newspaper engravings of Rubens.

Utrillo produced pictures of Parisian and suburban shops and streets such as nobody else could paint. He could put more expression into the front of a Montmartre dram-shop than most rival artists could into a human face. He could animate a vista as nobody since Corot in his early Italian days before he began grinding out silvery forests. He could do for his shops what Chardin had done for kitchen pots and pans. He could put "soul" into the inanimate.

Dealers fought for his pictures. There are stories of how one of them and then another would steal him away from rivals, get him drunk, shut him up in a cellar, provide him with canvas, paint, brushes, postcards and an oil lamp, along with gallons of liquor. After a week or fortnight of this seclusion Utrillo would be let out, the dealer retaining the pictures he had painted in payment for his room and board.

About 1919, so complete were the ravages of drink and drugs, he had to be shut up in a sanatorium. He escaped by bribing a guard, went into Montparnasse and engaged in a drinking bout with Modigliani. The contest ended in a riot, with an aftermath of police and the station house. It was from this bout that Modigliani died a few days later.

Nine successive times Utrillo was shut up in hospitals for treatment, painting in the intervals, but losing the vigor of his touch. Then his mother took a château near Lyons on the

Rhone, and retired there with him permanently. He fell into a sort of continuous stupor, no longer painting, indulging in a mystic, incoherent religious mania.

There one day in 1929 a little group of artists and writers from Paris visited him, and, on the shady lawn, presented him with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

"The painter sat on a low wall during the simple ceremony," reported an eye-witness, "playing with the yellow leaves that drifted down, twirling his hat. When it was over, Utrillo murmured a few words. His mother, Suzanne Valadon, cried and expressed her gratitude. That was all."

III. THE MINOR ARISTOCRACY

ANDRÉ DRAIN

Born CHATOU (SEINE-ET-OISE) FRANCE, JUNE 17, 1880.

ANDRÉ DRAIN was designated many years ago by André Salmon "the engine governor of the Modern movements"—their balance wheel.

Of late, since the extremes of the Fauvism of Matisse and the Cubism of Picasso have spent their force, the young Frenchmen have come to look upon Drain as leader, as the painter who is to restore to French art its pristine Gallic flavor. The Hispano-Hebraic abstraction of Picasso and the florid Orientalism of Matisse (who has an appreciable percentage of Jewish blood in his veins) have never set perfectly with the hundred-percenters on Montparnasse. Whereas, in the art of Drain they recognize the purely French elements that persisted from Fouquet to Cézanne. The big, laughing, breezy driver of the smartest and most powerful automobiles that ever whizzed along the Left Bank has induced Agnes Sorel's favorite painter to shake hands over a span of four centuries with the hermit of Aix.

Drain's motor cars (formerly five of them, reduced by the depression to three or two) are successors to racing canoes in which he and his comrade, Maurice de Vlaminck, used to shoot along the surface of the Seine.

With Vlaminck, Drain, as an energetic youth, accompa-

nied Matisse through Fauvism from its sprouting to the full flowering—and emerged unscathed.

With Vlaminck, again, and Picasso and Modigliani, he “discovered” and experimented with Negro sculpture—again without being warped.

He played along with Picasso and Braque in their early experiments with Cubism, but, finding its mathematical aspects distasteful (he had already deserted architecture for the same reason) he decided to let it lie.

“They can’t bulldoze me: I know all about it,” he snapped later, when Fauvism and Cubism were twin rages in Paris; he was going his own serene way with Cézanne and Fouquet as his guides.

Not only Cézanne and Fouquet, but Poussin, Claude, Chardin, Courbet, Renoir, Manet, and, more particularly than any of these, Corot—Frenchmen all. In his student days, before he joined Matisse’s pack of wild beasts, Derain had been a pupil, for a short time, of Eugene Carrière, as gentle a soul as Redon. Signac, Seurat’s friend and disciple, next took his fancy, and then van Gogh and Gauguin.

But all these he deserted for Cézanne—surely a tribute to the quality of his perception. It is perhaps due to Derain rather than to Matisse that the Fauves chose to march at the outset under the flag of Cézanne. It is possible, too, that it was Derain who pointed out to Picasso and Braque the oil mills and the angular village roofs of Cézanne, the germ of Cubism. The points are debatable—and indeed are more or less brusquely debated.

But it must not be supposed that Derain was erratic and rattle-brained, jumping from influence to influence. Quite the contrary. His imagination was as alert and eager as any then functioning in the seething circles of Paris. But, instead of

shooting off along an inviting tangent as Picasso did when he found Negro Sculpture, or Matisse when he encountered the rich patterns of the Persians, Derain's brain occupied itself busily with assorting and assimilating everything he encountered.

Derain reduced Cézanne to a system as the Carracci had Raphael in Italian Renaissance days. After Derain, anybody who could paint at all could learn to be a Cézanne—an infinitesimal Cézanne, catching surface idiosyncrasies. Only Derain in Cézanne's case, like Annibale Carracci in Raphael's, was not merely a dissector, analyzer and imitator. He had a constructive genius as well, and out of the elements of Cézanne, combined with French elements back to Fouquet, he evolved an art of his own. It is not an overwhelming, volcanic art like Cézanne's, but it has a smooth, not unpleasing perfection that allies Derain with Ingres.

Derain's father was a pastry cook of such worldly means as to make André acceptable in a school for boys of well-to-do and socially prominent families. On Sundays, however, André was sent to deliver bread and cakes to the families of his playmates, a job he and they deemed menial.

At sixteen, unable longer to endure the chagrin, he left his provincial home in the north for Paris, to continue his studies in architecture. Except for medieval mosaics and stained glass windows, however, he found his courses in architecture so bore-some, that he decided to be a painter instead, entering first the atelier of Carrière and then pursuing the path that led him to Cézanne and the Fauves.

He enlisted at the outbreak of the World War and served throughout. On his return—as in the case of most of the artists, including the Cubists, whose movement was wrecked in the holocaust—Derain's trend changed. He found driving his rac-

ing cars more diverting than thumbing through illuminated manuscripts in the archives of old Parisian churches. The quickening of his blood was reflected in his work—more spontaneous, not to say careless. He pressed into service the vast technique he had already acquired, instead of seeking more. It was a robust and vigorous technique, soundly French; its hundred percent “Français” counted for much immediately, and counts for much more today, when internationalism in art as in politics is not so popular as it was when Fauvism and Cubism were in the making.

Matisse is growing old, venerable—“the grand old man,” after Monet. Picasso is a “world master,” aloof, unapproachable. Derain, good mixer, man of the world, French of the French, of sound and impressive talents if not genius, is the uncrowned king of the Paris world of art.

GEORGES BRAQUE

Born ARGENTEUIL, FRANCE, 1881.

STROLLING leisurely through the Autumn Salon of 1908, Henri-Matisse paused in front of a painting by Georges Braque, a fellow Fauve, examined it intently, noted the cubical representation of buildings, and then grinned and exclaimed, “It is Cubist!”

Whether the greater glory for originating the idea of the movement that quickly and sensationally became defined is to go to Braque or Pablo Picasso (with Derain and Vlaminck, too, putting in logical claims) will furnish matter for wrangle to the end of time. Partisanship in the dispute may be partly patriotic and prejudicial. Picasso, Spaniard and Jew, was an

alien in Paris. Braque was a dyed-in-the-wool Frenchman. The early processes of Cubism are sufficiently confused to supply arguments for both sides.

Though they were of the same age, Braque was frankly the pupil and disciple of Picasso. His father was proprietor of a paint shop in Argenteuil that specialized in imitations of marble and of fine hardwoods for store counters. If Picasso, when Cubism was in the making, could utilize the patterns of zig-zag Spanish village streets with houses set square across them, Braque could contribute the artificial grainings of marble and wood from his father's workshop.

Ozenfant wittily dates the conscious origin of Cubism at the moment when either Picasso or Braque, he doesn't know which, noticed that a canvas standing upside down against a studio wall looked better than when right side up. It was "composition" that mattered, not "subject matter," not "naturalistic representation."

The idea once engendered, Picasso and Braque worked together toward its development and fulfillment. The ridicule, started by Matisse's wise-crack, seems to have dismayed Picasso for a time and he might have abandoned Cubism but for the dogged determination of Braque. The pictures they produced between 1910, when their theories had been definitely formulated, and 1913, when Apollinaire gave authority and dignity to the movement with his book, *The Cubist Painters*, are so similar that they could scarcely be distinguished were it not for their signatures.

To Picasso seems to go the credit for the brain flashes that impelled Cubism on and on to its various stages of completion. It is he who seems to have introduced, for example, the mandolin, whether following a suggestion from the Douanier Rousseau or a spontaneous impulse arising out of his own skill as a

musician. Braque, ever codifying Picasso's inspirations, fixed the mandolin so firmly that Cubism became almost a matter of musical motifs. Indeed, the "music" the critics are forever finding in Cubism may be due largely to visual suggestion to the subconscious.

After 1912 Braque and Picasso gradually drew apart. Braque's nature is the softer and dreamier. As a Frenchman he harks back to the mellowness of Watteau and Clouet, whereas Picasso is of sterner stuff—the stuff of El Greco and the Moors who decorated the Alhambra.

When the war came Braque went to the front, became a lieutenant of infantry and was severely wounded. Along with most Frenchmen, he was moved profoundly by the war. He was among the Cubists who returned to their studios with the original fire of fantastic, witty invention subdued. The lyricism that had begun to soften the angles of his Picasso-Braque Cubism before the summer of 1914 became more and more manifest. He turned to the nude and to still-life compositions of fruits, reverting to the spirit of Boucher and of Chardin, though holding it strongly in leash, in the iron bondage of his Cubist formulas.

In an age of manifestoes, meant by their jargon to confuse and mystify, Braque wrote simply, intelligently and sincerely about his own pictures and the general aims of Cubism:

"To work from Nature is to improvise. . . . We must not imitate what we want to create. . . . The senses deform, the spirit forms. We must labor to perfect the spirit. . . . Nobility arises from the reticence of emotion. Emotion must not be rendered by an emotional quivering. It must not be an exaggeration or an imitation of itself. I like the rule, the discipline, which controls and corrects emotion. . . . In art, progress lies not in an extension but in a knowledge of limitations. Limited

methods often constitute the charm and power of primitive paintings. Extension of methods, on the contrary, causes the decadence of the arts."

Sound, simple, human philosophy, applicable not only to Braque's Cubism but to all honest art!

Braque's father, the grainer, was disappointed when the son he sent to Paris to study art fell under the influence of Picasso. The decorative, abstract lines in imitation marble and hardwood were one thing, Cubistic abstraction another. It's not an uncommon paradox. Intricate geometric patterns in Oriental rugs are readily accepted by people who will have none of them in a wall picture.

On going to Paris from Argenteuil, Braque entered the studio of Signac, but it wasn't long before he fell in with the Fauves, and he participated, along with Matisse, Derain, Van Dongen, Dufy, Rouault, Friesz, Vlaminck and Marquet, in the epochal exhibition of 1905.

A little later he met Picasso, whose mathematical mind was playing with the construction elements of Cézanne rather than the decorative that had appealed to Matisse, and he immediately recognized the star of his destiny.

Braque, grave and studious, has his moments of frivolity. One Fourteenth of July night, he and Brancusi painted their faces in Cubist patterns, red, white and blue, and went into the streets to mingle with the celebrants. So startling was the impression they made, even among the masqueraders of Montparnasse, that they became panicky and ran away into hiding.

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK

Born PARIS, APRIL 4, 1876.

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK, powerful Paris-born Belgian, was a professional bicycle rider, winner of a string of championships, when he encountered another husky, André Derain, student of architecture. They liked each other from the outset.

Both were dabbling in paint. They began cycling together in the country, taking their sketching outfits with them, or canoeing on the Seine. Both were as bright mentally as they were athletic. Vlaminck was a great admirer of van Gogh, like him a native of the Netherlands to the north. Derain, pure French had discovered van Gogh, too, alongside Carrière, Signac, Cézanne, Courbet and Corot.

In 1903, the friends went to Derain's old home town, Chatou, taking their bicycles along. They cycled and sketched in the picturesque environs.

"He reconstructs history to suit himself," a teacher of Vlaminck had reported of him once to his parents.

Vlaminck, at Chatou, started out to reconstruct van Gogh. He felt the violence of van Gogh, but, robust and sane, he didn't feel in terms of yellow. Crimson and vivid purples delighted him more, storm clouds highly melodramatized.

On his return to Paris, Ambroise Vollard, discoverer of Cézanne, was startled and fascinated by the blaring, lowering landscapes. He bought the lot. Vlaminck, professional bicycle rider, semi-professional violin player in a suburban orchestra and amateur writer of novels, felt so guilty over having taken Vollard in with his untutored pictures that he threw in, for good measure, a table he had carved, hoping Vollard might realize something on that in a pinch.

Vollard would have been none the loser, however, even if he had guessed entirely wrong on Vlaminck. For it was at his shop that the cycling friends saw the Cézannes which Derain was soon to help materially in making popular with the Fauves and, through them, ultimately the buying collectors.

Two years later Vlaminck and Derain participated in the show of the Fauves that focused the attention of Paris and the world.

To Vlaminck is pretty generally given the credit of having discovered Negro sculpture, which was soon to play so profound a rôle in the development of the new Modernism, both Cubist and Fauve.

Commercially minded travelers returning to Paris from the Congo were bringing with them little wooden carvings, outlandish and grotesque, idols and fetishes of the Africans. They were being displayed in considerable quantity in the curio shops, and artists, always eager for something new as a still-life object or a studio ornament, were purchasers. But to them, as to everybody else, they were only bizarre toys.

One day Vlaminck saw in a dram-shop one of these carvings of a Congo Negress perched between a quart of absinthe and a quart of vermuth. The poet and musician stirred within him.

"That black statuette," he mused, "the voice of that Negro washerwoman who chants the romance, tender and sentimental, of her dying race—she moves me more than all the art of the museums!"

Derain, Dufy, Friesz, Picasso heard, and soon they too were finding serious significance in the Congo toys. Out of African sculpture, in combination with other elements derived chiefly from Cézanne, grew Cubism—and Vlaminck already was making his purple and crimson landscapes sharply angular, after

the manner of the Aixman's canvases he had seen at Vollard's.

Vlaminck, at first hypnotized, like Derain, by the Cubist philosophy Picasso and Braque were practicing and Apollinaire propounding, soon withdrew, and thereafter, again like Derain, he was contemptuous.

"I don't ask my neighbor how he loves his wife to learn how to love mine," he wrote. "I love like a man, not like a schoolboy or a professor. All these *a priori* styles like Cubism or Rondism leave me cold. I am neither a milliner nor a pedant nor a scientist. I flee the mustiness, the monotony and the austerity of the museums, for they remind me of nothing so much as my grandfather's fury, when I played hookey. The Cubist uniform is very militaristic and you know how much of a soldier I am! Painting is a damn sight more difficult and more stupid than that."

Vlaminck, fiery and original in his creative impulses, nevertheless had only a short way to go. He exhausted his powers of invention at the outset. His violently beautiful landscapes, gaudily somber under summer storm clouds or as gaudily saturated with winter snows, he repeated over and over with a monotony that becomes so dreadful as to be proverbial. Vlaminck is best when viewed sparingly—and his best rates him high among contemporary painters.

FERNAND LÉGER

Born ARGENTAN, NORMANDY, FEBRUARY, 1881.

"NATURE can be expressed by the cube, the cone, and the cylinder," is the celebrated dictum of Cézanne.

The cube was to be early and long exploited by the group

of abstractionists, starting about 1907 with Picasso and Braque—so much so that Henri-Matisse called the new movement, in ridicule, Cubism.

The cone has been utilized to a certain extent; the English Vorticists, for one group, made the triangle, which whirled becomes a cone, do yeoman duty. But the infinite possibilities of conic sections, with their age-old mystical connotations, have been woefully neglected. So far as the cone is concerned, Cubism is in its infancy.

The cylinder was pounced upon by Fernand Léger, an architect who came into Cubism considerably later than Picasso and Braque, and made it his own. Léger's brand of Cubism, so faithful is he to the cylinder, has been called by the wits "Tubism."

It was not until the end of the World War, which interrupted his experiments in Cubism of the cube type, that Léger began to develop the style that is peculiarly his. In 1914 he had painted "The Village in the Forest," with the angular roofs of the Picassos and the Braques, but even here he softened the composition to some extent with forms that resemble the ventilation tubes on the deck of a steamship.

In 1919 he produced what is probably his masterpiece, "The City." The idea of the machine expressing the tempo of modern life had taken possession of his imagination. The new city was mechanical, a maze of cylinders and disks. "The City" has in it naturalistic elements, as have most of Léger's paintings, but the elements are cemented together (maybe riveted is the word) into an intricate abstract composition. Thenceforth Léger was committed to the machine, particularly to its cylinders and its disks and to the hard, uncompromising steel of which it is made. He has gone so far as to compose a film, "The Mechanical Ballet," with sound effects, in which manu-

factured objects are set in motion to a raucous jazz, not without a wild harmony in both its sights and its sounds.

"Mechanism," this brand of Cubism has been called by the classifiers who insist on an "ism." And the word is so like one the ordinary mechanics use (in "art" you have to give it a solemn drawl to make it sound impressive) that Léger has come dangerously near finding himself claimed as patron saint by designers of low-slung automobiles, stream-line trains and super-airplanes. The idea of making the machine a thing of beauty as well as of power and efficiency has undoubtedly been helped along by the magnificently balanced patterns of Léger and of the later Constructivists, with whom he is affiliated if not completely identified.

Léger is a Norman of the same age as Picasso and Braque. The year 1881, which witnessed the birth of all three, is the *annus mirabilis* of Cubism. His father was a cattle grazer of means, and from him and his Norman ancestors, long rooted in the soil, Léger inherited the powerful physique that differentiates him from so many of the exotic personages of the studios.

He was trained as an architectural draftsman, and for a time, after going to Paris, practiced that profession, attracting attention by the geometrical precision of his drawings, almost works of art in themselves. Mathematics and mechanics were among his passions. His art impulses further expressed themselves in professional retouching of photographs.

He entered, after a while, the École des Beaux Arts, where his instructors were Gerome and Gabriel Ferrier. But Seurat, as fine a mathematician as himself, interested him more, and through contact with his work and that of his disciple, Signac, Léger discovered Cézanne and Rousseau; and later, as they developed, he came to the Cubists, Picasso and Braque.

His first interest in Cubism was one of lively curiosity, resulting eventually in "The Village in the Forest" the year of the outbreak of the war. He enlisted, and came in contact with the big guns. They interested him more as magnificent machines than as instruments for killing men in uniform like himself. He graduated from his artillery duties with the elements of Mechanism seething in his brain.

As in the case of Milton and Dante, poetry is mingled with his mathematics, and it is this poet instinct that has induced Léger to make "art" out of the machine rather than to become a mechanical engineer. Should "the music of the spheres" get out of harmony, Léger could both detect the discord and re-tune the disks.

Léger, returning to Paris from the battlefields, looked about him for a means of making a living other than his architectural drawing. He found a place as instructor in the academy of a wealthy Russian woman painter, Marie Wassilieff, who had been a pupil of Matisse, but had turned Cubist. During the war she had opened a canteen where she fed artists at cost. Russians, down and out, she fed free of charge. Among them was a penniless person who tried to make a living peddling newspapers on a neighboring corner, named Leon Trotsky. When the Russian revolution came and Trotsky's recent stay in Paris grew into a matter for excited investigation, Marie Wassilieff was arrested and was publicly tried before eager crowds on an accusation of having been Trotsky's mistress. She pleaded eloquently her own cause, admitted entertaining Trotsky at her board but not in her bed, and was set free amid admiring plaudits. During those days Professor Léger and his wife, Jeanne, looked after Marie's "war baby," a son by a handsome young Arab soldier who had been more persuasive than Trotsky.

Léger next lectured on the philosophy of art at the Sorbonne, and wrote a book on contemporary painting. In association with Ozenfant he organized an atelier school of his own, and the two veteran Cubists have gathered around them a throng of young art students, chiefly from America.

Léger has visited the United States twice in recent years, spending considerable time in both New York and Chicago. He confessed to a Chicago friend that the most intriguing sight he had seen this side the Atlantic was the show window of a huge chain drug store, with its multitudinous and heterogeneous wares arranged in a giant (accidental) Cubist pattern.

ANDRÉ DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

Born BOUSSY-SAINT-ANTOINE, FRANCE, JULY 6, 1884.

IN blood, fortune and education, André Dunoyer de Segonzac adds a dash of tone to Modernism, whose practitioners have been pretty generally consciously and belligerently anti-aristocracy. They have mostly come up from the sidewalks, where, they fancied, life was lived.

Segonzac is of a very old Quercy family. In youth he was a pupil at the Lycée Henri IV, and later at the School of Oriental Languages, where he specialized in the dialects of the Sudan. After graduation he went to Northern Africa, penetrating the desert to continue first-hand his study of the languages of the various Sudanese tribes. He visited also Sicily and the islands of the Mediterranean, Italy and Southern Spain, storing up impressions not only through the ear, but the eye, of which latter he was to make use presently.

By the time he returned to Paris in 1902 Segonzac's ocular

impulses were beginning to supplant his auricular. He entered the studio of Luc Olivier Merson, whose expert draftsmanship is witnessed by his commission to design French banknotes. Later Segonzac continued his studies with Jean Paul Laurens and Jacques Émile Blanche.

Of a studious and retiring nature, he took little part in the excitement on the Left Bank where the Fauves and later the Cubists were making a noise. The one painter of the district who aroused his enthusiasm was the Douanier Rousseau. Another passion was the recently-dead Cézanne. Otherwise, the museums held his attention—Rembrandt, Courbet and the Egyptian and Roman sculptors.

He stole away from the capital into the provinces for his themes, and turned with special zest to the landscapes of Gascony, the country of his father's ancestors. His passionate love of nature, particularly fields that are green and opulent and forests whose trees are in the prime of their vigor and vitality, finds expression through all of his work. He may, too often, mold his pictures in the outer semblances of Cézanne, but there is always a fresh pungency in their spirit that he feels with the vim of Courbet.

At the outbreak of the World War, Segonzac went into the trenches, first as a corporal and then as a sergeant. But his fine mathematical and engineering training at the Lycée Henri IV plus his painting skill soon led to his elevation to a lieutenancy in the camouflage squad of the third army, and shortly he became camouflage chief at the front, where he won the Croix de Guerre. Among several albums of drawings he has done is one relating to the war, of date 1917, "Notes Made at the Front."

Segonzac began exhibiting with the Indépendants in 1909, and participated in every show until the outbreak of the war.

"The Drinkers" of 1910, a canvas rivaling Toulouse-Lautrec and Picasso on their own ground, is subject of a favorite anecdote of the Segonzac commentators, illustrating his modesty. One day his friend, Paul Poiret, the costumer, visiting his studio, saw a canvas rolled up, lying on a rubbish heap, ready to be swept out by the janitor. Poiret picked it up, unrolled it, and asked Segonzac to sell it to him, to name his price. "Not less than a sou!" replied the painter. Poiret gave him three thousand francs. The picture was "Les Buveurs," and ten years later it was sold at auction for ninety thousand francs.

The next year he did his remarkable "Venus de Medici," brought, Galatea-fashion, to life amidst Cubistic surroundings, satirical yet seriously impressive. This is the year also of a nude, painted with literally pounds of paint, who, hung in an exhibition before she was dry, settled slowly down until she congealed in one corner of the frame—a more remarkable, if not a better nude, than she was when she left Segonzac's studio. A third impressive canvas of the year is "The Boxers," a white man and a Negro in the ring. It was the period when Jack Johnson was wearing the belt. "The Boxers" established Segonzac as the foremost contemporary painter of sports. Carpentier was celebrated repeatedly by him during the reign of the French idol.

Though he has continued to paint some of the most powerful nudes of the times and the best sport pictures, Segonzac's chief love remains landscape. More and more he gets away from the Cézanne influence, but, unfortunately, not wholly for the best. The element of the pretty obtrudes itself amid his outdoor ruggedness. As his landscapes and his nudes gain in charm they lose the stolid melancholy of his early drab period.

Segonzac's drawings have had a wider popular appeal than his paintings. They are seldom difficult of comprehension even by the layman.

Besides his war album, he did a book of twenty-four drawings for the Russian ballet "Schéhérazade," a book of the dances of Isadora Duncan and one of Ida Rubinstein, a book of drawings of pugilists, and illustrations for a de luxe edition of Flaubert's *Sentimental Education*.

If Picasso has pointed out to portrait painters the way back to Ingres, Segonzac has acted as guide for landscapists groping for the way back to Courbet.

MOISE KISLING

Born CRACOW, POLAND, JANUARY 21, 1891.

KISLING, thoroughly grounded in the academic, but understanding as thoroughly in succession Renoir, Cézanne, Picasso and Modigliani, looms larger and larger in the Paris panorama in the breaking up of Modernism and the attempts of art to go its several ways.

Should the movement back to Ingres prevail instead of the Surrealist trend, Kisling may well hope to be regarded a high prophet in the new order. Kisling's nudes are the smoothest, most sensuous since Bouguereau's. But so deftly, so sensitively does he combine the old and the new, so sound are his technical accomplishments, so cultivated and aware his intellect that there is nothing of the mawkish that spelled the doom of Bouguereau and the old Salon.

Kisling is a Polish Jew. He has in his makeup much of the racial melancholy that made so feverish the paintings of Modigliani. This melancholy, however, he saves for the lonely hours in his studio. With his men friends among the artists he is jovial and well liked; at times fiery and disputative.

Women like him, too, but fear him. For he is rude and crude with them as was Degas. He is contemptuous of them, however, whereas Degas, like Cézanne, was timid, and covered up fear with insults.

Kiki's testimony is illuminating—Kiki, queen of the Montparnasse models, whom Kisling has painted nude many times.

"There's a new customer," testifies Kiki in her lively *Memoirs*, speaking of the Rotonde, "who looks very sunburned. He has a bang on his forehead, and he's sort of hard-boiled, and I don't dare look at him very much, for I've just heard him say to the manager: 'Who's the new whore?' I don't like that. I don't say anything, because I'm a little bit afraid of him, but I don't lose any time in telling my friend about it. 'That's Kisling,' he says admiringly. And then they introduce me to Kisling! When he sees me close up, on the terrace, he begins asking me all sorts of questions, calling me a tart . . . in the friendliest way you could imagine. I'm insulted, and make up my mind not to talk to him. Too bad! Because I like him!"

Then, another meeting, and "Kisling's promised not to bawl me out any more. He's given me a contract for three months. But most of the time I'm a mess as a model. He yells out at the top of his voice to make me laugh, or else makes all sorts of funny noises, and we try to see who can outdo the other. . . . I swipe his soap and his tooth-paste, and he never says a word: he's the swellest guy in the world!"

Nina Hamnett, English artist, gives this close-up in *Laughing Torso*: "Kisling, the Polish painter, came each evening to the Rotonde. He wore his hair with a fringe too. He was thin and very good-looking. He had a dispute with a painter called Gottlieb and they arranged to fight a duel. Rivera was one of the seconds. They went out of Paris. A cinema man with a camera was there and we saw it in the pictures the same eve-

ning. Kisling came to the Rotonde with a cut on his nose and was considered a great hero. I think that if he had washed the blood off it would not have been visible."

Kisling, born in Cracow in 1891, received his formal art training in the Cracow Academy under Professor Pankiewicz, an enthusiast for both Renoir and Cézanne. In 1910, Kisling went to Paris, a youth of nineteen, and was soon a familiar figure in the art circles of Montparnasse, where he gravitated to the group headed by Modigliani and including Soutine and Modigliani's poet friend Zborowski. Zborowski became Kisling's friend too. When Kiki was posing nude for Kisling, "Zborowski," she writes, "climbed the stairs several times in the course of the morning, just to get an eyeful!"

Kisling, a little more provident than the average, had a roof over his head, paying the rent by teaching in one of the minor art schools on the hill. Modigliani sometimes found shelter with him, sometimes with Soutine.

"An artist can't earn his own living," said Modigliani. "He paints. As for the rest, pffft!"

When Modigliani died so tragically, it was Kisling who took charge, along with Zborowski.

"Kisling came to tell me," relates Francis Carco. "Kisling was greatly upset. He asked me for my mite for the funeral, noted it down upon a sheet of paper where already a dozen names were inscribed and accompanied me to the hospital." There Kisling made the famous death mask, one of the few genuinely artistic in history. It was Kisling, too, who looked after the poor mangled body of Modigliani's mistress when she threw herself from a high window in despair over "Modi's" death.

"Ideas? I have none!" Kisling once told an interviewer who asked him about his art. A grand liar!

During the World War, Kisling was badly wounded. After the armistice, he became a French citizen.

FRANCIS PICABIA

Born PARIS, JANUARY 22, 1879.

ABOUT 1920 Francis Picabia glued a toy monkey he had bought in a New York ten-cent store to a picture frame and gravely exhibited it in Paris as a "Portrait of Cézanne." His friend, Marcel Duchamp, announcing an improvement on Leonardo da Vinci, exhibited, as gravely, a copy of the "Mona Lisa" wearing a moustache. "Dada" was on!

Picabia and Duchamp had been rated Cubists. Duchamp in 1911 had painted "Nude Descending a Stairs" and Picabia had produced a companion piece, "Dance at the Spring." Both had grasped the serious intent of Cubism as practiced by Picasso, Braque, Léger, Juan Gris and the rest, but both, congenital and unregenerate wags, had begun to grin—as had, indeed, Picasso. The original Cubist himself had quite earnestly built up a composition from packing boxes and then had called it "Portrait of My Father." "Nude Descending a Stairs" and "Dance at the Spring" were sly pokes in the ribs, but they were not received as such by the critics who were busy constructing a learned esthetic on the discoveries of the Cubists.

Picabia's toy monkey and Duchamp's moustached Gioconda, however, could scarcely be misinterpreted. Modernism was in for a ribbing by two of its ablest practitioners. Not only Modernism, it soon became apparent, but art through the whole range of history, for Picabia started editing a review called *391*. With irony and paradox, he proceeded to nullify

all art principles. In furtherance of his ideas he composed for the dancer Jean Borlin a satiric ballet called *Relache*: Dada was a "relaxation" from everything that had been considered art through the grave ages. Duchamp yawned, agreed with Picabia that art is futile, and, more logically than his friend who continued to paint, laid aside his brush and devoted his time to chess.

Even the tough hide of Picasso wasn't proof against the satire of Dada. Awakening from his Cubistic headache, the resourceful master of a thousand "isms" announced a new dictum: "Back to Ingres!" The Picassoids, as Ozenfant terms the multitudinous following of the Spaniard, took up the cry, and soon it became a thunderous roar, reverberating around the world: "Back to Ingres!"

A joke cannot be too long sustained, and out of "Dada" grew a quite serious movement, Surrealism, which claimed Picabia. He was playing with the tooth picks and matches of his Dada days, constructing "pictures" that were quite charming Surrealistically. He heard the slogan, "Back to Ingres!" The old spirit stirred within him—the spirit that animated his fellow Spaniard, Cervantes, to laugh chivalry out of existence.

He entered upon a phase of naturalism. Taking a multitude of naïve elements—the heavy outlines of the primitive German woodcuts before Dürer, the color "subtleties" of the Barnum and Bailey circus bills, the classic insipidities (Cupids, Venuses, wrestlers) of his friend Chirico, sweet girls from fashion magazine covers, sweeter girls from candy-box lids—he proceeded to organize them with exquisite taste, and flash them forth to the world.

"Back to Ingres!" Picabia will lead the way!

Picabia was born in Paris, two years before Picasso, with whose better-known name his has been frequently confused to

his detriment. Manet and Monet, earlier in Paris, suffered similar annoyance.

Picabia's mother was French and his father a Spaniard. At seventeen he exhibited in the grave old Salon, evidencing even this early a technical proficiency without which no first-rate Modernist has developed. But before twenty he felt a revulsion against the placid academic and sought out the aging Pissarro, who had been mentor of Monet, Cézanne and Gauguin. By 1903 he was exhibiting with the Indépendants.

The Fauves in 1905 and the Cubists in 1908 excited his imagination. In 1912 he was included in the Section d'Or, along with Gleizes, the particular Cubist whose work most attracted him, and Marcel Duchamp, whose wit matched his own and with whom he struck up a warm friendship.

A man of huge fortune and plenty of leisure, Picabia came to America during the war, years with Duchamp. Over here they discovered the ten-cent store with its overwhelming wealth of "art objects"—art, the friends agreed, that was better than the carefully wrought things of the serious, stupid pundits. Here Picabia bought the monkey that afterward became the portrait of Cézanne.

"Your New York is the Cubist, the Futurist city," he told a reporter. "I see your stupendous skyscrapers, your mammoth buildings, your marvelous subways . . . the tens of thousands of workers and toilers, your alert and shrewd-looking shop girls. . . . My brain gets the impression of each movement . . . I absorb these impressions . . . and then when the spirit of creation is at flood-tide, I improvise my pictures as a musician improvises music."

The idea of Dada gradually took shape in New York. Man Ray, American painter and camera artist, probably did his bit. Back in Paris, the idea came to a head. Paul Klee was invoked.

Tristan Tzara, poet, gave the movement its name. Hans Arp declared it a magic purge, giving a clyster to the Venus de Milo and allowing "Laocoön & Sons" to absent themselves from the art scene and rest from their millennial battle with the rattlesnakes. Picabia edited his magazine, wrote his poetry, his music and his ballet. Duchamp "stuck a moustache on the smile of Gioconda" and then played chess.

JOAN MIRO

Born BARCELONA, SPAIN, APRIL 20, 1903.

CHANCES are that art history will saddle on Joan Miro the responsibility for Surrealism. But the child is no more exclusively his than Cubism is Picasso's. Chirico was accused for a time, and there were even critics who thought the brat looked like Picasso, but, of late, common art gossip has pretty generally agreed Miro is the culprit—which he isn't!

Miro's responsibility is that he emerged, the most typical painter, from a cloud of dust kicked up by the Dadaists. Not only painting, but politics, music, philosophy, medicine, dancing, poetry, fiction, sociology, even commercial salesmanship were embraced in the program of *La Revolution Surrealiste*, a magazine devoted to a "super-realist" or "hyper-realist" movement under leadership of the poet André Breton. Joan Miro, young artist in Paris, only recently out of Spain, was only one of several painters the magazine recognized as worthy of scaling its Freudian heights—heights where dreams, even nightmares, were of more consequence than waking thoughts. Others were Picabia, Picasso, André Masson, Giorgio di Chirico, Max Ernst, Paul Klee and Hans Arp.

In 1924 enough order was beginning to appear in the confusion to make possible a manifesto such as the "isms" must always have. André Breton was the author, and Joan Miro was discovered to be the painter who best conformed to the specifications of Surrealism.

Freud's world of the subconscious mind was to be the happy hunting grounds of the painter, along with the poet, the musician, the doctor and the commercial traveler. Hegel and Dostoevsky, Hoffman and Poe were given niches in the new pantheon. Even Raphael, who had been kicked mercilessly about as the arch-villain of the Academy by the Cubists and various other Modernists since the English Pre-Raphaelites, was rescued and again enthroned. Blake, who had painted the subconscious a century before Freud, and Odilon Redon, only a decade dead but likewise a pre-Freudian in his significant work, were made honorary members of the new fraternity.

Picabia, a friend and well-wisher of his young fellow-countryman, Miro, was offered a place at court, but he smilingly declined. Nightmares would have difficulty consorting with his sense of humor. Picasso was even more signally honored; he could claim the new child as from his loins if he wanted to. Picasso, always willing to oblige, did a few Surrealistic things by way of experiment, but found Surrealism a bit too trivial for his genius. Chirico, no great loss anyhow, flirted with the movement for a time, and then went his own way. Paul Klee, like Picasso, had ribbons enough in his lapel.

So it came about that Joan Miro carried the honors, with the German Max Ernst as chief rival. Indeed, Ernst was credited by Breton himself as possessor of "the most magnificently haunted brain of them all." A little later there came up another young Spaniard, Salvador Dali, who has an extraordinarily

good sense of publicity, and who is carrying Surrealism to the multitudes. Dali is a sort of ten-cent-store version of Miro.

Miro, born in Barcelona, an aristocrat possibly of noble blood, divides his time between Paris and an ancestral farm just out of the village of Montroig in the maritime province of Tarragona. At fourteen he was studying painting in Barcelona, but after three years he had to give up his classes to work as a clerk in a store. Resuming, he was ready to exhibit in Barcelona in 1918, and then in Paris in 1921.

Paris received him cordially. Picasso bought a self-portrait, and Picabia, Léger, Matisse and Braque were kind. André Breton and that other poet of lively interest in painting, Tristan Tzara, recognized a youth of genius.

Though an aristocrat, Miro was not rich, and in spite of his warm reception he had his share of struggle against poverty. But from the outset he was distinguished from the rank and file on Montparnasse by his tidy, carefully brushed clothes and well-groomed hair and nails.

In a cramped studio in Paris he started painting his dreams—day dreams of the farm in Tarragona. Farm animals and implements he painted quite realistically, even if a bit stiffly and stylized; the barns, however, were laid open as though x-rayed, and everything was made to fit into a partly Cubistic pattern. Some suggestions are akin in spirit to the fairylands of Chagall. Later, when Miro came to simplify, he lifted from "The Farm" both the dog and the moon for "Dog Barking at the Moon."

By 1924, only three years after his first exhibition in Paris, Miro was ready to lead the Surrealists, hard on the heels of André Breton's manifesto.

Conscious thereupon of his subconscious, Miro more and

more drastically short-handed his dreams. His Surrealistic abstractions, in their first phases, retained, like Picasso's Cubism, the spirit of earlier realistic pictures, notably "The Farm." Of late, however, they seem to follow a formula.

"It is very difficult for me to talk about my own painting," he said a few years ago, "because it is always conceived in a state of hallucination created by a shock either objective or subjective, for which I am utterly irresponsible."

But I wonder if that's so now. I wish he'd go back to the farm, forget for awhile the burdens of carrying his "ism," and study anew the Tarragona dog and the Spanish moon.

IV. SOME WOMEN

SUZANNE VALADON

Born LIMOGES, FRANCE, 1867.

MUCH of the story of Suzanne Valadon belongs in the recital of the tragic career of her distinguished, mad son, Maurice Utrillo. But, had he never been born as the result of a drunken assault by a Montmartre rounder on a young artists' model, the career of Suzanne Valadon would still be notable.

At fourteen she made her début as a model in the studios on the Butte, a supple, wild girl, fresh from the Circus Molière. There, as a trapeze performer, she had fallen on her head one day in an attempt to eclipse the other acrobatic girls in abandoned grace, and had been picked up for dead. Restored to her senses and eventually to health, she had been persuaded the circus was no place for her. She had been trained for only six months after running away from a convent school in Paris, where she had been sent from her native Limoges. Acrobats, the circus people had told her, must be born under canvas. Nevertheless, she had applied for a job, urged on by a girl companion in the convent who adored her. The circus, tempted by her extraordinary beauty, had taken a chance, now regretted.

The lovely body she had so proudly exhibited on the trapeze proved readily acceptable in Montmartre, particularly as its sinuousness was supplemented by a savage, tomboyish toss of

head and a flashing eye. "Terrible Maria!" Degas dubbed her.

Puvis de Chavannes saw her first. Degas, Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec too were not long in claiming her as their favorite model. An idea of her superb appearance is to be had from Renoir's "City Dance," where she is partner of Renoir's friend Lauth. In "Country Dance," a companion piece, young Mme. Renoir posed with Lauth. The pictures were painted in 1883, the year of Maurice Utrillo's birth. Suzanne Valadon had been less than two years on the Butte.

Mlle. Valadon had a room in the same house where Toulouse-Lautrec was living and painting. One day he noticed his bewitching little neighbor drawing on a sheet of paper. He asked to see what she was doing, more by way of pleasant conversation than from curiosity. But he was startled by the bold strength of a nude she had sketched. He called a friend living in the same court, the sculptor Bartholome, who was equally impressed. They decided Degas, "the master," must see what his little model could do with her hands.

Suzanne Valadon trembled, for she had heard his withering sarcasms, had felt the sting of his brutality to his models. One of the girls he had thrust naked out of his studio, throwing her clothes after her, for exclaiming impulsively on confronting a drawing he had made: "But my nose was never like that!"

Lautrec and Bartholome bolstered up her courage, and to Degas she went.

"Terrible Maria!" It was then he exclaimed it. This small, lithe girl from the country, most graceful of models for his dancers, had in her a soul of flint, with a spark as keen as the young Lautrec's.

"When are you going to show me some more of those good,

hard, supple drawings?" he wrote her some seven years later in a letter recalling the first sight of her work.

"Dear Maria! Poor Maria! Terrible Maria!" The epithets all are strung through his letters to her.

One day he made Mary Cassatt cry—Mary Cassatt, who adored him with the devotion of a convent girl praying before a crucifix—by drawing cruel and ironical comparisons between her pictures and the Amazonian things of his "Terrible Maria."

Toulouse-Lautrec, rich and lonely, a deformed dwarf pathetically hungering for female sympathy that would have no sting, undertook the art education of the wild young model. Between her lessons and her hours on the model stand, Suzanne Valadon neglected her unwanted son, leaving him to shift for himself among the street gamins—to his ultimate destruction and to her life-long sorrow.

Everybody those days on Montmartre was painting the circus—Renoir, Lautrec, Seurat, Cézanne—and Suzanne Valadon found some sympathetic models from her erstwhile fellow performers at the Molière.

Like most women painters, she too fancied herself as a model, both for portraiture and for the nude, but she was as unrelenting when confronting her own image in the mirror as when scanning, clear-eyed and without male sentimentality, the soft, purring girls who swarmed into the painters' studios. A self-portrait in 1883, the year she posed as the dancing girl for Renoir, has none of the caressing flattery Renoir gave to his belle for the city dance and to a marvelous blond nude painted that year. If you believe Suzanne Valadon's report of herself, you must deny Renoir's—but then, didn't Degas exclaim, "Terrible Maria!"

As she grew from a savage of sixteen into a bitterly repentant mother, devoted to her wayward Maurice, whom she attempted

to win from drink and drugs by teaching him to paint, Suzanne Valadon softened. A nude she did of her young boy and a portrait of him listening eagerly to a tale being told him by his grandmother have in them decidedly a dash of the milk of human kindness. Her self-portrait in a family group, with Maurice grown into a melancholy man, and with the kindly husband of her maturity, André Utter, and her mother, now grown venerable, is recognizably the Suzanne Valadon of thirty years before, softened and saddened.

But Suzanne Valadon never has gone sentimental—never has trespassed on the preserves of Degas' other feminine devotee, Mary Cassatt. She learned too well, before she was twenty, the lessons of Montmartre ever to depart from the fundamentals of art instilled in her first by Lautrec and later by Cézanne—the art that was the life-blood of the times. Nudes in her day were magnificent, splendid animals, created by the gusto of Courbet, Degas and Renoir. To Suzanne Valadon they still are so.

She has been accused (or complimented) of painting like a man. It isn't quite so. Her feminine creatures are strong and vigorous like Courbet's and Renoir's. But Renoir flattered and Courbet, however rough, was gallant. Suzanne Valadon, having posed long hours in the studios and having thought a model's thoughts, came to size up herself and her sisters with no iota of sentimentality. A man as cruel as she would be a sadist. She is merely impersonal.

Suzanne Valadon in late years has retired from Paris and from the world to look after her mad son in a château in the south of France. She is within a year of the allotted three-score-and-ten.

MARIE LAURENCIN

Born PARIS, OCTOBER 31, 1885.

TWICE in the recorded history of the arts has there appeared a woman who expressed the quintessence of the feminine with no lingering trace of the masculine—one, a poet, Sappho, and the other, a painter, Marie Laurencin. Comparison is so inescapable that all the observers have set it down, most exquisitely Polly Flinders, London ballet critic, writing in *Vogue*:

“So feminine, so personal is she that we cannot help thinking of her as the sister of Sappho. That she ever had a father, spiritual or physical, is incredible. Is it not far more likely that there was one day found in a forest, ‘on the fine soft bloom of the grass . . . an egg hidden under hyacinth blossoms’?” Polly’s quotations are from the extant fragments of Sappho.

There is some truth, in essence, in this beautiful vagary. For Marie Laurencin told Gertrude Stein (*The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*) that “her mother, who had always had it in her nature to dislike men, had been for many years the mistress of an important personage, had borne her, Marie Laurencin.”

Marie Laurencin, as Frau Waljean, wife of a German she had married only six weeks before the declaration of hostilities, was an unhappy exile from her beloved Paris throughout the war.

“She told me,” says the gossipy Gertrude, “when once during the war we met in Spain, naturally the officials could make no trouble for her, her passport made it clear that no one knew who her father was and they naturally were afraid because perhaps her father might be the president of the French republic.”

Despite the irregularity of her own birth, Marie Laurencin, according further to Gertrude Stein, dared not let her mother know of her relationship over a period of romantic years with the Paris art critic, Guillaume Apollinaire, literary spokesman for the Fauves and the Cubists.

"Marie and her mother acted toward each other exactly as a young nun with an older one. It was all very strange. Later, just before the war, the mother fell ill and died. Immediately prior to her death, the mother did see Guillaume Apollinaire and liked him. After her mother's death Marie Laurencin lost all sense of stability. She and Guillaume no longer saw each other. A relation that had existed as long as the mother lived without the mother's knowledge, now that the mother was dead and had seen and liked Guillaume could no longer endure. Marie against the advice of all her friends married a German."

Through the war, however, Marie Laurencin, in exile because she was technically of the citizenship of her husband, though really intensely French in her sympathies, kept up a correspondence with her old lover. Apollinaire himself was a citizen of France, despite the fact that his mother was a Pole and his father, almost as vague as Marie Laurencin's own, was "possibly an Italian." He enlisted in the French army, was wounded, lingered for a prolonged period in a hospital, and died on the day the armistice was signed.

Marie Laurencin thereupon perpetrated another paradox. Just as she had married her German when she was free to go to her lover, now she divorced him when her lover was dead. She returned to Paris to forget her dreadfully unhappy existence during the war, "and it was then," goes on Miss Stein, "that she came to the rue de Fleurus again, this time with Erik

Satie. They were both Normans and so proud and happy about it."

So much for the love life, personal and ancestral, of this capricious feminine sprite, who might have sprung, without male assistance, from the egg Sappho's Leda found in the hyacinth bushes.

She was, nevertheless, a bit beholden to men before her final sublimation. Four years younger than Picasso, she came under his influence at the outset of Cubism, after she had grown utterly weary of the instruction of Ferdinand Humbert, a master of the stripe of Fromentin and Cabanel, at the academy in which her mother placed her when she discovered artistic tendencies in her beautiful daughter.

For Marie Laurencin was and is beautiful, exquisitely. The fact is demonstrated everywhere you see a Laurencin painting or drawing or etching or lithograph. For she is extremely Narcissistic. This god-daughter of Leda scarcely knows a model other than herself. Up to 1921 she had painted more than seven hundred pictures, mostly of girls, not counting water colors nor reckoning with drawings. And the girls of the pictures before 1921, and of an equal multitude since, are Marie Laurencin.

Picasso and his co-worker Braque came to her like a breath of fresh air in the stale atmosphere of Humbert's academy. She became their disciple. She was reckoned, on her début in the show of the Indépendants in 1907, as of their crowd. In 1913 Apollinaire, who had become intensely interested in her and her career, enrolled her among the Cubists in that book of his, *The Cubist Painters*, which embalmed the movement for the ages.

But Cubist she never was, except for a few obedient charcoal strokes and swipes of paint. She was far too personal.

Already she had begun developing that unique feminine manifestation, without authentic ancestry, which was to be recognized inescapably as "Laurencin."

Speculation has been rife as to the origin of this highly personal quality in her art, speculation as amusing and confounding as Marie herself found the Spanish theory that her physical father might be the president of France. Botticelli was invoked when it was found that Picasso and Braque wouldn't do, and the Persian miniature painters and the Eighteenth Century fabricators of the Rococo.

But when all the evidence is in and carefully considered, it is found that Laurencin is just "Laurencin," that most unique of all manifestations, something new under the sun.

Her pictures have become immensely popular the world over with feminine sophisticates from high-school age to the matronly three-score-and-ten, now that people no longer mind the omission of noses from her pretty faces. Such overwhelming popularity is always suspicious. But don't let it fool you any more than the wise-cracks you used to hear about the luckless non-existent noses. The paintings of Marie Laurencin are really of the texture of the poems of Sappho, and there are some of us who prefer even the fragments of Sappho to the poems of Homer—and can intelligently argue the preference!

It is certain that for quintessence of femininity Marie Laurencin is the supreme painter of all time. She outranks Marie Antoinette's charming little friend, Vigée Lebrun, and Edouard Manet's thoroughly accomplished and finely feminine sister-in-law Berthe Morisot. Rosa Bonheur and Mary Cassatt, of course, don't count. And the perfect expression of something so delicate and feathery as femininity is not to be blown lightly away.

HÉLÈNE MARIE MARGUERITE PERDRIAT

Born LA ROCHELLE, FRANCE, 1894.

IN 1915, when she was turned twenty, Hélène Perdriat fell ill of a fever so hot and ravishing that everybody thought she was going to die, and she thought so too. She had been winning distinction in the sophisticated circle of Paris in which André Gide moved with poems and short stories. But now, on what appeared to be her death bed, she developed a sudden longing to paint a portrait of her elfin self for the world to remember her by after she was laid away in her tomb.

Brushes and tubes of color were provided, along with a mirror. For eight days she painted away as industriously as her strength would permit, and, when the portrait was finished, her family, her friends and the doctor were astounded at its singular originality and its vivacity. Not only that, but Hélène had broken the spell of her fever, and she proceeded to get well.

Her convalescence extended over a prolonged period during which she painted everything in sight—herself, her two sisters, all her girl friends, again herself, always reverting to herself.

She painted also the vivid memories of her childhood and her childhood dreamings. Of the very old aristocratic family of Saintongé, she lived in a big house in a little park overlooking the port of La Rochelle on the Breton coast. Her playmates were her sisters and her little brother. When ships came into port from the unknown expanses of the sea, Hélène would sit, with very serious eyes, wondering where they had come from, what strange lands they had visited south of the Equator. She wrote little poems about them, and with her pencil she made childish sketches illustrating her verses.

All these dreams came back to her vividly now during the months she was getting well. The exotic sights the sailors must have seen were again imagined and intensified—tropical birds and beasts exactly like nothing to be seen in the zoos, big-eyed little girls on the islands of the South Seas or along the warm Mediterranean—girls with eyes exactly like her own!

She created other fairylands, too, inhabited by cats and dogs and woodland deer such as are not seen anywhere in reality, but fit quite logically into the environment of her fantasy. Always in these fairylands was Hélène herself, another Alice in another wonderland.

These fantastic creatures, set in unreal parks transformed from her babyhood playgrounds at La Rochelle, Hélène Perdriat painted, along with the people who watched over her convalescence. The real people, too, she touched with her magic.

Upon recovering, she married and went on a long honeymoon in Norway, taking her pictures with her. She exhibited them, for the fun of it, in Oslo, where they attracted immediate and excited attention. The Norwegians could well understand the vagaries of a dreamer. The queen and others of the court bought. Shows followed, with equal success in Germany, where Freudian manifestations were a matter of universal culture (those were the days before Hitler), and in England, and later in New York and Chicago.

The lovely creatures she invented at the outset—opiate-eyed girls not only from the South Seas and the Mediterranean, but from the lotus lands of Homer and Sappho, she has retained ever since. Very logically, for she derived them all from the big-eyed, fevered girl she saw in the mirror on her "death bed." If Helen of Troy intrudes, she is still Hélène Perdriat.

But her girls, lotus-eyed as they are, and "ox-eyed" like

About 1930 she decided to make Paris her home, married, and became a French citizen.

Of a wealthy and aristocratic Polish-Jewish family, Salcia Bahnc was transferred suddenly, at the age of five, from a comfortable home in the little city of Przemyśl, Poland, to New York's ghetto and an unusually cruel poverty.

For all the clothes she had were of silk, cut from her mother's dresses—her mother, in the new land, being too poor to buy the gingham and calicoes the other ghetto children wore. Salcia was marked, in consequence, as a snob by her playmates, and they made life miserable for her. She remembers one day coming to a resolution to kill the chief of her tormentors, a rag-tag little girl of her own age. But, suddenly, before striking the blow, she thought how sad it would make the little girl's mother to see her stretched dead, and so her heroic resolution was drowned in a flood of tears.

In Dukla, the little town in the Carpathian mountains where she was born, and in Przemyśl, whither her parents removed and resided before her mother took sudden resolution to emigrate, Salcia had firmly impressed in her consciousness the old-world Jewish customs and festivals, mingled with mid-European rustic Catholicism—for she was sent to a Catholic school, the only day school in her neighborhood. These memories and the memories of New York's ghetto were to figure commandingly in her work when she came to be an artist.

After a period of dire poverty in New York, Salcia and her mother went to Boston, where they had some relatives of means. In Boston the mother married again, and the family moved to Chicago, where Salcia grew up, acquired her art education, and made a national reputation.

Compelled to support herself from the time she was fourteen, Salcia worked in a department store and attended classes

at night at the Art Institute of Chicago. After acquiring considerable skill at drawing, she quit clerking and turned to fashion designing in one of the big Chicago stores. Soon she became interested in textiles as well as in designs, and, experimenting, she evolved a method of her own of painting in oil on silk in such a way that the oil wouldn't spread.

Paintings on silk first brought her into notice as an artist of fine creative powers. A "Salome" and a "Cleopatra" so executed electrified visitors to her first one-artist exhibition in a fashionable Michigan Avenue gallery. She showed herself a primitive, a fresh and spontaneous talent, utilizing with conviction motifs to be found in the folk art of Poland, yet stamping them with her own personality. A self portrait on silk, in the same exhibition, challenges the masterpieces of medieval times.

After "Salome" and "Cleopatra," Salcia Bahnc attempted a huge nude, stretched full length, "Primitive Woman." Crude, it nevertheless was powerful in its elemental brutality, and it started her on a career of painting nudes incredible in their strength, considering that they came from a wisp of a girl. "The Shulamite," first of these, has in her the whole agony of lust to be read in "Song of Songs." "Lot's Daughters" followed, revealing an equal agony of incest. Yet neither can be classed as pornography, any more than can Solomon's chant or Moses' narrative. Salcia Bahnc manifested a kinship with the old prophets of her people. Of equal strength and grandeur was "Judith," which followed—this time no nude, but clothed in colors as gaudy as the rainbow, yet darkly somber.

This was Salcia Bahnc's "period of grandeur"—a period that brought forth some exceptional portraits and a longing to go to Paris and seek fame and fortune in the world's capital of art.

Fortune? Her advent in Paris occurred simultaneously with the Great Depression that has made the fountains of art look like the pump of Ecclesiastes, the wheel of which was broken at the cistern. For three years she prepared for her first Paris show, to have it come off the day the Stavisky scandal riots broke out.

Work she has done in Paris reveals a brightening up of her somber colors, but no drastic change in the emotional content of her pictures. She is still the Pole, the primitive, the ghetto girl, the aristocrat. For in her mother there runs the blood of the Van Asts, Holland Jews who have numbered distinguished painters in their ranks.

V. THE RANK AND FILE

BENJAMIN ALBERT ANDRÉ

Born LYONS, FRANCE, 1869.

ALBERT ANDRÉ is a reasonably good painter of the streets of Marseilles, the olive trees of Provence, interiors of houses in a harmony of blond colors, still life studies of fruits and of flowers in meticulous good taste. He worked out some decorative patterns, too, that may have set Matisse to hard thinking.

But André most likely will go down in art history as the faithful friend of Renoir, with whom he lived for a time at Cagnes and whose thoughts he recorded with Boswell-like reverence.

A portrait he did of the old Renoir in his wheel chair, crippled with rheumatism, brushes strapped to the back of his hands, defying disease to keep him away from his beloved nudes, is one of the great portraits of the century, a real treasure of the Art Institute of Chicago, along with Fantin-Latour's portrait of Manet—another first-rate portrait by a fifth-rate painter. That André could not repeat when his heart wasn't in the business is indicated by his weak portrait of Monet, also in the Chicago museum.

"A new model," writes André, telling of Renoir's way with his nudes, "troubles and bores him a little. He doesn't feel at his ease in his work, yet often he does not dare send her away.

Without saying a word he proceeds to paint a rose in the corner of his canvas, or some clothes which are lying over a chair back, while the girl continues to pose, quite unconscious of her uselessness."

That is by way of sample from his illuminating little book on his idol, whose technique he also sets out in full in duller pages.

Though reverencing him as master, André has had the good taste to refrain from slavish imitation of Renoir. Whatever merits he has are his own, honestly arrived at through intelligent study not only of Renoir but of Manet as well. He is even closer to Manet in his work than to Renoir. André enjoys the thorough respect of his fellow painters.

PIERRE BONNARD

Born FONTENAY-AUX-ROSES, FRANCE, OCTOBER 3, 1867.

IN the first year or two of the present century, when Fauvism was being incubated chiefly through the intensive study of Cézanne by Matisse, Rouault, Derain and Vlaminck, Paris was watching admiringly the unfolding of the art of two Symbolists from the old Pont-Aven school of Gauguin, namely Pierre Bonnard and Jean Edouard Vuillard.

They had evolved out of that Symbolism inspired by Gauguin of the period when he was painting "The Yellow Christ"; these Symbolists were interested in finding plastic equivalents for their emotions, instead of copying accurately what they saw. Bonnard and Vuillard, personal friends, and friends, likewise, of Toulouse-Lautrec, had abandoned their early Symbolism for something more intimate, the finding and

expressing of poetry in the humblest and most homely things around them—cats, little shop windows, a street lamp, a child playing in the gutter. Intimists, the critics were calling them, and people of taste were buying their pictures.

When the Fauves suddenly startled Paris in 1905, the Intimists, now quite a little group, were quickly howled down. Bonnard, as their leader, surpassing all in talent, even Vuillard, was singled out as target and riddled with grapeshot from the Matisse camp.

“His Intimist charm,” said the Fauves, “smacks of Impressionism in its decadence.”

The charge of “Impressionism in its decadence” might have been hurled back at Matisse himself at the moment. But Bonnard’s Impressionism was as sentimental as the nudes of his first master, Bouguereau, whereas Matisse, while an alumnus from that same studio, was already hard-boiled.

Bonnard, though he and his Intimism were swamped in the flood of Fauvism and of the Cubism that followed, has continued his serene way, and, though he has never since ridden on the noisy wings of publicity, he has never lost critical respect, as did Bouguereau, and his pictures have found a ready market. His painting is sound and sincere. His pathway from Pont-Aven doesn’t happen to be the path the more rugged Modernists have traveled.

GIORGIO DI CHIRICO

Born VOLO, GREECE, 1888.

“AN outpost on the limitless highroad of challenge,” the Surrealists called Chirico in the first burst of their manifesto enthusiasm.

The young Greek, whose parents were Italian but who had grown up in the land of Homer and the moonlit ruins of the Parthenon, had fascinated Paris with his painted dreams of antiquity. But these were not sentimental dreams after the manner of the Eighteenth Century painters. His broken columns and fragments of statuary were architecturally stark, forbidding, repelling the observer, yet, like the combined forces of centrifugal and centripetal motion, holding the imagination in thrall.

To his Greek dreams were added Roman—Romans in armor, yet again not the Romans of Jacques Louis David. He dreamed of Romans who had never lived. He dreamed in terms of types, like the Egyptian coffin-carvers.

After a while the Surrealists began to suspect that Chirico was too cold—that his dreams were too intellectual. They had not come writhing out of an agonized subconscious, monsters and embryonic monstrosities like Max Ernst's. So he was recalled from his job as "outpost on the limitless highroad of challenge."

Chirico, born in Greece in 1888, remained there until he was sixteen, when he returned to his ancestral Italy, staying successively in Rome, Florence and Milan. After six years devoted to art study, he went to Munich for a year, and then, in 1911, reached Paris, where Picasso and Paul Guillaume watched over a development that was taking an interesting and individual course.

Returning to Italy for the war period, Chirico participated in the Futurist movement, but was back in Paris for the Surrealist adventure.

However, the "isms" were losing their charm. Close attention to the masters in the Louvre helped dissipate his strange, highly individualistic dreams of antiquity. He has been devel-

oping, of late, into a sound portrait painter and a painter of landscapes, naturalistic, but suffused with poetry.

SALVADOR DALI

Born FIGUERAS, CATALONIA, SPAIN, 1904.

SALVADOR DALI, Surrealist, has the faculty of being a good story, as the newspaper men say. What he chooses to do is news. Manet was that way, and so are Matisse and Picasso.

In 1934 Dali came to New York. Asserting that his symbols are suggested to him by "paranoiac processes of thought," he proceeded to show New York what it looked like in the Freudian dreams of a skilled Surrealist. The newspapers printed his "studies" with awe and wonder. There was much in this work that was exhibitionistic, on no very high level of art, cheap, clap-trap sensationalism.

Fustian theatricalism, however, may be profoundly significant, and it must be so regarded in a case like Dali's. His symbols are genuine inventions of a morbid imagination seething with fantastic imagery. His is a brain as active as the young Swinburne's and as weirdly creative. "Instantaneous Presence of Louis II of Bavaria, Salvador Dali, Lenin and Wagner, on the Beach at Rosas," is the title of one of his paintings. Others are "Paranoiac-Astral Image," "Masquerader, Intoxicated by the Limpid Atmosphere," and "Meeting of the Illusion and the Arrested Moment."

The three great images of Life are "excrement, blood and putrefaction," he holds philosophically. Krafft-Ebing's case histories, with their sadism, fetishes, phalli, yoni and incest haunt and give direction to his own paranoiac imagination, fertile

enough congenitally to do without them. "Mona Lisa," with her Freudian suggestions of the homosexual neurosis of Leonardo; "The Angelus," which indicates to him a paranoiac streak in Millet, and the legend of William Tell, in which he reads incest, are also prolific sources of his symbolism.

Dali, as a youth in Spain, fed his morbid imagination on the grotesque and fantastic architectural ornaments created by the sculptor Antoni Gaudi. In his drawing and in his painting he acquired the meticulous skill of the Eighteenth Century miniature painters, along with their love, derived from the Flemish primitives and the medieval illuminators of manuscripts, for gaudy and jeweled colors. Whatever may be thought of his imagery, his execution is of a quality that is not to be matched in the whole range of Modernism.

Dali reached Paris in 1927, fell in with the Surrealists (largely a Franco-Spanish manifestation) and became instantly of the "inner council." There are observers who see in him the leader destined to supplant Joan Miro.

MARCEL DUCHAMP

Born FRANCE, 1887.

MARCEL DUCHAMP found himself the object of ridicule at the outset of his career—and liked it. For it was his impishness that brought the storm, a tribute to his cleverness and not a knock at any stupidity.

"Nude Descending a Stair" was the picture, and he had made it when only twenty-four. His eldest brother, Jacques Villon, painter, and the next eldest, the sculptor Raymond Duchamp-Villon, were taking their Cubism quite seriously both

in Paris in *La Section d'Or* in 1912, and in New York and Chicago in 1913 at the Armory Show. But it was suspected that Marcel had his tongue in his cheek, a suspicion that became confirmed as his career unfolded.

In this same *Section d'Or*, along with serious-minded Cubists like his brothers and Picasso, Braque, Léger, Gleizes, Metzinger and Juan Gris, there was another wit, Francis Picabia. Picabia's "Dance at the Spring" was no bad match for "Nude Descending a Stair." Whether Duchamp and Picabia painted these pictures in collusion or whether their close friendship started with the Pythagorean show, is no great matter. But, from now on, they were bosom friends—and fellow conspirators.

Traveling together in America, they found the ten-cent store a treasure-house of "art." In 1917, in an exhibition in New York, Duchamp entered a common shovel, drawing attention to its "exquisite lines," its "balance" and its "symmetry." He also did a panel for an American library which he called "Tu m'"—a "painting" the "plastic elements" of which included a real bicycle wheel, bedsprings, a corkscrew and a wire ice-box cleaner. He gravely explained his "picture" and the critics discussed it as gravely.

Before sailing for home, Picabia bought a toy monkey at a Woolworth emporium of art; and when the friends got back to Paris, Picabia glued his monkey to a frame and called it "A Portrait of Cézanne," while Duchamp applied a moustache to a copy he had painted of the "Mona Lisa" and solemnly invited the critics to observe the new note in art.

But the jig was up—it was the beginning of Dadaism. The avowed purpose of "Dada" was to laugh "art" out of existence. It no longer, they said, had a place in civilization. Marcel Duchamp was the only one of the group to follow out their

own logic. He quit painting as of no consequence, and played chess.

MAURICE CHARLES DUFRESNE

Born MILLEMONT, FRANCE, 1876.

DUFRESNE, in his youth, was a sailor, and whether or not he had a wife in every port, it is certain he observed women of the tropic climes, nude and in the gaudy scarfs they wore, and the rich, rank vegetation that was their background and their habitat.

After leaving the sea, he lived for a time on the shores of the Mediterranean. "I have found a little house in the South," he wrote to a friend in Paris, "with one window opening on the sea. In the court there is a palm tree. And between them I make the most wonderful trips in the world."

These fanciful trips, based on vivid memories of his youth, have furnished Dufresne the materials for his paintings. For, though older in years than nearly all of the Fauves and the Cubists, he has developed mostly since the war.

Naked girl slaves lie under his palm trees; and when his orientals, girls or men, are clothed, the textures of their garments are of the rich stuffs of Delacroix and Gerome.

But Dufresne is not of the "academy." He is aware of the Cubists and the Fauves, and he has developed a style of his own, at once charming and decorative, but abrupt and cut up in its rhythms—a visual syncopation approaching jazz. Critics, searching for an "ism" that might classify him, have called it staccato.

Dufresne is a solitary, like Rouault; but, whereas Rouault

prefers the gloomy chambers of the museum of Gustave Moreau, Dufresne basks as idly as a South Seas beach-comber on the sands of the Mediterranean under bright heavens.

Though his pictures are marketed readily, Dufresne shuns publicity. One day a friend wanted to present him to the Queen of the Belgians, who happened in his vicinity.

"I'm not dressed to shake hands with a queen," he replied.

RAOUL DUFY

Born HAVRE, FRANCE, 1880.

DUFY is an alumnus of that amazing atelier of Gustave Moreau which turned out also Matisse and Rouault. In no other studio of the École des Beaux Arts in the Nineties were Cézanne, van Gogh and Gauguin permitted to be discussed. One of Moreau's pupils, Linaret, dragged in one day a little painting by Cézanne he had bought for a hundred francs and showed it to Moreau. The old Academician shrugged his shoulders. Nevertheless, he recognized his advanced students as free agents and permitted the Cézanne to remain, thus contributing his bit to the making of the Fauves.

Dufy, fresh from Havre, first entered in Paris, along with Othon Friesz, the studio of Bonnat, but escaped quickly, just as had Matisse from Bouguereau's. After finishing at Gustave Moreau's, Dufy associated in Montmartre with Van Dongen, Picasso, Derain, Braque, Suzanne Valadon, Modigliani, Max Jacob and André Salmon, developing eagerly in that crackling atmosphere. He participated in the first show of the Fauves.

Dufy, however, was interested, like the young Renoir, in ceramics and textiles. Renoir after a while developed away from

the "crafts" and devoted all his genius to easel pictures. Dufy has permitted his painting and his craft to react upon each other. His pictures, in consequence, have become arabesques, childish in drawing at first glance, but wrought, on closer examination, with superb skill in the drawing and a connoisseur's finesse in the coloring.

For a year he studied dyes intensively, and produced for the costumer Paul Poiret some of the smartest fabrics to be seen in Paris. It is related that a young woman, annoyed at an Autumn Salon by a "trivial, childish" painting by Dufy, was observed to be wearing proudly—and unwittingly—a highly colored dress of Dufy's designing.

Dufy's paintings are piquant, gay and witty, wholly pleasing to such observers as can feel that intellectual and emotional brightness are no insult to grave masterpieces in sedate museums.

JEAN LOUIS FORAIN

Born REIMS, OCTOBER 23, 1852.

Died PARIS, JULY 11, 1931.

FORAIN'S "journalism," like Daumier's, discounted seriously, with his contemporaries, his merits as painter. Now that he is dead and his coldly ironic, merciless cartoons, scourging mal-factors in parliaments and on judicial benches, no longer are topical, it will be easier, gradually, to appraise his oils on canvas. Chances are he will not attain the stature of his idol, Degas, nor of his disciple, Toulouse-Lautrec.

It begins to appear, though, that Forain, if not a major painter, was a tremendous etcher, worthy to sit with Meryon,

perhaps, at the feet of Rembrandt. His etchings are of the substance of his journalistic caricatures. He reverted, as do all the French, to Daumier, but with better success than in his too-slavish following of Degas in the matter of paint. Justice was just as perverted, lawyers just as greedy, moneyed criminals just as powerful as in the days of Daumier. But their methods and manners had been revised and brought down to date. Forain matched Daumier in attacking savagely the peculiar crooks of his day.

In leisure moments, away from the grind of his newspaper offices, Forain transformed into paintings some of the powerful sketches that had already done service as material for caricatures. Court scenes, the adventures of drug fiends and prostitutes, of Apaches, of suffering misfits in the life of Paris—these are the canvases posterity eventually must evaluate.

Forain arrived in Paris at fourteen from Reims. Rembrandt was his first enthusiasm on visiting the Louvre, and Holbein and Goya also took his fancy. He was learning to paint under André Gill when called for his military training, 1874-76. On return to civil life in Paris he visited the 1877 exhibition of the Impressionists, then a sensation. The ballet dancers of Degas held him spell-bound. It was an unfortunate encounter, for Degas supplanted Rembrandt as his god, and Forain never, in his long life, succeeded in shaking off the influence.

He began painting ballet girls, too, and prostitutes and corpulent gentlemen, diamond-studded, proud to be noticed as their escorts. He exhibited with the Impressionists in 1879. In 1881, his talent was noticed by J. K. Huysmans, who detected something individual in him under the thick crust of neo-Degasism.

This something was the very real originality in emotion that was to make Forain the leading caricaturist of France—an

originality that stimulated Toulouse-Lautrec, too, and led to the dwarf's wide sweep away from Degas, a sweep Forain never could accomplish.

Forain, like the caricaturist Daumier, longed to be recognized as a painter. He participated actively in the affairs of the painters, being for many years, up to the time of his death, president of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts.

TSUGUHARA FOUJITA

Born TOKIO, JAPAN, 1886.

FOUJITA is the one Oriental who contributed importantly to the international potpourri known as Modernism. Picasso brought to Paris something Spanish, van Gogh something Dutch, Modigliani something Italian, Chagall something Russian, Foujita something Japanese. Something common developed out of it all, but each of the strong contributors retained his native emotional outlook, Foujita with the rest.

Whistler first and then Matisse had borrowed decorative surfaces from the Japanese printmakers. Now, there came to Paris a little yellow man who could borrow back. The result is a personal art, quaintly beautiful, with an ever-present suggestion of humor.

Foujita, arriving in Paris when the Douanier Rousseau was the vogue, had little difficulty reconciling the East and the West, so oddly similar are the primitives the world over.

At the outset, Foujita attracted attention with his person—still as picturesquely important in Montparnasse as his pictures. He became a dancing pupil of Raymond Duncan, eccentric brother of Isadora. He wove gaudily silken material for robes

which he made himself and wore Greek fashion. His hair, cut as a fringe, was partly confined by a Grecian band. Later, following the war, when he was becoming better known as a painter than as a dancing eccentric, Foujita altered his handwoven robes into a design more nearly resembling the artists' smock, and added heavy jeweled ear-rings, oriental bracelets and—horn-rimmed glasses. He became one of the sights of the Dome, as much an attraction to visiting bohemians as Kiki herself, queen of artists' models, who sings sailors' songs in the cafés.

Foujita as artist came to specialize in female nudes (white) and cats. "He was charming," testifies Kiki, who posed for him. "Another good kid, simple and nice." His cats Foujita names from the great courtesans of history—Messalina, Sappho, Ahinoam, Chrysothemis.

He is popular. Wherever he goes women flock around him—in Chicago and New York, as well as in Paris and Tokio. At luncheon he makes for them quick little quaint sketches on menu cards as souvenirs. On a visit to Japan with his French wife, no less a personage than the Emperor received him and complimented him as an honor to Japan in the West.

ÉMILE OTHON FRIESZ

Born HAVRE, FRANCE, FEBRUARY 6, 1879.

OTHON FRIESZ, fellow townsman of Raoul Dufy and only a few months older than he, was his chum and classmate in the studio of Charles Lhuillier at the Academy of Fine Arts at Havre. Friesz was of an old Norman family of seamen, whereas Dufy had to work for a living in the office of an exporting com-

pany. Thus he too was beholden to the sea, as is about everyone else at Havre.

The friends went to Paris together and entered the studio of Bonnat, where they remained only a little while, stifled in the atmosphere of the "academy." Joining Matisse, Rouault, Derain, Vlaminck and other eager young rebels who had discovered Cézanne, Dufy and Friesz grew up with them rapidly and blossomed into Fauves. Here, however, their ways parted sharply and decisively—their art ways, not their friendship.

Friesz, of a more stolid nature (remotely German) than the volatile Dufy, stuck to Cézanne once he had found him and analyzed him methodically. He remembered, too, his lessons in Impressionism from Lhuillier at Havre. After the initial show of the Fauves in Paris in 1905, in which he participated, he went traveling instead of staying on Montmartre like Dufy chuckling over the excitement.

He went first to Belgium, where he spent a year, and then to Germany and Portugal, and eventually into Italy and to Florence, where he sat at the feet of Giotto and pondered over the frivolities of Paris.

He came back to paint the harbor of Havre and its myriads of ships with all the seriousness and laborious earnestness of Cézanne, but without the Aixman's intuition and creative fire. Raoul Dufy paints Havre's waterfront, too. How far the boyhood chums have diverged in their art is startling in the comparison.

ALBERT LEON GLEIZES

Born PARIS, DECEMBER 8, 1881.

"THE Last of the Mohicans of orthodox Cubism," the critic Adolphe Basler calls Albert Gleizes.

But even Uncas sees the end. Critic as well as painter, Gleizes holds, however, that the movement has not been in vain. "Breaking the cramped confinement of pictures," Cubism has been a tonic discipline, strengthening the intellectual and moral fiber of art.

Gleizes, born in the year of wonder that produced Picasso, Braque and Léger, was, like Léger, a comparatively late arrival in Cubism. But also, like Léger, he added something individual and decisive. The Cubists had, like the orthodox picture-makers, given an illusion on canvas of three dimensions. (Mystics among the critics found even a fourth.)

"Painting is the art of giving life to a flat surface," said Gleizes. "A flat surface exists only in two dimensions. It is true only in two dimensions. To pretend to give it a third dimension is to deny its own nature. Painting should be in two dimensions: only sculpture has three."

So Gleizes proceeded to paint flat. After Gleizes, Picasso sometimes did so too.

Gleizes, formerly an Impressionist showing regularly with the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, exhibited with the Cubists first in 1911. He was one of the founders, in 1912, of the famous Cubistic *Section d'Or*, and the same year he wrote, in collaboration with Metzinger, *On Cubism*, setting forth the aims of the movement.

Unlike most of his fellows, Gleizes kept his Cubist faith through the war, emerging still the two-dimensional decorator.

The reason may be that he was craftsman first and picture painter more incidentally.

His father was an industrial draftsman. "My childhood and youth were spent in an environment where painting was practiced both as a craft and an art," he writes. "Twenty-five years of personal experience have been marked, I am sure, by their conflict, the one being necessarily regular and methodical and the other rebellious and self-willed."

His perfect geometry and his reasoned philosophy would indicate Gleizes overcame the gypsy that was in him.

EDOUARD GOERG

Born SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, JUNE 9, 1893.

GOERG brought to Paris an Irish wit and an English humor, along with fifty percent French alertness to Modernism. He was born in Australia of an Irish-English mother and a French father. They took him in infancy to England, where he grew to seven, and then educated him in France. He was to have been a business man, but very early "the ideas current in the commercial middle-class" aroused in him "a spirit of contradiction and disrespect." So, there was nothing to do but let him be an artist.

At seventeen, he went traveling, as far as India. During the war he saw, with the army, Greece, Turkey and Serbia. He managed to get in only a year of formal art training, under Maurice Denis, chief alumnus of Gauguin's Pont-Aven school.

When the Left Bank became aware of him as artist, the critics recalled that James Ensor, the Belgian, one of the forerunners of Expressionism, was part English too. They sensed

something of Ensor in Goerg, and thought they saw, too, the "cool humor" of Hogarth, Sheridan and Rowlandson.

Goerg, bringing his Irish-English point of view to bear on his French Modernism, frankly restored subject matter to his pictures. He scoffed at the "fear of lapsing into literature."

"I prefer to believe," he said, "that the field of painting is wider than these tabooed subjects would lead you to think, that there are many things to see and to paint, and that though three apples and a package of tobacco may not be literary, they are less various and moving than the face of a man, suffering, laughing or inflated with vanity."

With everything in the wide world thus avowedly to choose from, Goerg, nevertheless, is more enslaved to a narrow formula than any painter in Paris with the possible exception of Vlaminck. He has created a chic young woman out of elements derived from Modigliani and Marie Laurencin, with black beads for eyes. These girls, sometimes nude, with long, slim bodies (vast distance, like Modigliani's, between the mound of Venus and the breast) and sometimes clothed, either simply or in the height of fashion, stare out from the canvas like puppets, their beady eyes giving them the air of being pert and startled.

You smile pleasantly back at the first hundred or two of Goerg's girls, and then you begin getting a little bored, as at Vlaminck's stormy landscapes. Even Irish jokes won't stand endless repetition.

JUAN GRIS

Born MADRID, MARCH 13, 1887.

Died BOULOGNE, FRANCE, MAY 11, 1927.

OH, yes, and there was Juan Gris! Don't forget Juan Gris! He was the equal of any of them; in some respects, their better! What a poet! What a painter! We mustn't forget Juan Gris!

Those are sample exclamations heard when the Cubists are being discussed and catalogued. But, unfortunately, everybody does forget Juan Gris until the last moment. He is the post-script.

But, in truth, for once the afterthought is the better thought. Such magic lies in the name of Picasso that everybody else is overshadowed. His name flames out like the name of Christ in the Christianity invented and made workable by Saul of Tarsus.

Juan Gris, mixed Castilian and Andalusian, reached Paris in 1905, two years later than Picasso. He met Picasso and became associated with the Picasso circle already forming and including Braque, Derain and Vlaminck, painters; Guillaume Apollinaire, poet and critic; Max Jacob, the gentle Jew, poet and friend of all the artists and all the arts, who had seen Christ in a vision as vivid as Saul's and had become a Catholic; and the mathematician, Maurice Princet.

Gris, besides being a painter of parts, was an accomplished mathematician, too, and no mean poet. He is credited with having given Picasso lessons in the use of rule and square; and when Cubism was invented and had taken a definitely mathematical turn, Gris played second in this department only to the expert Princet.

The poet, however, as in those other fine mathematicians, Dante, Milton and Edgar Allan Poe, to say nothing of the

learned professor who wrote "Alice in Wonderland," predominated in the soul of Juan Gris. The result is that his Cubism is softer and dreamier than that of any of the others—the "great masters" like Picasso and Braque.

It was an age that had the sternest intolerance for anything that might savor of the sentimentality of the Salon of Bougureau. It may be that, with the return of the gentler emotions to painting, the lyricist Juan Gris will be rated with the best.

The modicum of philosophy that is in the Cubism of Gris may tempt, too, the manifesto-makers of the future.

Gris, long an invalid, died at forty in a French seaside town in an attack of uremia.

MARCEL GROMAIRE

Born NOYELLES-SUR-SAMBRES, FRANCE, JULY 24, 1892.

WITH no undue stretch of the imagination, Gromaire might be called the Millet of the Modern movement. He goes to the peasant and the factory workman for his subjects, and while he reduces story-telling to a minimum, in the accepted tradition of the Moderns, there is social protest in the dumb stolidity of his massive, clumsy figures.

His female nudes, heavy and somber, are unclothed drudges. Renoir, who likewise preferred working girls to high-born ladies, would have ruled out Gromaire's models as having skins that refuse to take the light.

Gromaire was meant by his Parisian father and his North country peasant mother to be a lawyer. But he preferred to paint. Having little money, he worked at various studios. Stu-

dents in the atelier of Matisse took an interest in him and his ambitions.

A melancholy streak in his nature led him to look closely into the art of the Gothic period of France, not so much the stained glass windows that fascinated Rouault, but rather the clumsy old woodcuts depicting the life and manners of the time.

Gromaire visited Holland and Belgium, where he saw the peasants and the miners through eyes akin, in sympathy, to van Gogh's, and he lived for a time in England—the England of Hogarth. He was wounded in the Somme sector in 1916, and on partial recovery became, with the language he had picked up in England, an interpreter through the remainder of the war with the American Expeditionary Force.

"Mendicant Street Musicians," 1919, shot through with the gloom and the social protest of Daumier, and of Millet at his most pessimistic, attracted attention to Gromaire. "Peasants Eating" followed in 1921. It became apparent that a fusion of van Gogh and Millet, of Gothic and old German woodcuts was being turned out of Cubist molds.

Gromaire's masterpiece probably is "War," 1925, steel-helmeted figures as stolid and relentless as pilasters ribbing the walls of an old Gothic fortress.

ANDRÉ LHOTE

Born BORDEAUX, FRANCE, JULY 5, 1885.

"I HAVE never painted a guitar nor a tobacco-package—a detail more important than it seems," writes André Lhote, mildly a Cubist, as good a critic as painter—some of us say

better. "I have always been interested in landscape and the human figure, even the nude, in defiance of both Cubist and Futurist excommunications."

Besides being a painter and critic, Lhote is a teacher; and if not the best, he is certainly the most popular in Montparnasse. American and British young ladies and gentlemen desiring to be Cubists flock to his atelier, or did before the depression. Exceptional draftsman, clear thinker and maker of formulas more adroit even than Derain, Lhote had the knack of turning anybody who could paint a pear into a little Picasso. A wise, witty, understandable writer, his influence in the Paris of today, even among the French, has been greater than his anemic talents as a painter would warrant.

"Because I wrote about David and referred to the classic ideal I have been accused of starting the Neo-Classic movement, which is blighting the young generation," he wrote a few years back after stirring up for himself what seemed a nest of hornets—until the bees began to sting, instead, his opponents.

"First of all, that would be to exaggerate my influence; secondly it is to misconstrue my own ideas. The movement is odious and sterile as are all 'neo' movements. The truth is that I thought it necessary (at a time when I was still ingenuous) to uphold the classic ideal of severity and precision as against the Fauve cult of the spontaneous, the confused and the approximate.

In youth, he copied Rubens and Delacroix in the museum at Bordeaux. On going to Paris about 1906, he exhibited with the Indépendants, and met Rouault, who, though rated a Fauve, encouraged him to paint "dramatically" after the fashion of Delacroix, rather than to fall in with the current fad for non-literary figures and landscapes.

Lhote encountered, however, Picassos of the blue period,

fell into ecstasy over their cool colors, sought out the painter and himself began experimenting in Cubism. Participation in the *Section d'Or* in 1912 stamped him definitely a Cubist.

But he couldn't forget Rubens and Delacroix. About the time Picasso was preaching: "Back to Ingres!" Lhote discovered for the Modernists David, the prelude to Ingres.

Lhote, like Derain, is French. He has managed to squeeze much of the Hispano-Hebraic internationalism out of his own easy and fluent brand of Cubism. That alone is enough to endear him to the Paris of today. Besides David, he finds good in Watteau and the brothers LeNain—the one-hundred percent French strain.

LOUIS MARCOUSSIS

Born WARSAW, POLAND, NOVEMBER 14, 1883.

LOUIS MARCOUSSIS is obsessed by light. Whether this has anything to do with Lefebvre's melodramatic naked "Truth," who holds aloft a lighted torch to guide future generations back to the Salon of Bouguereau, I don't know. Nevertheless Marcoussis, Lefebvre's distinguished pupil in the slough of Cubism, tells his students, "to create light is the purpose of painting. Light is the only real mystery. All the rest is literature."

Marcoussis visited Chicago not long ago and made the dramatic discovery that Chicago's light, despite a fog so frequent that it invites comparison with London's, does not alter the shade of green in the grass in the parks. London's fogs, he said, transform the greens. Northern Africa is a favorite resort of his. There the light performs miracles that amaze and enthrall him.

Marcoussis left his native Poland for Paris in 1903. After a

time in the studio of Lefebvre, he fell in with Picasso, Max Jacob, Braque and their fellows and deserted the "academy" for the movement that led to Cubism. Gertrude Stein, in her *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, tells how Picasso, falling out with Fernande, walked off with Marcoussis' model-mistress Eve, Fernande's friend. "Fernande's great heroine was Evelyn Thaw, small and negative. Here was a little French Evelyn Thaw, small and perfect."

Marcoussis, when he reached Paris, was Louis Markous. It was Guillaume Apollinaire who suggested he revise the spelling, and it was under the new name that he participated in the *Section d'Or*, proof positive of the orthodoxy of his Cubism.

During the war Marcoussis was a lieutenant of artillery in the French army. His Cubism, like that of everybody else except Gleizes, was shattered by the big guns. When the war was over and he returned to art, he took up etching. He had been a bibliophile whom all Paris respected for his fine and rare collection; thus it was not surprising that he turned to book illustration—as had, indeed, nearly all his old associates, Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Marie Laurencin. He, however, approached etching and engraving as an art to be further developed, not as a craft merely utilitarian, after the fashion of most of his fellow illustrators, with the notable exception of Jacques Villon.

"Without color there is no light," he had written. But now he meditated and devised ways and means of getting light into his black-and-white plates.

Marcoussis' wife, also Polish, paints under the name Halicka.

JEAN METZINGER

Born NANTES, FRANCE, JUNE 24, 1883.

JEAN METZINGER and his friend, Albert Gleizes, were the "brain trust" of Cubism in its early stages. Just what the Cubists were driving at was foggy to themselves, even to Picasso and Braque. They knew they were on their way, but whither?

In 1912, a year before Apollinaire wrote his classic, *The Cubist Painters*, in which the movement was congealed and set for future generations, Metzinger and Gleizes published a little book of forty-four pages of text and thirty illustrations, *On Cubism*. They formulated the aesthetics of the movement, presented its problems and printed the answers. Picasso, Braque and the rest heaved a sigh of relief: "Yes, yes, that's it!"

Metzinger, who came out of Impressionism and who had studied and taught in various schools of Paris, was called by Coquiot "a precious recruit" to the Cubist movement when eventually he veered that way. Cubism, after Apollinaire's definitive book appeared in 1913, became something decidedly other than what Metzinger said it was largely because Apollinaire concentrated on Picasso, making him the messiah of the movement and deprecating the contribution of the rest, including Metzinger and Gleizes.

"Between ourselves and the Impressionists," wrote Metzinger and Gleizes in their little book, "there is only the difference in intensity, and we do not wish to be more. He who understands Cézanne already has a presentiment of Cubism. From now on we stipulate that the only difference between the latter school and the art manifestations preceding it is one of intensity."

Cubism, under the leadership of Picasso and with Apolli-

naire as its prophet rather than Metzinger, was to go a long way beyond Cézanne, beyond "intensified Impressionism."

Metzinger, though given full credit as a Cubist painter in Apollinaire's book, gradually lost influence in the movement whose philosophy he had been chief instrument in formulating. His outlook was purely French rather than international. A breadth of vision that could link Monet and Picasso was scarcely wanted in a movement that was declaring war on the museums.

"We must return to a simple, robust art," he held, and he believed the way lay through Cubism. "The pearly gates which Giotto opened are closed now forever, but our own life has magnificent possibilities. Without for a moment suggesting that we return to the Primitives, I believe that we can deduce from them certain elements of plastic expression as beautiful as in the first centuries of our art."

Metzinger clung to the idea that a picture must have pictorial qualities. His Cubism is the Cubism of Cézanne's "Oil Mills."

LUC-ALBERT MOREAU

Born PARIS, DECEMBER 9, 1882.

"BAUDELARIAN art," André Salmon termed Luc-Albert Moreau's female nudes in the painter's first exhibition late in the first decade of the century; "voluptuous in an atmosphere a little sad."

Two remarkable portraits of girls clothed, "Maya" and "Hippolyte" (1910), confirmed the impression. There followed a series of "Lesbians" (so styled by himself)—"The Friends"

(1912) and "Afternoon Rest" (1913) among others. They demonstrated a painting ability akin to and nearly equal to the literary mastery of the author of *Flowers of Evil*.

In a series of "Dolls Divine" which celebrated Ida Rubinstein, Loie Fuller and other contemporary queens of the music halls, Moreau gave further proof of an almost morbid insight into feminine psychology.

Then came the war, and Luc-Albert Moreau went into the trenches. He caught instantly the new idea of war. He produced, in the initial year of the hostilities, "The Air Raid," a new and significant note in military painting, a branch of art so long dominated by the theatricalism of Meissonier. He had learned from Cézanne the power of stolidity. There is no horror as in Goya, no pomp as in Meissonier. It followed within only a few weeks his most exalted "Lesbians," two Baudelarian figures of 1914 styled simply "Nudes."

A graphic series of war drawings occupied four years in the trenches, where paint materials were impracticable. He was severely wounded in June, 1918, a few months before the Armistice. The next year, wearing the cross of war and the ribbon of a legionnaire of honor, he painted, from sketches he had made in the field, "Soldiers in the Trenches," as exalted a piece of work as his "Air Raid."

Luc-Albert Moreau has suffered in his art reputation by being too enthusiastic an admirer of Dunoyer de Segonzac, whose career his own parallels in important respects. Like Segonzac he was in young manhood a student of Oriental languages, specializing in African dialects. It was the law he had deserted for his dialects, however, instead of Segonzac's engineering. Like Segonzac, too, he was attracted to the prize ring. His "Boxers," inferior to Segonzac's, nevertheless have a for-

midable driving power. Finally, his war experiences and Segonzac's ran similar courses.

But, while Luc-Albert Moreau's pictures on first glance resemble Segonzac's, a closer inspection reveals a vast difference in spirit. Segonzac's nature is essentially happy. His nudes, even when occasionally suggesting the Lesbian neurosis, are lightly and carelessly created. Moreau broods too much: Segonzac scarcely at all.

AMÉDÉE OZENFANT

Born SAINT-QUENTIN, FRANCE, APRIL, 1886.

OZENFANT, critic as well as Cubist painter, wielder of the most sarcastic pen functioning in the art world of Paris, is the founder of Purism, an "ism" that has already passed to the general junk heap of the "isms."

"The picture," he wrote, defining the creed of Purism, "is a machine for the transmission of sentiments. Science offers us a kind of physiological language that enables us to produce precise physiological sensations in the spectator: thereon Purism is founded."

"Purism," he wrote later, debunking his own manifesto, "is an attempt to paint by the use of factors common to the senses and the soul, and not by a kind of symbolical code of a particular period. . . . Death to the ambiguous, to plastic punning, to futile art. . . ."

Fighting it out along this latter line, by his pen rather than by his brush, which is less expert, Ozenfant has made considerable headway against the Cubism of Picasso, target of his keenest shafts.

Ozenfant was born in Picardy, where, he says, "it rains unmercifully—so I love the sun." His father, of mingled Spanish and French blood, had been a great builder, co-inventor with Hennebique of reinforced cement. His mother was a painter in the China factory of Sèvres.

He studied art first at the Quentin school, La Tour, where Matisse once had been a student, and then went to Paris, where he fell in with Segonzac, Luc-Albert Moreau and La Fresnaye. In the course of his education he didn't slight branches more profound—mathematics and the philosophies of Descartes, Pascal and Kant. He traveled extensively in Holland, Italy and Russia, spending three years in the Urals.

In 1915, when he was "oscillating between Ozenfant-cum-Russia and Ozenfant-cracked-by-Cubism," as he expresses it, he founded the magazine *l'Elan*, which he conducted as an open forum for artists and writers. Forced to discontinue publication because of ill health, he went to Greece. When he recovered he returned to Paris, and there, in 1920, he founded with the architect Le Corbusier another illustrated review, *l'Esprit Nouveau*, which lived until 1925. Both journals were smart and "civilized."

He is the author of several books including *After Cubism*, *Purism* and *Foundations of Modern Art*, the latter covering all the arts, giving scope for his learning as well as his critical wit.

JULES PASCIN

Born VIDIN, BULGARIA, MARCH 31, 1885.

Died PARIS, JUNE 5, 1930.

PASCIN was rich, the life of the bohemian parties in Montparnasse, the darling of scores of women who vied for his favor, who discarded at a nod their silken lingerie, exposing all their charms that he might have the model his fancy might dictate at the moment. Yet, by a peculiarly horrible suicide at the height of his fame, he joins such "story artists" as Modigliani and van Gogh.

Bulgarian Jew, Jules Pascin (otherwise Julius Pincas) had an intense morbid streak in his nature that forced him, despite his otherwise very real gayety, to disappear every so often from his friends and go roaming the world.

He sought solace with the swarthy Moorish prostitutes of Algeria and Tunisia, with the naked negresses of Havana resorts, with sun-drenched Creoles of New Orleans, with Gulah girls of the Carolina seacoast. Or he found white mistresses in New York's Greenwich Village and in the studios of Montparnasse, where Kiki and her professional model friends were eager to welcome him back. Always was he painting the nude or nudity made more suggestive by fluffy laces and filmy ruffles.

In one prolonged period of his wanderings in the United States—Charleston, New Orleans, New York—he took out papers and became an American citizen. But this was merely a whim, and presently he was back in Paris.

Pascin's mother was a Bulgarian and his father a Spanish Jew. He studied art in Vienna. At twenty, with a precocity matching Aubrey Beardsley's, he was one of the best-paid con-

tributors to *Simplicissimus*. In 1905 he went to Paris, where he continued his career as sketch artist with brilliant success.

It was not until 1920 that he took up painting seriously, first in a studio in New York. His nude girl pictures were an instant hit, and sold readily. He turned them out rapidly, ever seeking and finding new material in New York's Harlem, in the old French quarter of New Orleans, in Florida, in the Carolinas and Cuba, in North Africa and South Spain, growing richer and richer.

Back in Paris, he spent lavishly on his girl friends, living in a hovel on Montparnasse.

"Sometimes the crowd bumps into Pascin," writes Kiki, "who takes everybody home with him. He wrestles with bottles and corkscrews. Often his models are there, models of all shades! He is glad to see a lot of folks around him."

One June night, in the early morning hours after the gang had gone, Pascin locked the door. His melancholy had grown more acute of late, aggravated by severe liver pains. He drew from hiding a rope, knotted it, put it around his neck and tied the other end to the high door-knob. Then he slashed his wrists and sank to the floor, expecting the rope to strangle him. But he hadn't drawn it short enough. So, apparently, he tugged at it determinedly. Friends who knocked at his door after midday broke it in and found his body.

PEDRO PRUNA

Born BARCELONA, SPAIN, MAY 4, 1904.

PEDRO PRUNA, of late, has been veering away from his idol, Picasso. Ultimately he may live down the curse of a too slavish

imitation of the one Spaniard since Goya who has obscured the horizon of all the other Spanish painters. Juan Gris, early in Cubism, was frankly beholden to Picasso, and so, later, was Joan Miro, when Cubism had spent its force. But Gris and Miro, along with that other half-Spaniard, Picabia, a Cubist who never wore Picasso's yoke, had talents of their own that the master Cubist could not submerge.

It was different with Pruna. After his arrival in Paris at sixteen from his native Barcelona he submitted so completely to Picasso's spell that he could only imitate. He was only a little Picasso, and not a very good one at that.

Late indications are, however, that the boy, deep down, is of stuff radically different from Picasso. He appears to be a "picture maker," not an abstractionist. "Spirit of Youth," a huge recent canvas of three girls lying out in an open field, one nude and the others half-clothed, is almost as charming as a Watteau. Appeal to human emotions is felt also in a "Pieta" and a "Descent from the Cross."

Pruna, born in the shadow of the Bishop's palace at Barcelona, imbibed so early the political heresies of the reddest of Spanish cities that he was expelled, at twelve, from the Fine Arts school for revolutionary tendencies. He immediately got a job as goldsmith with a Barcelona jeweler, working with a hammer. At thirteen he did illustrations for a catalogue of fine furs, reverting to art tendencies which he had exhibited at the early age of five by drawing stylish ladies from *La Vie Parisienne*. At fourteen he was restoring pictures so expertly that he commanded top wages of thirty dollars a week. Saving his money, he visited Madrid, where the Prado gave him a longing to see the Louvre. When he finally got to Paris, he sought out Picasso, who took a friendly interest in the precocious child. Picasso encouraged collectors of his own pictures to buy Pruna's as well.

Pruna, in gratitude and with too adolescent an admiration, started painting little Picassos with such feverish industry that he fell ill. He went back to Spain, where he gained wide publicity in the medical journals and in the popular press by curing himself eating watermelons.

After a time, he returned to Paris with enough pictures for a one-man show, which Picasso arranged for him. In 1925, at twenty-one, he married a girl of eighteen, and the same year he did sets for two of the Russian ballets, "Les Matelots" and "Pastorale."

DIEGO MARIA CONCEPCION JUAN NEPO- MUCENO ESTANISLO DE LA RIVERA Y BARRIENTOS DE ACOSTA Y RODRIGUEZ

Born GUANA JUATO, MEXICO, DECEMBER 8, 1886.

ONE of Diego Rivera's grandfathers was a Mexican Indian. One of his grandmothers was a Portuguese Jewess. The Portuguese Jewess was the wife of a Spanish Marquis, half Russian, who took part in the first republican revolution in Spain in 1838, and, on its failure, fled to Mexico and became a silver miner. In the Marquis' veins there was also remote Neapolitan blood. The Mexican Indian was married to a Spanish girl who had come out to Mexico from Burgos.

That's the painter's racial background.

As for intellectual inheritance, five of his father's sisters

(daughters of the Marquis and the Portuguese Jewess) were professors in the schools of Mexico—five of the few women included in the Mexican educational system. Their six brothers, taking after the father, who was the son of one of Napoleon's generals in Russia, were Mexican soldiers of liberal persuasions. Scarcely a matter for wonder, then, Diego Rivera's own art and revolutionary political tendencies.

At the age of three, Diego started to draw, not as the ordinary child scratching with pencils and colored chalk on paper, but in a big way. His father fitted up for him a large room with blackboards on all the walls, and turned him loose. Thus at the outset the baby became a muralist.

He entered the Bellas Artes Academy in Mexico City at ten, got instruction in the tradition of Ingres and David, and was dismissed, in 1902, at fourteen, for leading a revolt of the students against a new director put in charge by a new political regime.

For the next five years he traveled and painted in Mexico, and then went to his ancestral Spain for further art instruction. But the Spain of Murillo didn't interest him, and he went on to Paris, where, in 1910, he saw an exhibition of Cézanne's paintings, fell into a nervous fever with high temperature and had to have a doctor to pull him out.

He sought out Picasso and the other disciples of Cézanne. In the *Indépendant* show of 1914 he exhibited a Cubist portrait. Later that year, having gone into Spain at the outbreak of the war, he had a one-man show at Madrid that caused something of a sensation. One of his pictures was bought by Marie Laurencin, an unhappy exile from Paris because she had married a German and was technically an enemy of her adored France.

Returning to Paris, Diego Rivera came in contact with a

group of exiled Russians, in part his ancestral fellow countrymen, heard their story of Czarist oppression and sympathized with the revolution they were fomenting. On the tenth anniversary of the success of that revolution, 1927, Rivera went to Russia on invitation of these friends, and painted a number of pictures soviet in sympathy.

Meanwhile, in the course of repeated trips back to Mexico, Rivera was executing the revolutionary frescoes in the Preparatory School and the Ministry of Education, Mexico City, and in the Agricultural School, Chapingo. It was these frescoes which gave him international status and which led eventually to his coming to the United States to execute mural commissions in the San Francisco Stock Exchange, in the Ford plant, Detroit, and in Rockefeller Center, New York. Noting the head of Lenin in one of their frescoes, the Rockefellers paid him off, dismissed him and destroyed the picture—one of the major art scandals of our time.

HAÏM SOUTINE

Born SMILOVITCH, RUSSIA, 1894.

SOUTINE, shortly after he arrived in Paris in 1911 from Vilna, Lithuania, fell in with Modigliani, who detected his talents and introduced him in his circle, including Zborowski. The Pole, though a poet and supposed as such to be dreamy and impractical, was the only sure money-raiser of the trio. Soutine, like Modigliani, managed to keep alive on the few sketches he could sell and on pittances Zborowski managed to eke out by placing their work. Modigliani sometimes shared a miserable

studio which Soutine maintained somehow in Montparnasse. Sometimes he lived with Kisling.

Kiki, later to become famous among Left Bank models, gives in her memoirs some idea of Soutine's studio. She had just arrived in Paris from her native Burgundy. She and a girl friend, tramping at night in the melting snow, had thought of seeking shelter and a cup of tea with a Russian the friend knew. But, climbing the little staircase to the platform of his lodging, they heard voices and guessed he already had a woman for the night.

"Then I began to cry," says Kiki. "She [the other girl] told me that maybe it would be our luck to find Soutine at home; he lived in the house next door. Just as we were going out, Soutine appeared. He was so fierce looking that I was a little bit afraid, but my girl friend bucked me up. We went into a studio which was only a little bit less cold than outside, but Soutine spent the night burning up everything in his place to keep us warm. Ever since that night I've had a crush on Soutine; we've been together for some time now." He fitted her out with a man's hat and an old cape.

Soutine, before encountering Modigliani and his circle, studied in Paris for a little while at Cormon's studio. Before that he had got some training in the fine arts school at Vilna, across the border from his Russian birthplace. Rembrandt, Tintoretto, Courbet and Cézanne were his enthusiasms—particularly Rembrandt, whom he still calls "master."

Rembrandt's famous "Carcase of an Ox" excited his emulation. Soutine once scraped together money enough to buy half a beef of his own, which he hung in his studio room and kept hanging for ten days in weather much sultrier than the night Kiki came to his door. In spite of protests from neighbors, Sou-

tine finished his enormous still-life before he disposed of his beef.

Soutine's art is even more violent and volcanic than van Gogh's, which he affects to despise. It has in it the morbid mysticism that pervades the stories of his favorite writers, Poe, Gogol, Baudelaire, Flaubert and Dostoievsky. The Jewish strain is strong, too, as in the paintings of Modigliani.

LÉOPOLD SURVAGE

Born ZIKOVO, RUSSIA, JULY 31, 1879.

SURVAGE, poet and musician from Moscow, was self-exiled to Paris in distress over the failure of the attempted revolution in 1905 against the Czarist regime. He became one of the last discoveries of the art critic Guillaume Apollinaire, who had built up Picasso and the Cubists, and, before them, the Douanier Rousseau.

Survage, earning his living as piano-tuner, laid before Apollinaire in 1914 a system of "colored rhythms" he had worked out for the cinema, then a new art (amounting to an "ism") being eagerly investigated by the Modernists, who were beginning to find Cubism a bit stale.

Apollinaire, instantly catching the point and sensing in Survage's theory something that might (or might not) prove immensely significant, wrote an article about it which was published in a Paris art journal in July. In August France went to war, Apollinaire along with it. In 1917, under long-distance patronage of Apollinaire from the field, Survage had a one-man exhibition in Paris. On the day the Armistice was signed,

Apollinaire, wounded several weeks before in battle, died in a hospital.

Without the showmanship of Apollinaire, Survage's "colored rhythms" were allowed to languish. The talented Russian has gone to his destiny (to date, at any rate) as a minor Cubist, whose Cubist pictures, however, are so pretty and so easily understood that a grocer or a banker can hang one in his home, genuinely love it, and show his friends how cultured he is. Survage is to Picasso about as Van Dongen to Matisse.

Survage is of mingled Danish, Finnish and Russian blood. At sixteen he was an exceptionally husky lad, working in a Moscow piano factory and leading a band. Typhoid struck him down, and he emerged from his bed on crutches. He had wanted to be an artist, but his father, a talented amateur painter, had apprenticed him into a trade more likely to provide bread and butter.

Survage, weakened by the typhoid germs, at the age of twenty-two entered an art school in Moscow. But his academic training suddenly went awry when he saw, in a private collection in Moscow, pictures by Manet, Gauguin and Matisse.

Paris, thereupon, became the goal of his dreams. After the uprising in 1905, in which he took part against the Czar, he bade farewell to Moscow, taking with him his tuning-fork.

In Paris he became a Sunday painter, long hours daily during the week being taken up tuning pianos for a big music house. It was not until 1912 that he felt ready to exhibit with the Indépendants. During this long, painful period of painting, however, he had gestated his "colored rhythms."

Survage, modest to the point of diffidence, cultured and learned, is popular in the more thoughtful circles of the bohemia of Paris.

KEES VAN DONGEN

Born CASSIONGO, WHITE NILE, AFRICA, JANUARY 26, 1877.

VAN DONGEN has managed to get out of Modernism everything his fellow Dutchman, van Gogh, failed to get, and has given back to it nothing that van Gogh gave. He has grown rich, that is to say, and socially popular—and has contributed nothing of his own invention, no masterpiece for the world to treasure.

Van Dongen, not long out of Holland (Delfshaven is usually given as his birthplace, but he told Maurice Raynal he was born while his Dutch parents were sojourning on the White Nile), was reckoned among the original Fauves in Paris, along with Matisse and Vlaminck.

But out of a color sense as florid as Vlaminck's and a fondness for barbaric and oriental pattern that matched Matisse's, Van Dongen rapidly developed a style as smooth and spineless as anything to be seen in the Salon of Bouguereau—a style that caught the fancy of the bourgeois instead of arousing their antagonism.

Society ladies, all aflutter, sought out his studio to have their likenesses painted and gilded, deserting, for him, the waning Boldini, the darling from Italy. Cultured writers like Anatole France, who knew about as much about art as our own H. L. Mencken—that is to say, as much as William Jennings Bryan knew about evolution—followed the ladies and also sat for him.

A woman of brains who knew M. France gazed long and fixedly at Van Dongen's portrait of him, and then remarked: "Yes, he looks just like that when he watches young girls coming out of school!"

Exuberant sensuality, rouged up, is the secret of Van Dongen's success as a portrait painter to society. He gives his young women an abundance of sex appeal, at the same time making them "smart" with his easy, surfacy Fauvist technique. They are as sexy as the women of Bouguereau without having their sentimental feminine curves.

One of his portraits is of Mlle. Edmonde Guy, the actress, who posed in a standing position for him, nude, full-length, full-face. She went into court later to seek to restrain Van Dongen from selling the portrait to a male collector, a stranger to her.

Van Dongen is not only painter in extraordinary to society, but his parties in a mansion he has bought with his huge earnings are among the most fashionable in Paris; they are attended by even the nobility, who mingle for the evening with the smart circles of the artists and their models. He sometimes engages a full orchestra to play dance music. He serves champagne, oceans of it. One season a negro prize-fighter entertained at his Thursday parties by meeting white challengers in a ring set up in a corner of the drawing room. Fashionable beauties from South America and other exotic equatorial countries are eagerly singled out by the nobles. Nina Hamnett, the English artist, tells in *Laughing Torso* how she was asked to dance at one of Van Dongen's parties. "So I took off all my clothes and danced in a black veil. Everyone seemed pleased, as I was very well made."

In his early days on Montmartre, when he was as poor as Picasso, Max Jacob, Juan Gris and his other associates, Van Dongen was conspicuous on the sidewalks and in the Rotonde in his bare feet, clad in blue overalls. He was still conspicuous when he became prosperous, very tall, very thin, wearing a long beard, dressed in silk sweater over trousers too long, so

that they flopped about his shoes, strolling leisurely the boulevards, smoking a huge pipe, apparently in rapt meditation—but really, say the envious, giving Sunday afternoon outers a glimpse of what a “real painter” looks like.

JACQUES VILLON (GASTON DUCHAMP)

Born DAMVILLE, FRANCE, 1875.

JACQUES VILLON is the oldest of three brothers and a sister who contributed with distinction to the cause of Cubism.

The family name is Duchamp. The father of the four artists was a substantial lawyer of Damville who practiced in Rouen and Paris as well. Shortly after the turn of the century, Gaston (later to change his name to Jacques) was a promising young attorney in his father's office; Raymond, born in 1876, a year after Gaston, was a physician; Marcel, born in 1887, was a youth already beginning to display wit and intellectual charm; and Suzanne, born 1898, was a small child.

All, even Suzanne, were drawing and painting, taking after their maternal grandfather, E. Nicolle, an engraver.

Their relatives were proud of them until Gaston veered toward the Fauves and the Cubists, which created a scandal in circles as respectable as that of Attorney Duchamp. This substantial citizen promptly became annoyed.

Rather than embarrass his father—the Duchamps are all sensitive and courtly—Gaston decided to make his way among the artists under the name of the old French vagabond poet. He dropped his family name, threw his given name along with it into the discard, and thenceforth was Jacques Villon.

Soon Jacques was attracting new attention to this illustrious

name. His father was too broad-minded to hold to a prejudice without investigation, and became interested in what Jacques was doing to such a degree that when Raymond followed his brother, it was deemed perfectly proper for him to retain the family name and to annex the new. So he became Raymond Duchamp-Villon. Marcel, the last brother, retained without apology the name Duchamp, and so did Suzanne until she became Mme. Jean Crotti.

The three brothers participated in *La Section d'Or* (a term Pythagorean in its symbolism), that famous first big exhibition of the Cubists in Paris in 1912, organized by Gleizes and Metzinger.

The three were introduced simultaneously to America the following year in the Armory Show in New York and Chicago. The youngest, Marcel Duchamp, shared with Matisse the honor of drawing down on the show the choicest ridicule by means of his "Nude Descending a Stair." Jacques Villon won another sort of distinction; he sold to American collectors, including John Quinn, all nine of his entries. Raymond Duchamp-Villon exhibited his "Head of Baudelaire," which Quinn also bought and which excited almost as much annoyance as Brancusi's "Mlle. Pogany."

Suzanne Duchamp developed a little later, beginning to be noticed about 1916, when still in her teens, on her own merits and not just because she was sister of the Duchamp-Villons. She participated with Marcel and his friend Picabia in the founding and developing of Dadaism, contributing something naïve like Rousseau and feminine like Laurencin.

Raymond Duchamp-Villon went to the front when the World War broke out, resuming his rôle of physician. He was killed a little before the Armistice.

Jacques Villon, four years a soldier, returned, like most of

the Cubists, with the Cubist urge no longer vital. He reverted to the art of his grandfather Nicolle, and has become the best color etcher in France.

A strain of the exquisite, of French finesse, runs through the art of all the Duchamps. Their charm makes you forget, or forgive, their lack of sheer power.

VI. SOME GERMANS

GEORGE GROSZ

Born BERLIN, JULY 26, 1893.

IF Dean Swift took the prattle of the nursery fairy tale and made *Gulliver's Travels* the most terrifying satire in literature, so George Grosz has taken the dirty pictures little boys draw on back-house walls and converted them into a grown-up art so cynical and ferocious that it starts the brain spinning toward the whirlpool of insanity.

Grosz in his early twenties was a song-and-dance man in the music halls of Berlin, where he was born; he also worked in Dresden, where he had two years of art training, and in the other metropolitan centers of Germany. He danced eccentrically to his own guitar, chanting satirical monologues of his own composition—a sort of German Walter Winchell.

From the middle class himself, he detested his fellow bourgeois, and he sang with cutting malice of the adventures of sodden burghers and bureaucrats in brothels and the dingy night cafés where the girls dance naked behind locked doors.

Like Hoofer Winchell, Grosz presently branched out into "literature"; the verses which he wrote he illustrated with sketches inspired by lavatory art. The bourgeois were still his target—the smug middle classes that accepted humbly the military caste of the Kaiser and licked its boots.

With the outbreak of the war, instead of soft-pedaling, as caution dictated to satirists the world over, among them some of the great literary names of both England and the United States, Grosz put on more speed.

To him the soldiers were just burghers goose-stepping. One in uniform stood at attention with a chamber-pot for a head. Junkers drank boisterously in cafés with prostitutes, while, in full view through the windows, blind and crippled soldiers groped and hobbled by.

Grosz used more effectively than any artist the x-ray invention of the Futurists. Every woman walking along the street, no matter how modestly downcast her eyes, was just a whore to him, and he proved it by making transparent her silks and her furs to reveal what her quick-darting mind was actually concentrated upon. His men were worse, because they were swinish and sottish. If trouser flaps were sometimes opaque to his x-ray, bulging cloth, pulled taut, was even more revealing.

Sensuality was intensified to beastliness, and Grosz had no scruples about the perversions. All this sexual grossness came eventually to a ferocious saturnalia in a series he called "Ecce Homo"—the man of the Kaiser's, the junkers' Germany. If Ruskin could burn a set of Goya's "Caprichos," where, except in a steel deposit vault, is "Ecce Homo" safe?

Grosz, constantly under official surveillance though he was, established in Munich in 1917 a journal he called *Neue Jugend*. It lasted only a short time, for it took a mercilessly satiric shot at the Kaiser personally, which resulted in a warrant for his arrest. He escaped, but from his hiding he sent to an exhibition a painting in oil, "Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen," assailing the military, and another painting depicting the crucified Christ wearing a gas-mask. He was caught and condemned to face a firing squad, sacrilege being officially alleged. Queerly

enough, in light of the unutterably Modern Christ, the powerful Catholic faction took up his cause. He was paroled and sent to the front line trenches in a sector where firing was hottest.

After the war Grosz continued his tirades against the new masters of Germany, the republic of Ebert and Hindenburg being no more to his liking than the vanished empire. Nor was he more to the liking of the new ruling caste than he had been to the Kaiser. Warrants and threats of warrants, jails and threats of jails were again his fare.

But after "Ecce Homo" he began to grow tired of keeping screwed up to a feverish tension, and while he didn't abandon his satire altogether, he turned to gentler phases of life. His girls no longer were necessarily syphilitic. They were still naked and pursuing their sole destiny of enticing men, but in a more healthily animal way. A man could go to bed with one of them and fall off asleep with reasonable hopes of escaping from nightmares of mercury and salvarsan, and of finding his money in the pocket of his trousers when he woke up in the morning. Along with his new outlook on girls, Grosz came to see men and events as well with new eyes.

Detecting the approach of Hitler, he emigrated to the United States before *Der Fuehrer* got a chance to exile him, and he has taken steps to become an American citizen.

In New York, in an atmosphere calmer than Berlin's, he has been painting water colors, gentle, technically perfect, but, so far, banal and of little consequence.

Hitler burnt albums of "Ecce Homo" along with the books of Freud, Krafft-Ebing and Magnus Hirschfeld.

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA

Born POCHLARN, AUSTRIA, OCTOBER 1, 1886.

KOKOSCHKA, Austrian, born on the Danube and trained in Vienna, moved to Berlin and became a major factor in developing German Expressionism. Kokoschka has critical partisans who consider him the leading Expressionist, more German than the Germans, a giant who towers as high in the international vista as Picasso himself.

Kokoschka studied in Vienna under Gustav Klimt, a neurotic painter akin to both Toulouse-Lautrec and Odilon Redon, who, however, veered brilliantly off at times along a tangent of ornate, highly extravagant fantasy. Kokoschka, of a nature sensitive to the point of morbidity, readily fell in with Klimt's trend, producing portraits of remarkable finesse.

In 1908, after two years with Klimt, Kokoschka went to Berlin, where he fell in with Max Pechstein. Since 1900 the city had been in the throes of the *Berliner Sezession*, moving spirit of which was Max Liebermann, passionate devotee of Manet, Monet, Degas and Renoir. Liebermann's pro-French enthusiasm had led to a minor schism in the ranks of the Secession, with Louis Corinth heading a revolt that had resulted in a sort of German Impressionism—French, with a dash of Dürer and Holbein.

Kokoschka and Pechstein, in 1908, the very year of the arrival of the Viennese in Berlin, organized a new rebellion against both brands of Impressionism, German and French. Van Gogh, the Dutchman from the North, more akin to the Germans than Manet, was the idol they adored. In Paris, however, Pechstein had become partial to Gauguin and to

Matisse. Kokoschka, of Austrian blood and a disciple of the ornate Klimt, could hardly deny their virtues.

(It took the sterner men of the Dresden *Brücke* (The Bridge), who invaded Berlin the following year—men like Emil Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff and Otto Mueller—to eliminate the high notes and make Expressionism guttural)

Kokoschka, abandoning Klimt, fell readily in with the more rugged, sterner, more brutal heirs to Dürer and Holbein, and soon he was leading the reorganized procession. Van Gogh was retained for their Pantheon, and the Swiss sledge-hammer, Ferdinand Hodler, and the Belgian mystic, James Ensor, were added. Matisse was relegated to the background and the more substantial Picasso substituted.

Indeed Picasso, with his Cubism, became for a time the major influence. But his cool intellectual formalism was found uninspiring by German genius, chock full of mysticism and Kant. Gradually Kokoschka and his fellows filled up the hollow blocks of Cubism with the heady philosophy of Freud, likewise Viennese and Jewish.

Expressionism thereupon developed into agony, the painters scraping the sensitive depths of their subconscious for material for their pictures.

Kokoschka for one gradually abandoned the more brutal aspects of the "ism" he had helped build up. The light sensitiveness that was his in Klimt's studio partially reasserted itself. A new phase appeared, vaguely akin to Manet, the very Frenchman against whom he and Pechstein led their revolt in 1908. As for Pechstein, he had nothing to take back. He hadn't followed his friend through the more turgid sloughs of Freud.

PAUL KLEE

Born NEAR BERNE, SWITZERLAND, DECEMBER 18, 1879.

BORN the same year as Francis Picabia, Paul Klee was doing Dadaistic pictures nearly twenty years before Picabia invented Dada, and when Picabia's co-inventor, Marcel Duchamp, was scarcely out of swaddling clothes.

Klee's father was a Bavarian music master domiciled in a hamlet out of Berne, and his mother a woman from the south of France. At nineteen he entered the Academy at Munich, where for three years he got the solidest sort of academic training under no less a professor than the formidable Franz Stuck. He was one of Stuck's most promising pupils—so thought Stuck.

In 1901, Klee went to Italy where things began to happen to his respectable art education. The crude Christian scratchings on the walls of the catacombs excited him, while he was as bored as Mark Twain with Raphael and Michelangelo. He found in the secret museum at Naples crude relics from primitive artists, childishy scrawled, but with a grown-up viewpoint, such as the savages of the Congo exhibit in their sculpture.

Back in Switzerland at the home of his parents, Klee continued his researches along the lines he had discovered for himself. He found the "Caprichos" of Goya, the weirdly humorous swift horsemen of Alfred Kubin (Klee's contemporary) and drawings by reindeer hunters in the caves of France.

Revolting deliberately and insultingly against Franz Stuck and all his works, Klee reverted to "a-child-of-five" technique—not to Cézanne with his heavy gobs of pigment, and not to Matisse, precocious little Lord Fauntleroy—but to a common

child with a common pencil making zigzag marks all over his slate or on the plastered walls. Paul Klee's marks, however, meant something; they were grown-up, mature, like the fetishes of the Congo Negroes.

Leaving his Swiss home for Munich in 1906, Klee, his style matured, mingled on equal footing with progressive artists who were absorbing the spirit of van Gogh, Cézanne and Rousseau, and he recognized a kindred soul in Matisse. In 1912 he was one of the originators of *Der Blaue Reiter* ("The Blue Rider"), along with Kandinsky, August Macke and Franz Marc.

After their first exhibition Klee went to Paris, where he was readily received in the circles of Picasso and Apollinaire. The war found him on a painting expedition in Tunis. In 1920 he joined the Bauhaus Academy, Weimar, destined to alter profoundly the trend of art in Germany and Central Europe by stressing the architectural elements. He and three other Bauhaus professors, Kandinsky, Feininger and Jawlensky, grouped themselves, for the purposes of exhibiting their paintings, into "The Blue Four."

"At bottom," writes the German critic, William Uhde, who has most clearly expressed the rationale of Klee's painting, perhaps the most irrational of any Modernism to the average intelligence, "the romanticism of Picasso and that of Paul Klee are simply one and the same phenomenon. Both set up against banal reality a pathetic reality. And Klee knows as well as Picasso that the reality of objects does not lie in their aspect; that, on the contrary, these are only apparent realizations, imperfect and ephemeral, of eternal ideas, determined as they are by chance and the moment. That is why his love for the principle and the essence of things carried him on toward the ideas themselves, and why he endowed them, by virtue of his intuition and his artistic vision, with a new life under a new form

through the creative act. 'As to this point, I am not at all intelligible,' he writes of himself."

The Surrealists in Paris in the middle twenties tried to claim Klee, but he wasn't interested. He had something more profound than they, more mature, in better taste.

WASSILY KANDINSKY

Born MOSCOW, 1886.

"BÖCKLIN is quoted as having said that even a poodle-dog might learn how to draw, and in this he was correct," Kandinsky wrote, paying his contemptuous respects to foes of Modernism who were saying Picasso, Matisse and himself, all past masters, "couldn't draw."

He was an abstractionist, a "Blue Rider," and as such he was on the spot. An artist may learn perfectly all the technique of all the schools and still be no artist, he contended. "I value only those artists who consciously or unconsciously, in an entirely original form, or in a style bearing their personal imprint, embody the expression of their inner self; who, consciously or unconsciously, work only for this end and cannot work otherwise. The number of such artists is very few."

When the World War broke out, Kandinsky, a Russian living in Munich, packed up to go home. Some workmen, who were crating a blazing abstraction labeled "Improvisation No. 30" and dated 1913, called it "the war picture." In light of developments, this painting, brought to America a little later by Arthur Jerome Eddy and now in the permanent collection of the Art Institute of Chicago, is regarded in a sort of awe as a prophecy of the approaching conflict.

"In his own personal notebook wherein he keeps a record of all his work," testifies Mr. Eddy in his book, *Cubists and Post-Impressionism*, the pioneer work in English, "Kandinsky identifies the picture by a hasty pencil sketch and the words 'Blue Splashes' or 'Masses,' or again, 'Cannons.' "

Replying to a letter of inquiry, Kandinsky explained to Mr. Eddy: "The designation 'Cannons' selected by me for my own use is not to be conceived as indicating the 'contents' of the picture. . . . The presence of the cannons in the picture could probably be explained by the constant war talk that had been going on throughout the year. But I did not intend to give a representation of war."

Though one of the oldest of the Moderns—three years older than Matisse and a year older than even the German Nolde—Kandinsky became a world figure only with the rise of "The Blue Rider" in Munich in 1912. Fauvism, Cubism, and even German Expressionism had ripened, and decay was setting in. Kandinsky was forty-eight years old.

He had been a lawyer in Russia, and had come to Munich at thirty-two to study art as a pastime. But by the time "The Blue Rider" was launched by himself, Paul Klee, August Macke and Franz Marc, Kandinsky had made such rapid strides that he was regarded as the boldest, most belligerent of all the Expressionists. He had gone all the way into the abstract, further even than Klee.

After the war Kandinsky returned from Moscow to Germany—German in all except blood—to find his old comrades, Macke and Marc dead, victims of the cannon he had subconsciously prophesied. Macke was killed at the very outset, September 26, 1914. Marc fell at Verdun, 1916.

Klee was still alive, in the faculty of Bauhaus at Weimar. On invitation of Walter Gropius, an architect who was a mov-

ing spirit of Bauhaus, Kandinsky also went there. Klee, Kandinsky, another Russian, Jawlensky, and the American, Feininger, associated themselves at Bauhaus as "The Blue Four," exhibiting as a group in Europe and America.

Before he left Russia, Kandinsky, on invitation of Lenin, organized a string of Soviet museums for the exhibition of contemporary art through Russia, forty-three in all.

Like most of the great Moderns, Kandinsky's art is academically sound in its origin. Franz Stuck was his first important instructor. The parting of his way from the academy came with the Munich Secession.

Kandinsky, despite his age, kept his inventive powers young and vigorous. French Surrealism came in the middle twenties as nothing new to an old-time Expressionist like himself. "Improvisations" of his, as early as 1912, a year before his "prophecy of war," are as haunted as the nightmare things of Ernst and Miro; and while André Breton, poet and neurologist, was formulating the Manifesto for the young Spaniards in Paris, Kandinsky was continuing to practice serenely what Breton was excitedly preaching.

EMIL NOLDE

Born TONDERN, SCHLESWIG, AUGUST 7, 1867.

IN 1899 Emil Nolde, thirty-two years old, painted "Death and a Maiden," as "Expressionistic" as anything the Germans were to do after the term Expressionism was invented about 1911 to designate German Modernism—as wild and wayward an art as French Cubism and stirring more profoundly the emotions.

"Death and a Maiden" was as Germanic as old Hans Bal-

dung's "Death Kissing a Woman," nude, back in Martin Luther's time. Technically Nolde's picture is more akin to a painting by Edvard Munch, of date 1895, in which a pair of amorous nudes are engaged in a kiss rather more delectable than that of Death.

It was largely through Munch, a Norwegian who had assimilated Cézanne and translated him to something more acceptable to the colder Nordic temperament, that Modernism came into Germany.

But neither Cézanne thus transformed, nor Picasso, who was to exert with his Cubism a telling influence on young Germans just before the war, could tamper greatly with the essential emotionalism of German art, grounded in Dürer and Holbein. Nolde thanked the God of Martin Luther in 1898 that he had never been caught in "the net of the Paris Circe." He admired the gruff Daumier and to a certain extent Manet, but Renoir, Pissarro and Monet sickened him with their sweetness. He spent some months in Paris at Julien's, and then went back to the farm of his rich father in Schleswig to meditate: "Paris has given me so little, and yet I hoped for so much!"

In 1905, the year of the rise of the Fauves in Paris, three young disciples of Munch in Dresden, Kirchner, Heckel and Schmidt-Rottluff, founded a group they called *Die Brücke* ("The Bridge"). Kirchner, the eldest, was only twenty-five. The next year they invited Nolde, now a veteran on the verge of forty, to join them. He accepted, but didn't stay long. Groups were not for him. "The art of an artist," he said, "must be his own art." But in the two years he was with them he influenced the youngsters profoundly, and was largely responsible for the trend "The Bridge" pursued toward ultimate Expressionism.

In 1909 he painted his "Last Supper," a picture that has been savagely assailed. The lips of the Christ are parted, show-

ing two teeth in a saturnine grimace. The grouping of the disciples is unorthodox.

"I followed the irresistible desire to represent this strange deep spirituality, religion and fervor, but without any definite direction of will or knowledge, and without planning," he explains. "I stood before the canvas almost in fear, not a natural model present, and I was to paint the most mysterious and inmost event in the history of Christian religion. Christ's face is transfigured in the realization of his holy mission, and he is wreathed by his disciples, sitting before him and at his side in deep emotion. The picture was completed—the Holy Supper."

But, objected the orthodox, the faces are masks, Christ's and the disciples', and grinning masks at that! Similarly they found fault with a "Nativity" and a "Death of the Virgin in Egypt."

Nolde is a peasant in whose serious soul burn the lurid flames of prophecy, and his religious pictures are making their way as a new and tremendous vision in an atheistic age. He has visited the Orient and the South Seas. "The artist," he says in his autobiography, speaking of himself in the third person, "loves the rarest and deepest of natural occurrences. . . . Unknown, unknowing people are his friends, gypsies and Papuans. . . . He sees not much, but other men see nothing!"

The younger German Expressionists are much beholden to Nolde. Even the great George Grosz harks back to some idle, cruel sketches Nolde did as early as 1895 of a fat farmer and his fatter wife and their plump, greasy children.

HERMANN MAX PECHSTEIN

Born ZWICKAU, SAXONY, DECEMBER 31, 1881.

MAX PECHSTEIN, Saxon, fresh from the Italy of Giotto and the Paris of van Gogh, returned in 1906 to Dresden, where he had had his earlier art training, and joined "The Bridge," organized the year before by Kirchner, Heckel and Schmidt-Rottluff.

Pechstein became a leader in the German revolt against the influence of the French brand of Impressionism. He was inventive and resourceful, sensitive to the Nordic elements in (van Gogh, the first major influence on "The Bridge.") In the emerging of Expressionism from the confusion of the young Germans, Pechstein loomed perhaps larger than any of his associates in the international eye.

But with the rise of "The Blue Rider" (Kandinsky, Marc and Macke), his prestige began to wane. He was a maker of pictures as much beholden to nature as Cézanne and Matisse, whereas ("The Blue Rider" decreed the abstract and imposed its decrees partly on "The Bridge.") Pechstein, to the student of today, offers no more difficulties than Cézanne.

In 1914 Pechstein went on a voyage to Palau, that group of coral islands in the South Seas that Germany had bought from Spain. He brought back pictures which scarcely would have been painted the way they were had not Gauguin, a score of years before, gone to Tahiti.

Pechstein, however, was no mere copyist nor slavish imitator. He varied here, as formerly, the French tradition with Saxon spirit. But still it was the French tradition, from which Pechstein, for all his Expressionism, has never fully escaped.

On the same voyage he visited India, China, Japan, the

Philippines, and crossed the United States from San Francisco to New York. His notes yielded him themes for a great variety of canvases with more popular appeal, perhaps, than those of any of his rival Expressionists.

KARL HOFER

Born KARLSRUHE, GERMANY, OCTOBER 11, 1878.

KARL HOFER may be considered the most international of the German Expressionists. He is less abstruse than most, and more pleasing to emotions in tune with the French Moderns.

He had his art training in the academy of his native Karlsruhe, in Paris under Hans Thoma, in Rome, in Berlin and on an observation tour of India. Among the numerous influences to be discovered in his work are Puvis de Chavannes, Delacroix, Cézanne, Gauguin, Picasso, Böcklin, Marées and Derain—but chiefly Picasso of the period of the Harlequins.

Yet the conglomerate is decidedly and distinctly impressed with Hofer's personality. No matter from what source he drew, he assimilated what he took. He went so far as to borrow Cézanne's "Card Players." But his own version is as convincingly different in spirit as van Gogh's version of the prison yard of Gustave Doré. Similarly, he has gone to Picasso for the Harlequins and clowns and attenuated female nudes, but again they are Hofer and not Picasso—German and not Parisian—as distinctively Teutonic as Cranach's nudes inspired by the Italians of the Renaissance.

Hofer has contributed to Expressionism no new ideas, he has started no new movements, has influenced no band of disciples. Had he gone to Paris to live, he might have supplied a

Germanic touch to the brilliant internationalism that developed there, just as Picasso contributed an element of the Spanish, van Gogh Dutch, Modigliani Italian.

Hofer has organized German Expressionism into something "classic." He is the Derain of the movement, bringing order out of chaos, cooling off the volcanic lava, smoothing it all out, making pleasing to the average mind the unpleasant.

OTTO DIX

Born UNTERHAUS, SAXONY, DECEMBER 2, 1891.

WHILE Segonzac, Forain and Luc-Albert Moreau were proving to Paris (1914-18) that war is hell, George Grosz and Otto Dix were doing the same service (not agreeable to their military masters) for Berlin.

Dix stuck closer to realism than did the brutal caricaturist Grosz, but his pictures are none the less savage. They are what another Goya might have done in a war where there were bigger and better cannon than Napoleon sent into Spain.

If half a living face has been shot away, Dix doesn't bandage the empty eye socket nor the torn mouth with its horribly widened grin. No undertaker has visited the dead on his battle fields to compose their contorted features into something more presentable to weeping relatives. Mars gets small comfort from the Modern artists, be they German or French. Glory, to judge from their pictures, has gone out of war. There is no Homer of the brush to sing another Iliad.

Nor is Dix much kinder to humanity in general, apart from war, than Grosz. His society folks at the theater or in the cafés are a pretty contemptible, lecherous, moronic species. His ple-

beian lovers are rutting animals, looking for a reasonably sheltered spot to take off their clothes. He doesn't use Grosz's x-ray machine, but the observer doesn't need it.

Dix's nudes are brutally naked without glamor. Occasionally there is a grim sort of humor—the curly-headed fantastic model in a self-portrait of his, and an old harridan grinning at herself in a mirror, her underclothing concealing everything except the critical spots.

Dix is of the peasantry. His parents were miners in Saxony in the Gera fields. Precocious, he was painting professionally at fourteen, assistant to a mural decorator. His formal art training at Dresden, 1910 to 1912, ended when the "isms" were spending their force, so that he could go out into the world and make pictures instead of experimenting with techniques.

Like Grosz (they are personal friends) he has not shunned "the anecdote," the literary content. Rather he has sought it.

Dix is a satirist without being obtrusively the caricaturist or cartoonist—the Goya analogy. A dark, haunting beauty is present in his work, giving to his horrors a weird charm. Lautrec exaggerated.

MAX BECKMANN

Born LEIPZIG, FEBRUARY 12, 1884.

FOR those who gag at the strong meat of George Grosz and Otto Dix, there is Max Beckmann.

Beckmann, starting his art life as an academician, went through Impressionism and emerged, during the World War, as an Expressionist. Into each of his successive phases he trailed clouds of glory from the former. Memories of time past pre-

vented him ever becoming a whole-hearted Impressionist in the Berlin Secession of Max Liebermann, or, when the madness of war incited him to rivalry of Grosz and Dix, ever completely a horror-vending Expressionist. He pictured horrors well enough—but horrors with reservations.

Beckmann at sixteen entered the Weimar Academy, where he studied for three years, winning a scholarship that enabled him to travel in Italy. Returning to Germany, he took up residence at Hermsdorf, outside Berlin, and allied himself, in 1906, with the group of Max Liebermann, the German Monet.

Beckmann was too truculently German in his tastes, however, to be a good soldier in the ranks of the Franco-Germans. He became a scandal among his associates. By the time the war broke out, he was more properly to be classed with "The Blue Rider," with reservations. Always there must be reservations when speaking of Beckmann. That is his weakness.

War dissipated the haze of his Impressionism, and his style sharpened to a metallic hardness. Bitterness came into his work, but without the poignancy of Grosz. There is strength in restraint, as a general proposition, but there is a time, too, to let go. (Beckmann's Expressionism is reserved,) like the Cubism of Picasso. Cubism, however, is of the intellect, whereas Expressionism is of a restless, volcanic soul.

After the war Beckmann became a professor of art, and a good one, in the Academy at Frankfort.

KARL SCHMIDT-ROTTLUFF

Born ROTTLUFF, SAXONY, DECEMBER 1, 1884.

SCHMIDT-ROTTLUFF, though not the most spectacular of the three young artists of Dresden who founded in 1905 *Die Brücke* ("The Bridge"), the first of the militant Modern German groups, was the most substantial. He stuck closest to the job of searching the subconscious and developing ponderous, somber pictures that had been undreamed of in the philosophy of art before "The Bridge" adopted Freud.

Kirchner, eldest of the three, who seems to have discovered in Dresden before Vlaminck in Paris that African primitive sculpture was art and not merely curios from the Congo, became a sort of German Van Dongen, lightly an illustrator. Heckel, third of the friends, turned out to be a bit of a clown.

Schmidt-Rottluff had come to Dresden to study architecture, but he found that he preferred to paint. He was on his way to being a proper Impressionist when he made cronies of Kirchner and Heckel. Kirchner, ring-leader of the trio by virtue of his greater age—all of twenty-five—had been reading Sigmund Freud, the Moravian psychologist and hypnotist, and had been looking at the pictures of the Swiss professor, Ferdinand Hodler, and the Norse giant, Edvard Munch. He saw a connection, and suggested it to his two friends. They blew aside the haze of their Impressionism and proceeded to build their "Bridge," to bring across it whatever might be found worthy in their subconscious.

(Out of *Die Brücke* grew eventually Expressionism, modified by the Munich *Der Blaue Reiter*, developed in 1912 by Kandinsky, Marc and Macke.)

Schmidt-Rottluff's personal style, founded first on Hodler,

Munch and van Gogh, later was modified by elements from stained glass windows of medieval German cathedrals and by Fifteenth Century woodcuts.

HEINRICH CAMPENDONK

Born KREFELD, GERMANY, NOVEMBER 3, 1889.

CAMPENDONK is representative of German Expressionism gone mellow. Amid all the ruggedness and horror of Schmidt-Rottluff, Kokoschka and George Grosz, Campendonk found something tender and pretty, just as Survage found a daintiness in Cubism and Van Dongen in Fauvism a curious charm appealing to a society *débutante*.

Campendonk has taught silk weavers along the Rhine how to use the designs and the colors developed by the Expressionists. He has made Expressionistic sets for the stage and the ballet as charming as those of the French Moderns.

Campendonk is of Rhenish peasant stock. His first teacher, the Dutch Jan Thorn-Prikker, grounded him in the fundamentals according to Giotto and Fra Angelico, and then gave him a peep at van Gogh and Cézanne. Finishing with Thorn-Prikker, he went to Munich, where he fell in with Kandinsky and Franz Marc. Franz Marc's fairy tales in paint easily associated themselves in the emotions of the young Campendonk with the peasant art of the Rhineland. Campendonk participated with Marc and Kandinsky in their first "Blue Rider" show in 1912.

Marc, mentor of the young peasant, was killed before Verdun in 1916, and Campendonk was left to work out his own salvation. Instead of striving for tortuous "soul significance," like the Expressionists who had grown out of "The Blue

Rider" and "The Bridge," Campendonk let his folk imagination take its course, developing into a dreamier, lesser Chagall.

After the war he visited Italy, examining at first hand Giotto, who had once filled his imagination under the glowing reports of Thorn-Prikker. He found Giotto kindred, like Franz Marc, to the art spirit of the Rhine peasants. His mature, ornate fantasies resulted.

OTTO MUELLER

Born LIBAU, SILESIA, 1874.

Died Breslau, Germany, 1930.

OTTO MUELLER, a painter from the mining region of Silesia, was already a veteran of thirty-six, when, in 1910, Kirchner, Schmidt-Rottluff, Heckel and their associates admitted him to the Dresden "Bridge," then five years old. Mueller rightly enough belonged to them for past accomplishments, but he added little to the "Bridge," whose structure collapsed in 1913.

Mueller had been an Impressionist, and had been particularly intrigued by Gauguin. He developed visions of Nordic girls quite as exotic as Tahitians, bathing nude in Silesian rivers. They were elongated, too, and angular, akin to "Bridge" nudes invented by Kirchner, who had translated Congo sculpture into Germanic terms. But Mueller lacked the lightness and tenuous fantasy of Kirchner.

Sometimes Mueller's nude girls danced. On these occasions he froze them into attitudes from which they could never again depart—complete "arrested motion," like the dancing girls on the walls of Egyptian tombs.

Mueller was as limited in invention, however, as was

Vlaminck, repeating his nudes endlessly, with little variation. After the war he added a new element to his formula, a gypsy girl; he worked her as hard as he had his angular nudes on the banks of Silesian rivers.

He developed very little further from where he was when the "Bridge" admitted him hopefully. He remained a minor Expressionist, whereas he should have been a leader. For several years prior to his death he was an instructor in art in Breslau.

VII. A FEW ITALIANS

GIACOMO BALLA

Born TURIN, ITALY, 1874.

TO Balla goes the credit of having painted the most typical Futuristic picture. It is called "Moving Dog in Leash," and it might well have been designed to illustrate the proposition in the first Manifesto of the poet F. T. Marinetti, high priest of Futurism, that was accepted by the world as its kernel:

"What we wish to reproduce on the canvas is not an instant or a moment of immobility of the universal force that surrounds us, but the sensation of that force itself. As a matter of fact everything moves, everything runs, everything transforms rapidly. A profile is never immobile before us, but it appears and disappears without ceasing. Given the fact of the momentary persistence of the image on the retina, objects in movement multiply, change form and follow like vibrations in space. A running horse has not four legs, but twenty, and their movements are triangular."

Balla substitutes for Marinetti's horse a dog, with fully twenty short legs pattering along. The sensation of motion is much the same as that derived from lines streaming back from the wheels of a carriage spinning along, spokes blurred—a device known to artists from days of the old Roman chariots and before. Balla's picture is pretty, but puerile, of scarcely any con-

sequence as art; as Futurism, however, it is not only illustrative but significant. For Futurism, despite much spectacular shooting of fireworks, turned out inconsequential.

Another of the Futurists, Luigi Russolo, was a little more impressive than Balla in dealing with this same continuity of motion. "Dynamism of an Automobile," he called his picture. But he disguised the obviousness of an old device to suggest the spinning of wheels by broadening his lines of force into planes, producing a spectacular pattern.

Balla's little dog trotting along beside its mistress, while establishing the fame, or the notoriety, of the artist, scarcely did justice to one of the finest talents in modern Italy.

A passionate student of art and a skilled practitioner from boyhood, Balla constantly sought ways and means of unhackneyed expression, and he was contemptuous of the world's opinions of what he was doing. Balla's discoveries undoubtedly gave substance and body to the Manifestoes of his friend Marinetti, and his cynicism bolstered the natural eloquence of the poet.

Marinetti's first manifesto was promulgated in 1909—*Manifesto of Futurism*, taking in all the arts and cultural ideas of Rome, restless under reports of what the Fauves and the Cubists were doing in the rival city of Paris. It attracted little attention.

In 1910 there came another one, this time arousing not only Rome but all Europe. It was the *Manifesto of Futurist Painters*. It was properly stage-managed—literally staged in the Theatre Chiarella, Turin, before an audience of more than three thousand people, properly stirred up in advance to a high pitch of excitement. Artists, men of letters, students and throngs of the curious composed the audience. Marinetti read his manifesto, expressing "profound nausea" with things as they are, and

proclaiming revolt against "vulgarity, academic and pedantic mediocrity and fanatic devotion to the antique and the worm-eaten."

The manifesto, then broadcast to the world through the printing presses, bore the signatures of Umberto Boccioni, Carlo D. Carra, Luigi Russolo, Giacomo Balla and Gino Severini.

In 1912 the Futurists invaded Paris with their first show. It was the year of the French Cubists' *Salon de la Section d'Or*, and created almost equal excitement.

Besides proposing to paint "the sensation of the universal force that surrounds us," Futurism mapped out for itself a huge program. Marinetti, in consultation with Balla and his other associates, and in long hours of self-communion, promulgated manifesto after manifesto: *Manifesto of Futurist Musicians*, 1911; *Manifesto of the Futurist Woman*, March, 1912; *Manifesto of Futurist Sculpture*, April, 1912; *Manifesto of Futurist Literature*, May, 1912, with a supplement to the latter the following August.

Here are some of the planks in the platform of the Futurists, culled from Marinetti and his orthodox commentators:

"Down with all museums; destroy all the remains of antiquity!"

"All the truths learned in the schools or in the studios are abolished for us. Our hands are free enough and pure enough to start everything fresh [the art of the future]."

"It is necessary to revolt against the tyranny of the words 'harmony' and 'good taste,' expressions too elastic and with which one might easily condemn the works of Rembrandt, Goya and Rodin." This was a rather gratuitous worry, since Rembrandt, Goya and Rodin must be conceived as perishing with the destruction of the museums.

"We declare there can be no modern painting without the starting point of an absolutely modern sensation; and none can contradict us when we state that painting and sensations are two inseparable words."

"The nude in painting is as nauseous as adultery in literature. There is nothing immoral in our eyes; it is the monotony of nudity that we fight against. Painters possessed of the desire to display on canvas the bodies of the women with whom they are in love have transformed picture exhibitions into galleries of portraits of disreputables. We demand for the next ten years the absolute suppression of the nude in painting."

"To paint from the posing model is an absurdity, and an act of mental cowardice, even if the model be translated upon the picture in linear, spherical or cubic form." This was a slap, of course, at their French rivals, of whose Cubism they were intensely jealous.

"It is indisputable that several of the aesthetic declarations of our French comrades display a sort of masked academism. . . . We are opposed to the false Modernism of the Secessionists [these were the Germans] and the Indépendants [the French] who have built up new 'schools' as pontifical as the old."

"Where in ordinary painting the box of bonbons that is passed at a baptism may be painted closed on the table, the Futurist shows what is inside the box, also the people assembled to whom the bonbons are given, and the infant to be baptized, and perhaps the marriage of the father and mother. . . ."

Gordon Craig, artist son of Ellen Terry, who spends much of his time in Italy, read the tens of thousands of words and sagely remarked: "There has been a positive need for the Futurists ever since the first ass wagged its tail before the portrait of a carrot."

GINO SEVERINI

Born CORTONA, ITALY, APRIL 7, 1883.

SEVERINI, though one of the originals in Marinetti's little band of Futurists, foreswore the heresy, went to Paris to live and became a Cubist. He had studied in youth in Paris as well as in Rome. He was more French in feeling than Italian, like the overwhelmingly greater Modigliani. His own words are reminiscent of the Russian Chagall's, who likewise preferred Paris above his homeland.

"I first studied art in Rome," wrote Severini, "but my intellectual and artistic maturity was reached in Paris."

"I owe all I have achieved," wrote Chagall, "to Paris, to France, whose nature, people, the very air, are the true school of my life and art."

Another Russian, Kandinsky, felt that way about Munich.

Severini, nevertheless, did yeoman service as a Futurist, and his "Dynamic Hieroglyph of the Bal Tebarin" illustrates as well certain paragraphs in the manifestoes as Balla's "Moving Dog in Leash" does certain others. For instance:

"The sixteen persons about us in a moving omnibus are in turn and at the same time one, ten, four, three; they are immobile and yet move; they go, come, bounding along the street, suddenly lost in the sun, then return seated before you, like so many symbols persistent of universal vibration."

That's exactly the behavior of those other people Severini creates, the dancers and diners at the Bal Tabarin.

"In painting a person on a balcony, seen from inside the room," the manifestoes say again, "we do not limit the scene to what the square frame of the window renders visible; but we try to render the sum total of visual sensations which the

person on the balcony has experienced; the sun-bathed throng in the street, the double row of houses which stretch to right and left, the beflowered balconies, etc. This implies the simultaneousness of the ambient, and, therefore, the dislocation and dismemberment of objects, the scattering and fusion of details, freed from accepted logic, and independent from one another."

In such Futuristic ambient is each dancer enveloped at Severini's café.

As Cubist, after his departure from Turin for Paris, Severini has been mild but meticulous. His creations have an enameled loveliness that bespeaks his early academic training in Rome.

CARLO DALMAZZO CARRA

Born MILAN, ITALY, 1881.

"ART critics are useless and detrimental," according to one of the many manifestoes of the Futurists.

The painter of the best picture the movement produced, the only one that ranks high in the general output of the extreme Modernists over all Europe, is Carlo Carra, distinguished art critic of a Milan journal. The picture is "The Funeral of the Anarchist Galli."

Carra's masterpiece is strongly and strangely mystical, Miltonic in the grandeur of cosmic forces in conflict as the restless soul of the anarchist climbs into the Emyrean. All is confused—blinding disks of light darting rays which penetrate deep shadows, figures of struggling men vaguely revealed—turmoil and upheaval of chaos out of which worlds are born.

Carra in this one picture may claim kinship with Dante. It makes all other Futurist pictures look trivial. Yet it is thor-

oughly orthodox in its Futurism, intensifying the thunders of the manifestoes.

Carra didn't repeat; he remains a one-picture genius. Had he been more resourceful, had other painters arisen of equal caliber and unfolded, Futurism would not have been in vain. It might have brought Italy back to the place in the sun that is hers by right of the Renaissance. As it is, Futurism, so easily dismissed as the mouthings of a poet and the frothings of his painter disciples, was not a total loss, producing as it did, this one magnificent epic in anarchy.

Carra failing to live up to his destiny, Modigliani is the one imperious glory of Italian Modernism, and he was no Futurist.

VIII. A SOLITARY ENGLISHMAN

AUGUSTUS EDWARD JOHN

Born TENBY, WALES, 1878.

ENGLAND, like Italy, tried its best to go Modern, to produce something of the dignity of French Cubism. Its best, Vorticism, however, was weaker even than Italian Futurism. Wyndham Lewis, English painter, Gaudier-Brzeska, French sculptor resident in London, and an American writer, Ezra Pound, also expatriated, constituted the trio that tried to put across Vorticism. Vorticism, which was somewhat on the order of Futurism, theorized about visual "lines of force" meeting in a vortex; it also invoked a mystical vortex having to do with "spiritual weight." It was this spiritual weight (let the philosophers figure it out) that sunk Vorticism.

But there came into England, out of Wales, a painter of strong and original power, Augustus John, who saved England's face. He was the product of natural forces—as were Cézanne, van Gogh, Gauguin, Matisse and Picasso—and not a synthetic product like Wyndham Lewis; nor was he, like Severini in Italy, an academician endeavoring to go wild in imitation of a French fashion.

Augustus John had the good British common sense to follow British traditions. The British like portraits that are likenesses, and landscapes they can build houses in.

John's Modernism had in common with the Modernism of the French a vigorous reaction against Impressionism, which had insinuated itself into England as through all the world—that, and nothing more. He was a vigorous individual intent upon expressing himself vigorously, and the Impressionist technique didn't fit. It was only when the critics caught up with him that John was found to be the British Cézanne, or something like that.

John, as a young man in his native Wales, went roaming one summer with the gypsies. He liked the life and kept it up, summer after summer, returning with sketches of the Romanies, particularly the black-eyed girls, in red chalk.

About 1904, in his middle twenties, after a term at the Slade school, London, he went to Liverpool as an instructor in art at Liverpool University. Every once in a while he would disappear from his classrooms, to travel the countryside with his gypsy friends, always reappearing presently with a batch of drawings.

The drawings, when eventually exhibited, were recognized as a new note. Augustus John was excitedly proclaimed a modern Rubens. His fame spread rapidly through England; and it happened to be the time when Matisse and Picasso were making their spectacular reputations in France.

John was pounced upon by patriotic artists intent upon keeping up with the French as the nearest thing to a prophet, a John the Baptist, as it were. John, not unnaturally flattered, examined into the merits of Cézanne, whose name was inscribed on the banners of the Fauves in Paris. He was impressed, but, luckily, not swept off his feet. He went his own way.

John's gypsy heart gave fire and vigor to his pictures when he developed into a portrait painter—the leader since Sargent.

While not of the stature of the great Modernists of France and Germany, he ranks high. He is genuinely significant.

Others have come up, sticking pretty soberly to the British tradition, though with an ear cocked toward France—the Scotchman Duncan Grant, the brothers John and Paul Nash, C. W. R. Nevinson, the superb critic but weak painter Roger Fry, Vanessa Bell, Dod Proctor, Laura Knight.

But Augustus John still ranks a solitary Englishman.

IX. THE BACKGROUND

MODERNISM, novel and exciting as its multitudinous manifestations have been since the development of the genius of Cézanne to maturity half a century ago, has offered little that is really new under the sun.

Even such bizarre manifestations as Cubism, German Expressionism and Surrealism have roots as old as the world. The Chinese, who invented and discovered everything before anybody else; the Hindus, the Egyptians, the Greeks before Phidias—all had Cubism, not only in embryo, but in considerable development; and Cubism and all the other “isms” may be found likewise in traces in the later Asiatics and Africans, in the Byzantines, and in the Indians of both the Americas.

The French Moderns of the early days of the present century, inspired by the example of Cézanne, van Gogh and Gauguin, all of whom had improvised on something extant, avidly and eagerly delved into all arts of all peoples in all ages for new idioms for the expression of new ideas that were born in the most marvelous age of intellectual and emotional awakening since the Italian Renaissance.

With that same Italian Renaissance the new artists were belligerently impatient. The art of Raphael, of Leonardo, of Michelangelo had been codified and imposed tyrannically by generation after generation of schoolmasters on the world. The Paris Salon, the Salon of Bouguereau, as Cézanne termed it,

was a continuation into the Nineteenth Century of the *ipse dixit* of Rome.

Courbet, Manet and Cézanne, hammering through successive decades, eventually smashed the tyranny of the Salon (Richelieu had brought it into France from Italy), and art was free to go any way it chose. The riotous orgy known as Modernism resulted.

In discussing the individual artists in the preceding pages, many of the sources of their styles—known to their immediate associates as “eccentricities”—have been pointed out.

This matter of sources, however, is becoming a formidable science in itself, with learned volumes of encyclopedic proportions beginning to appear. Within the scope of this present book it is possible to give only a general popular idea. It is hoped that the pictures appended will be found both illuminating and stimulating.

PLATES



1. Cézanne's First Painting at 18

Paul Cézanne

VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS; KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



2. *Siesta*

COLLECTION OF JOSEF STRANSKY, NEW YORK

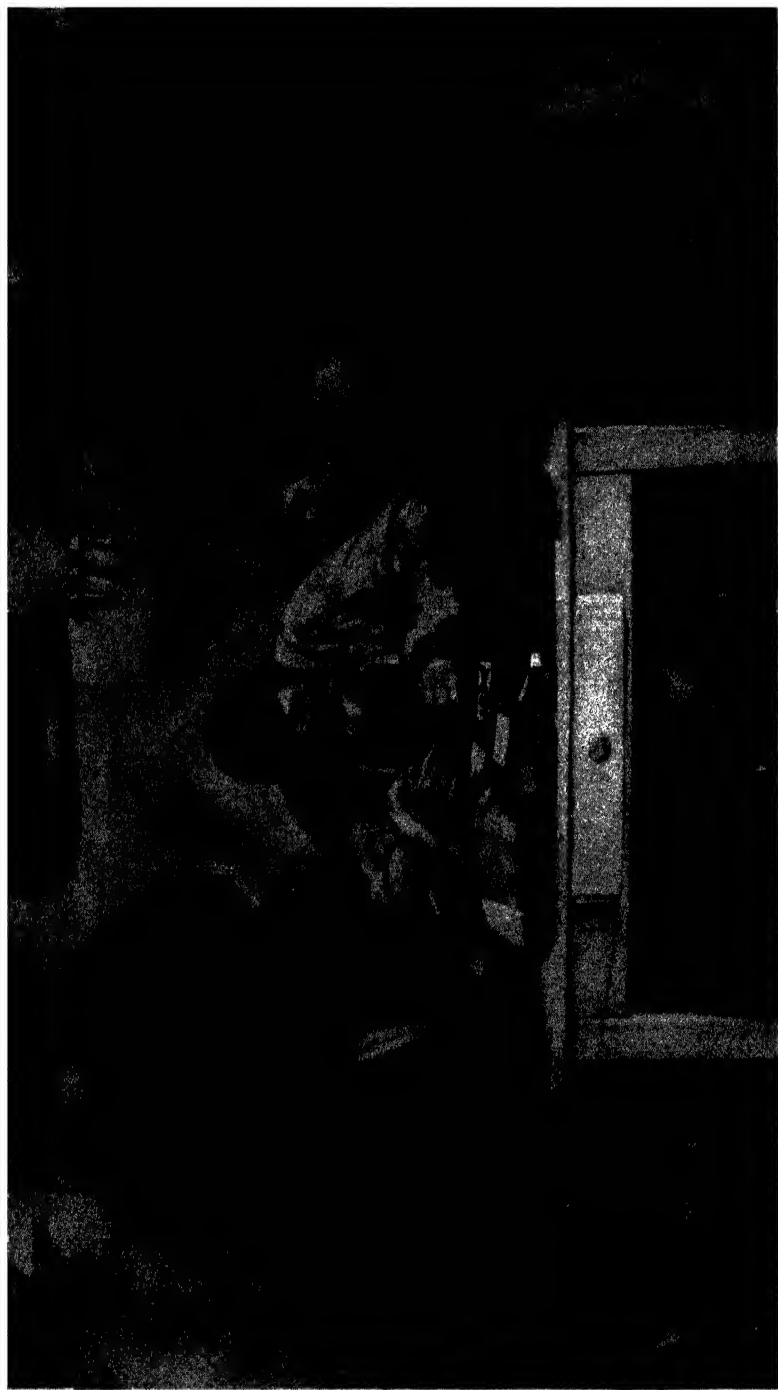
Paul Cézanne



3. A Street in Pontoise

Paul Cézanne

COLLECTION OF MARTIN A. RYERSON, CHICAGO



Paul Cézanne

BARNES FOUNDATION, MERION, PA.

4. Card Players



5. Big Trees

Paul Cézanne

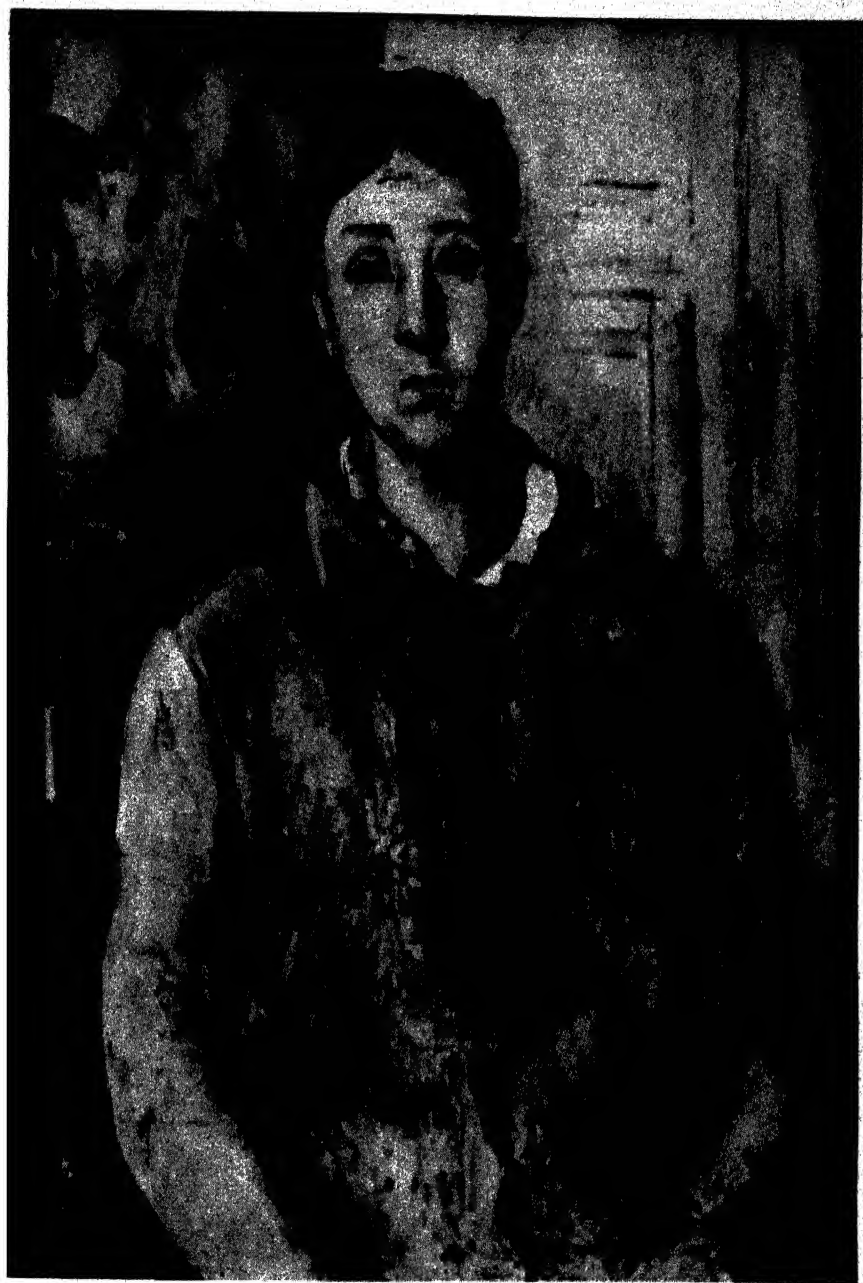
VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS; KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



6. Zola and Paul Alexis

Paul Cézanne

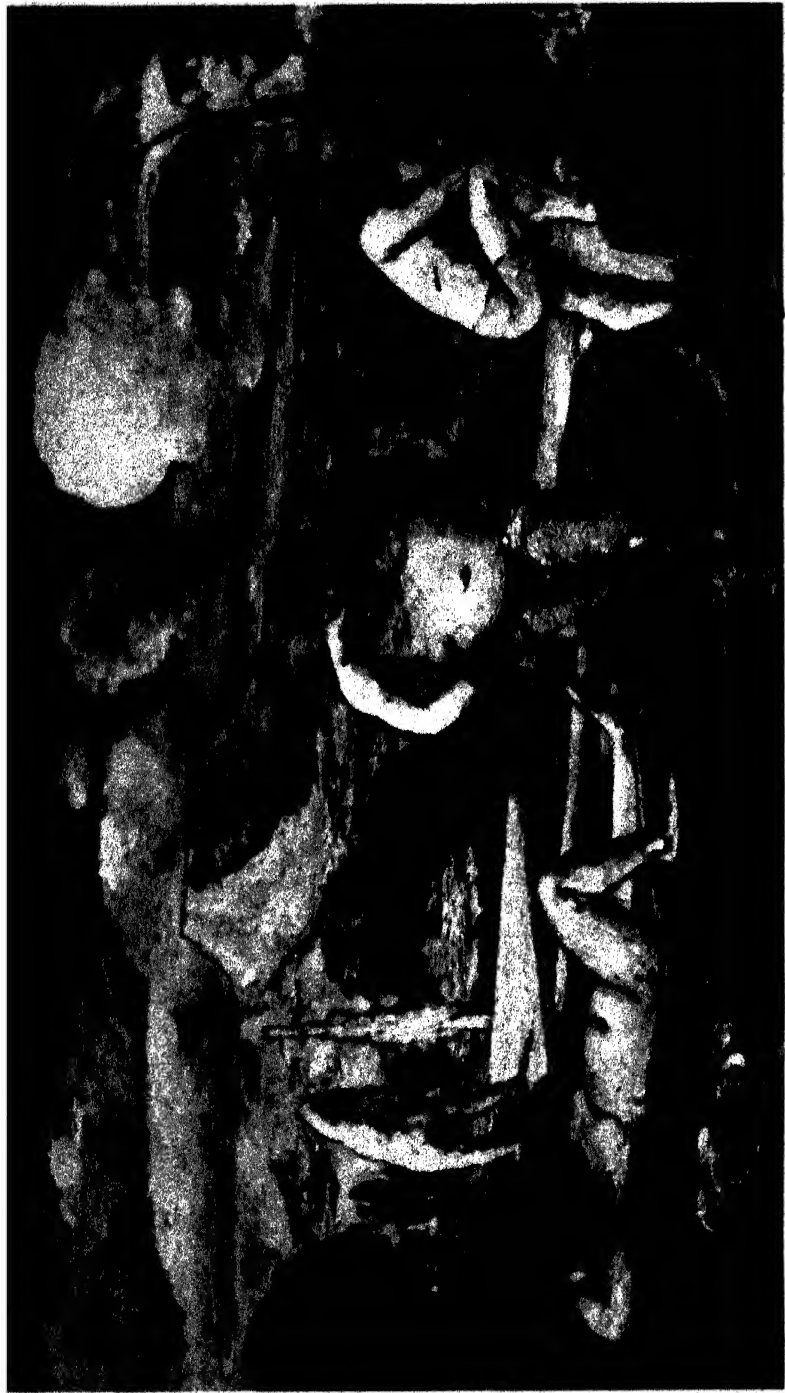
KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



7. Portrait of Mme. Cézanne in Blue

Paul Cézanne

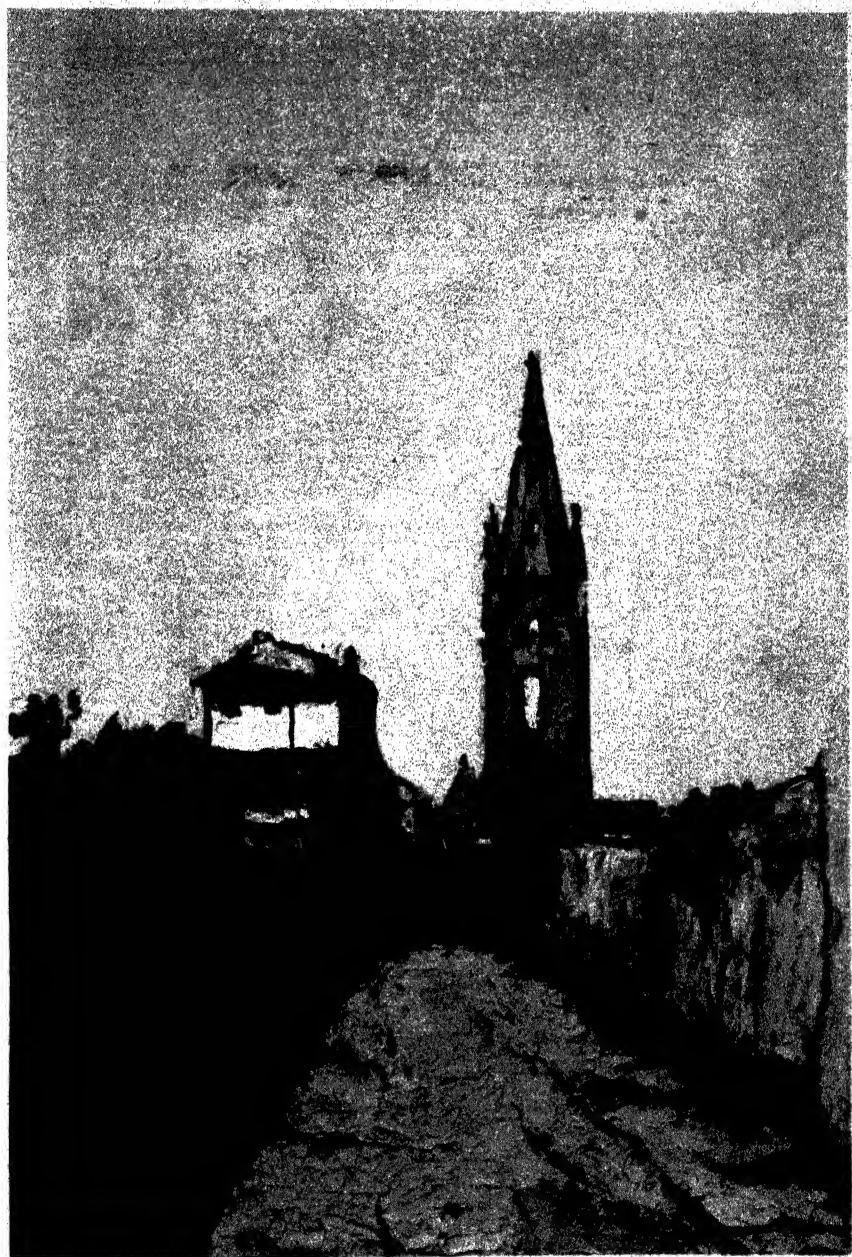
KNOEDLER COLLECTION, NEW YORK



8. Bathers

Paul Cézanne

BARNES FOUNDATION, MERION, PA.



9. Village Church

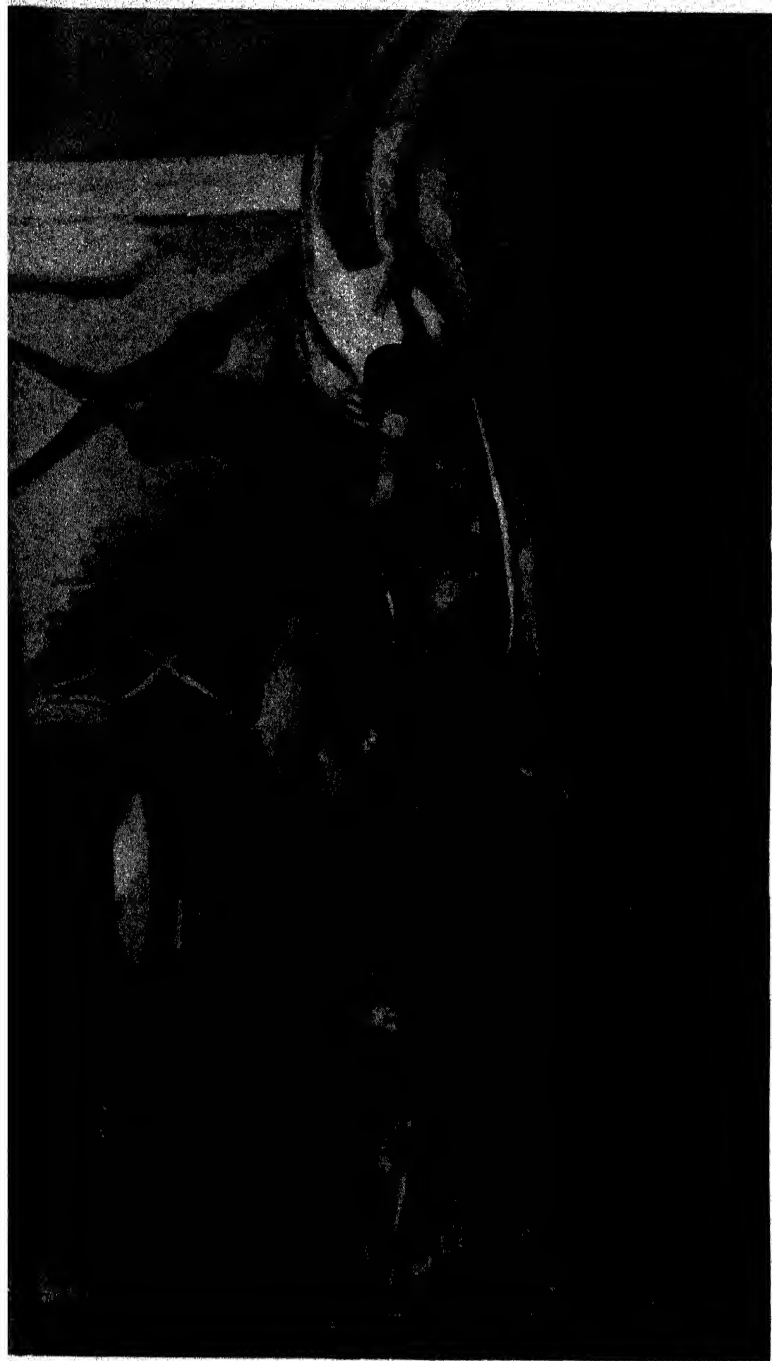
Paul Cézanne

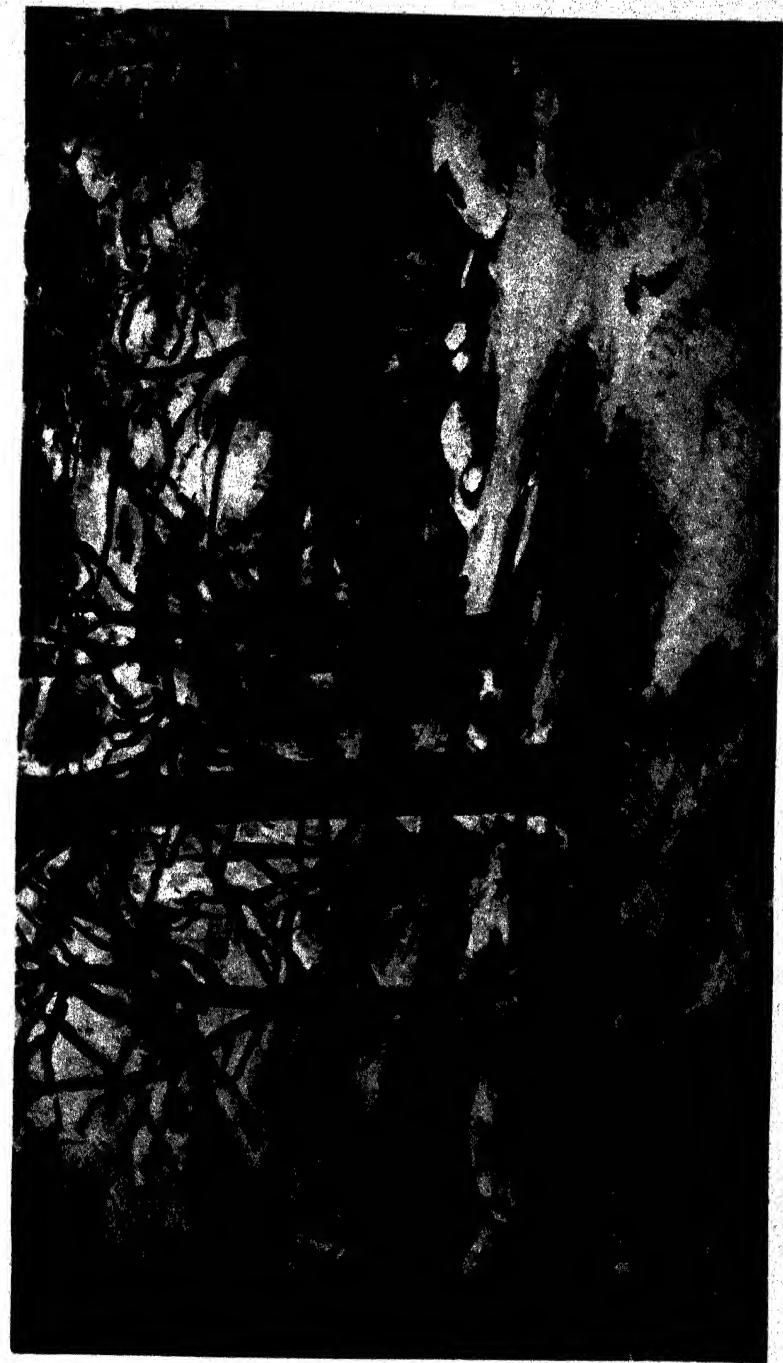
VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS; KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

10. Still Life

Paul Cézanne

DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK





II. Melting Snow

Paul Cézanne

DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK



12. Man in Blue

Paul Cézanne

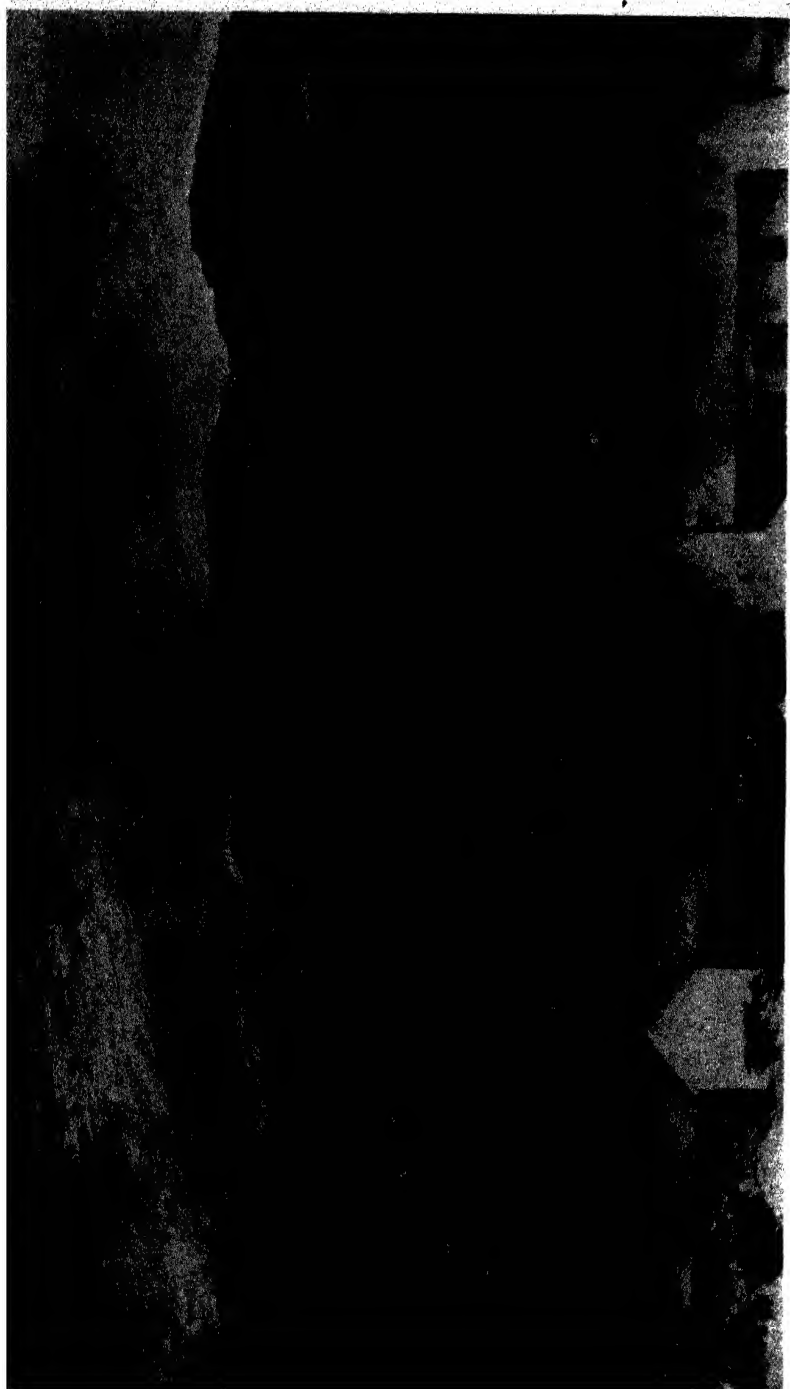
COLLECTION OF A. CONGER GOODYEAR, NEW YORK



13. Winding Road

Paul Cézanne

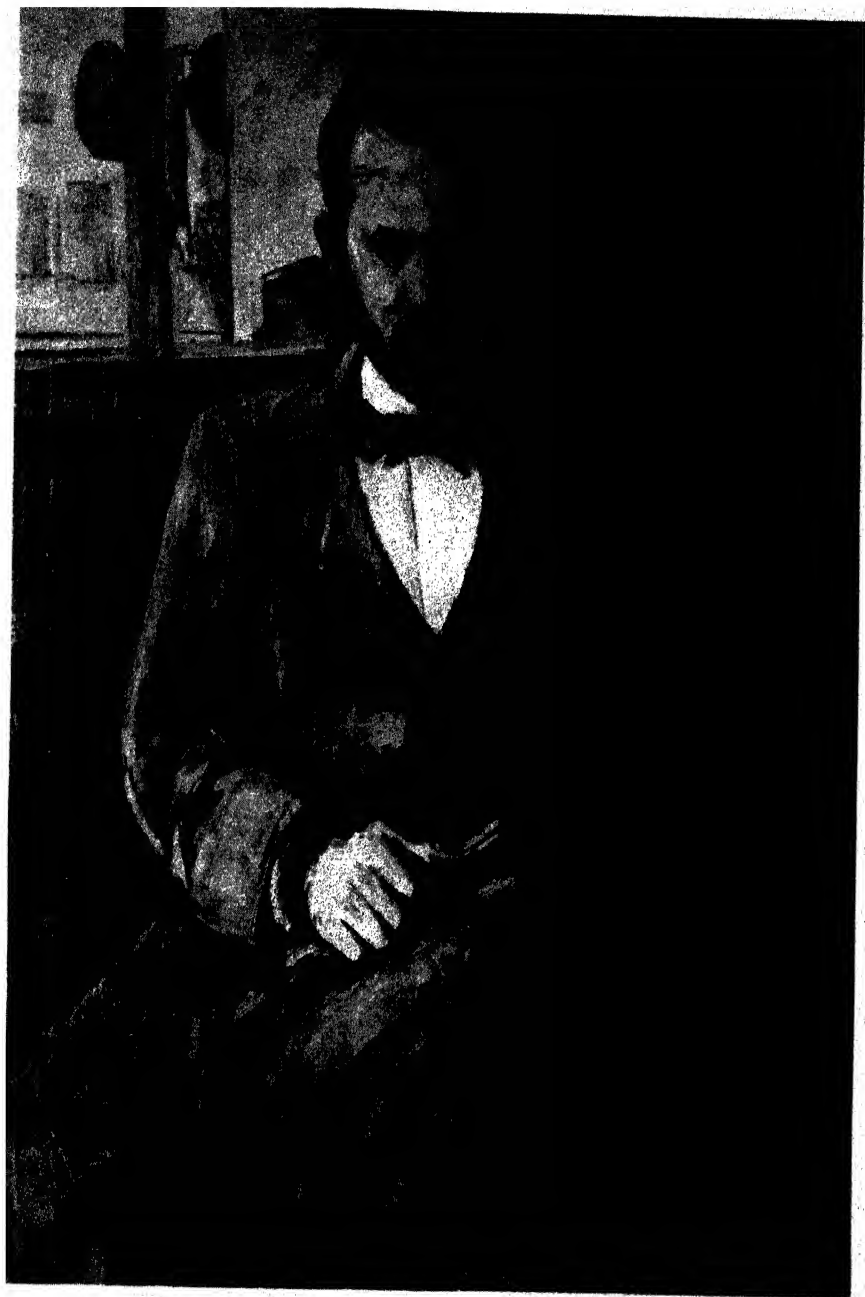
KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



14. L'Estaque

Paul Cézanne

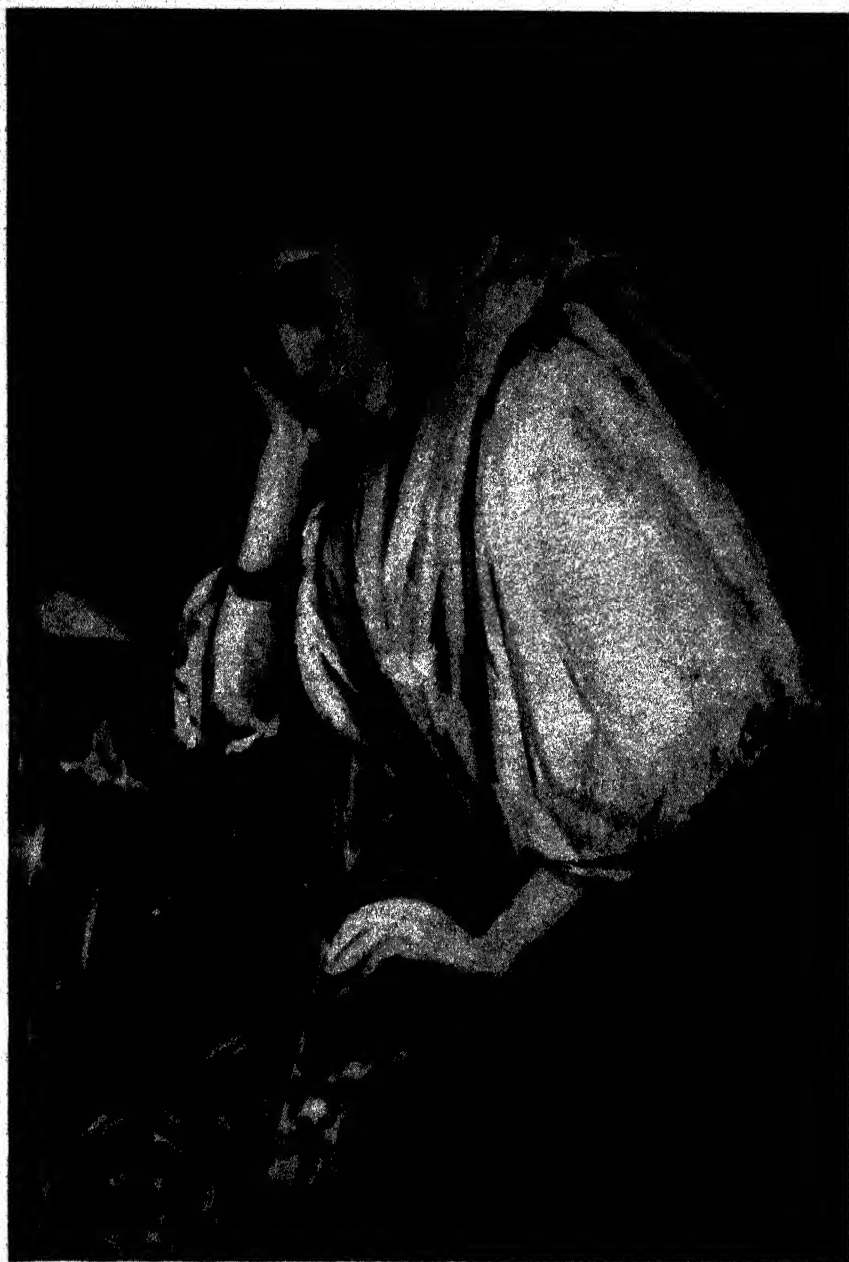
ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



15. Portrait of Ambroise Vollard

VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS

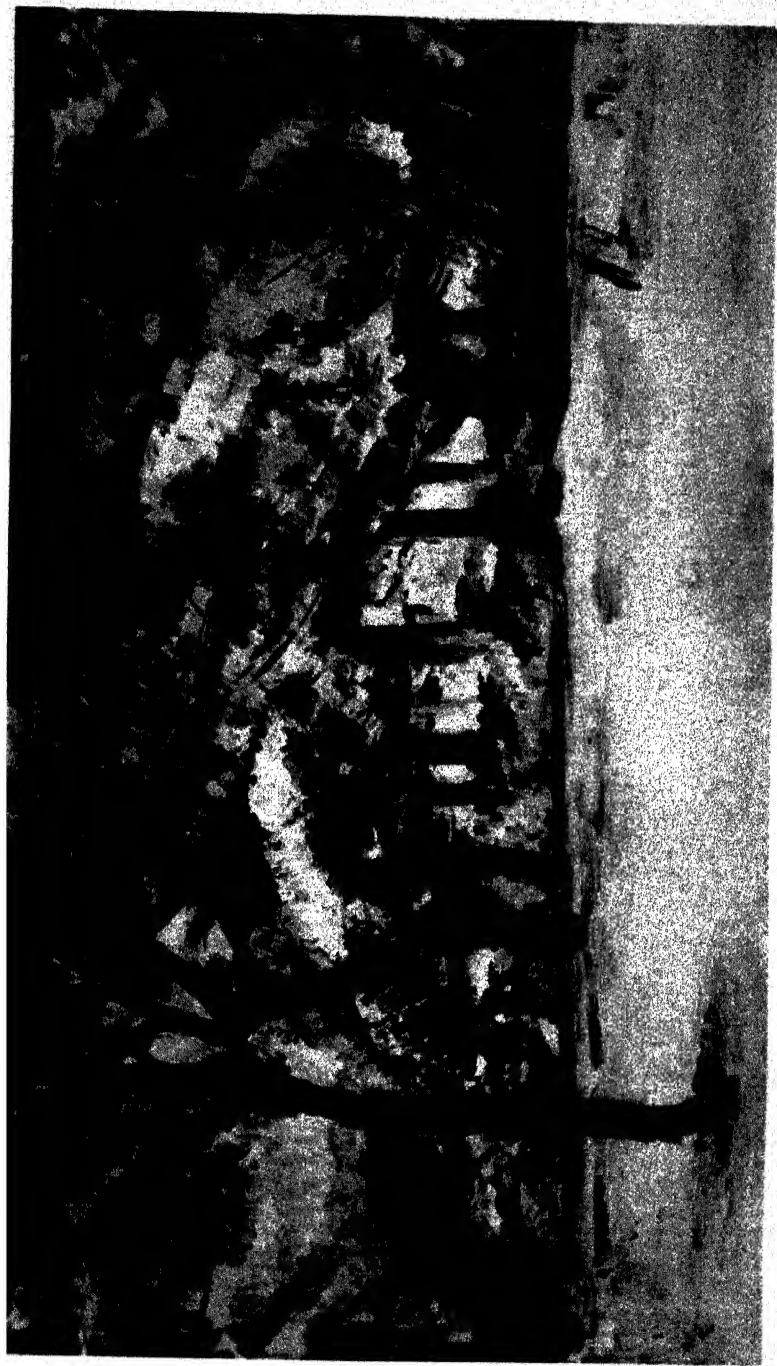
Paul Cézanne



16. Portrait of a Girl

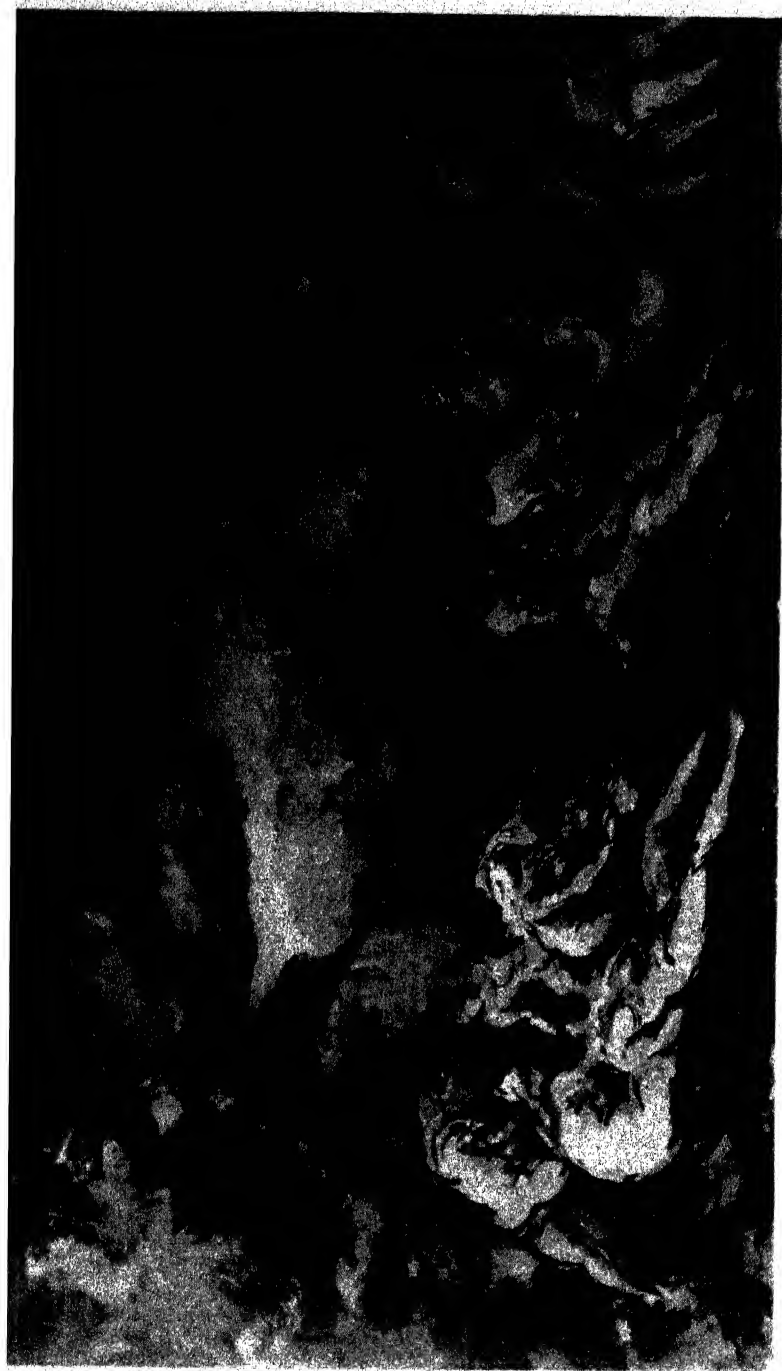
Paul Cézanne

COLLECTION OF DR. AND MRS. HARRY BAKWIN, NEW YORK



17. Orchard in Normandy

Paul Cézanne
VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS; KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



18. Bathers

COLLECTION OF MRS. R. R. MCCORMICK, CHICAGO

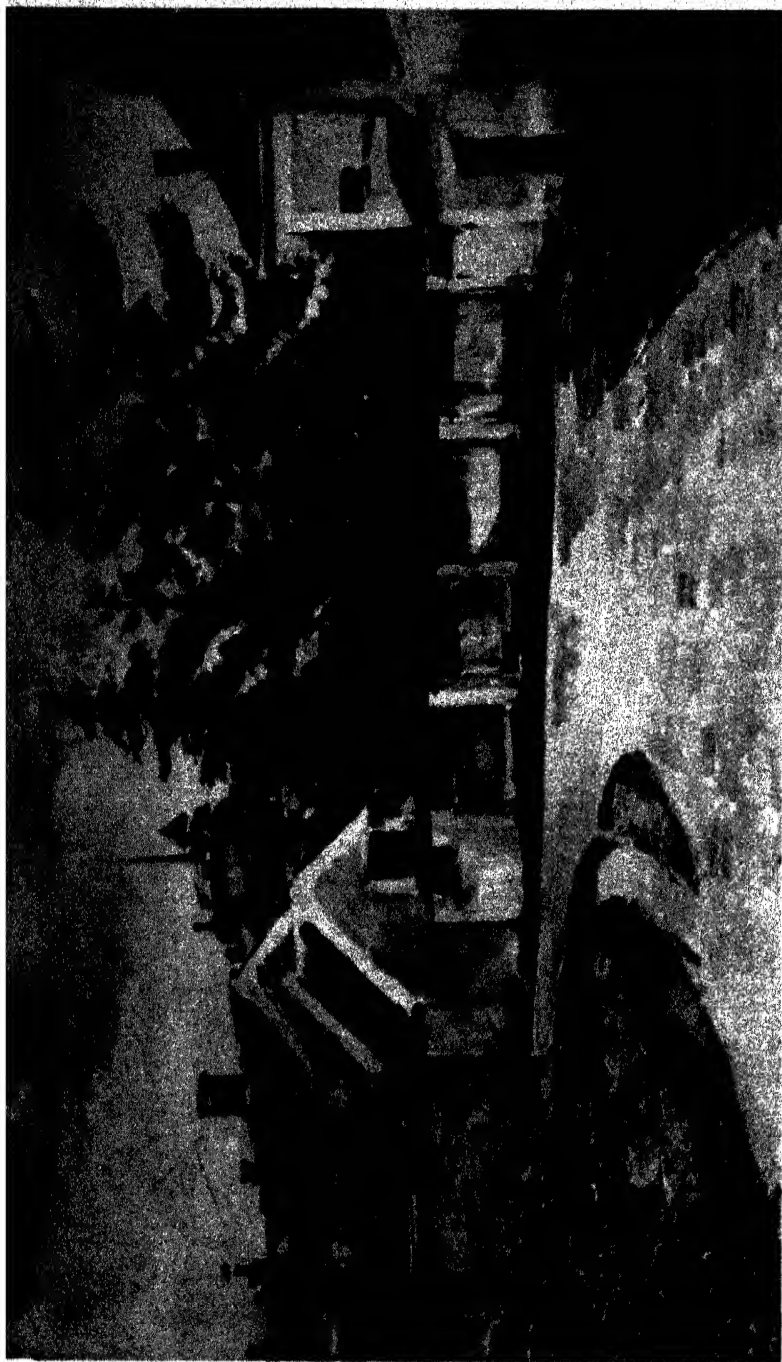
Paul Cézanne



19. Mme. Cézanne in the Conservatory

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

Paul Cézanne



20. Curve of a Road at Auvers

KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

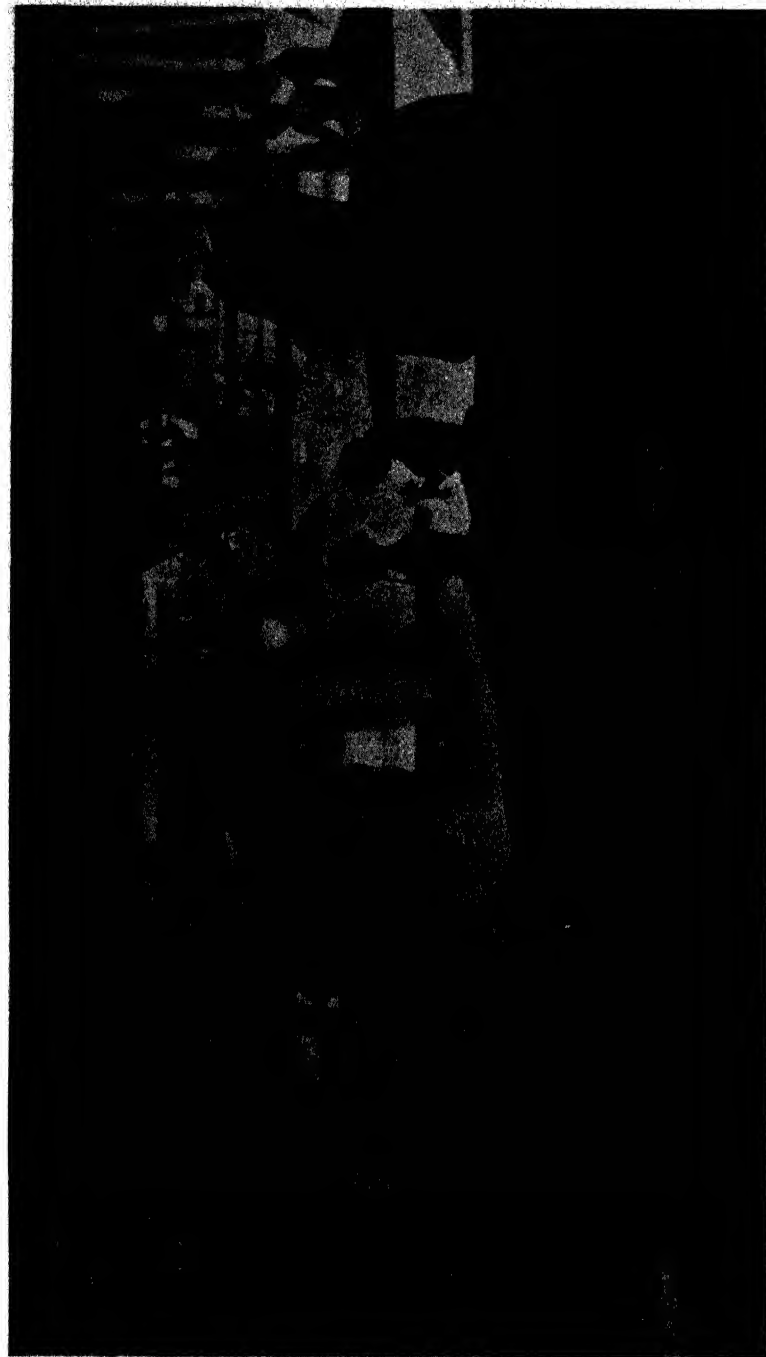
Paul Cézanne



21. Mme. Cézanne in a Striped Blouse

Paul Cézanne

HENRY P. MCILHENNY COLLECTION, GERMANTOWN, PA.



22. *A Sunday Afternoon on the Grand Jatte*

Georges Seurat

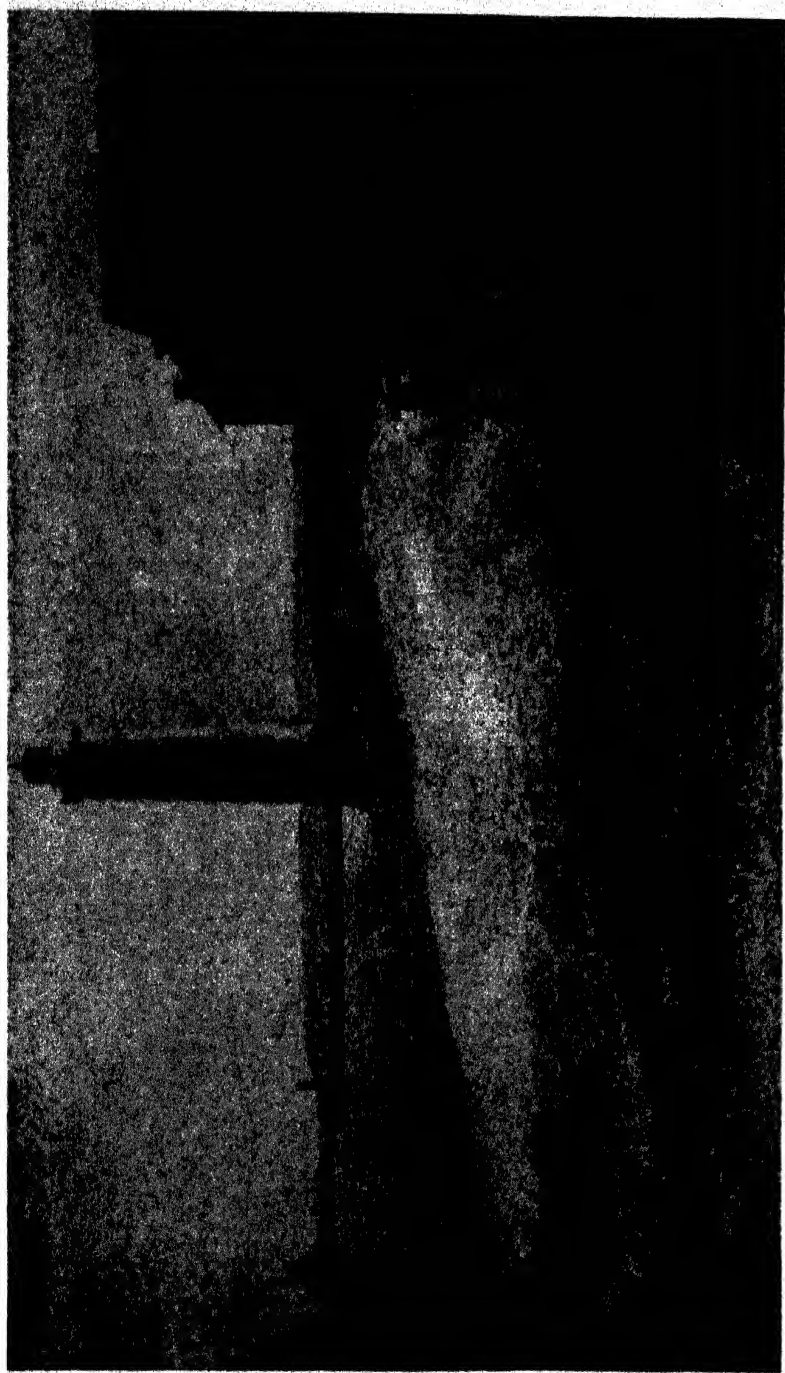
ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, BIRCH-BARTLETT COLLECTION



23. The Models

Georges Seurat

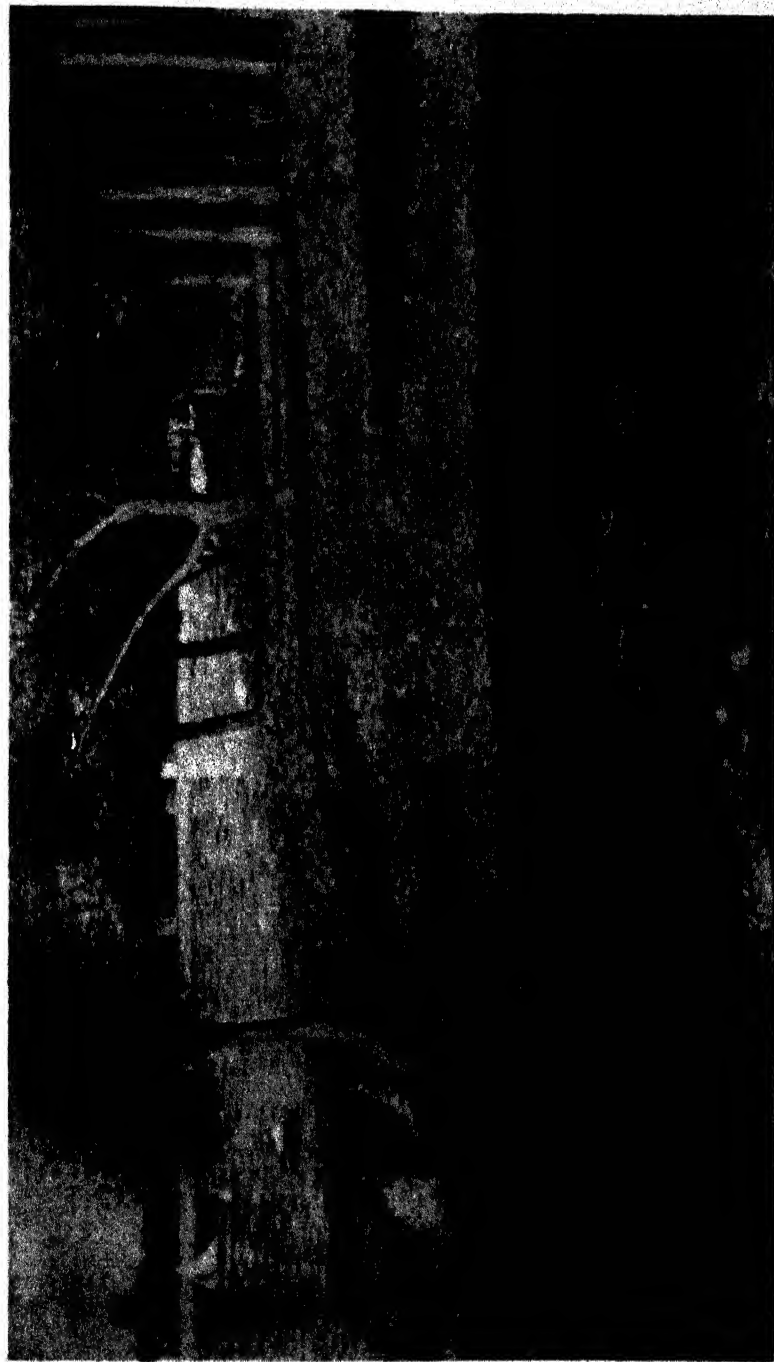
BARNES FOUNDATION, MERION, PA.



24. The Lighthouse at Honfleur

JACQUES SELIGMANN GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Georges Seurat



25. The Isle of the Grand Jatte

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Georges Seurat



26. A House at Honfleur

Georges Seurat

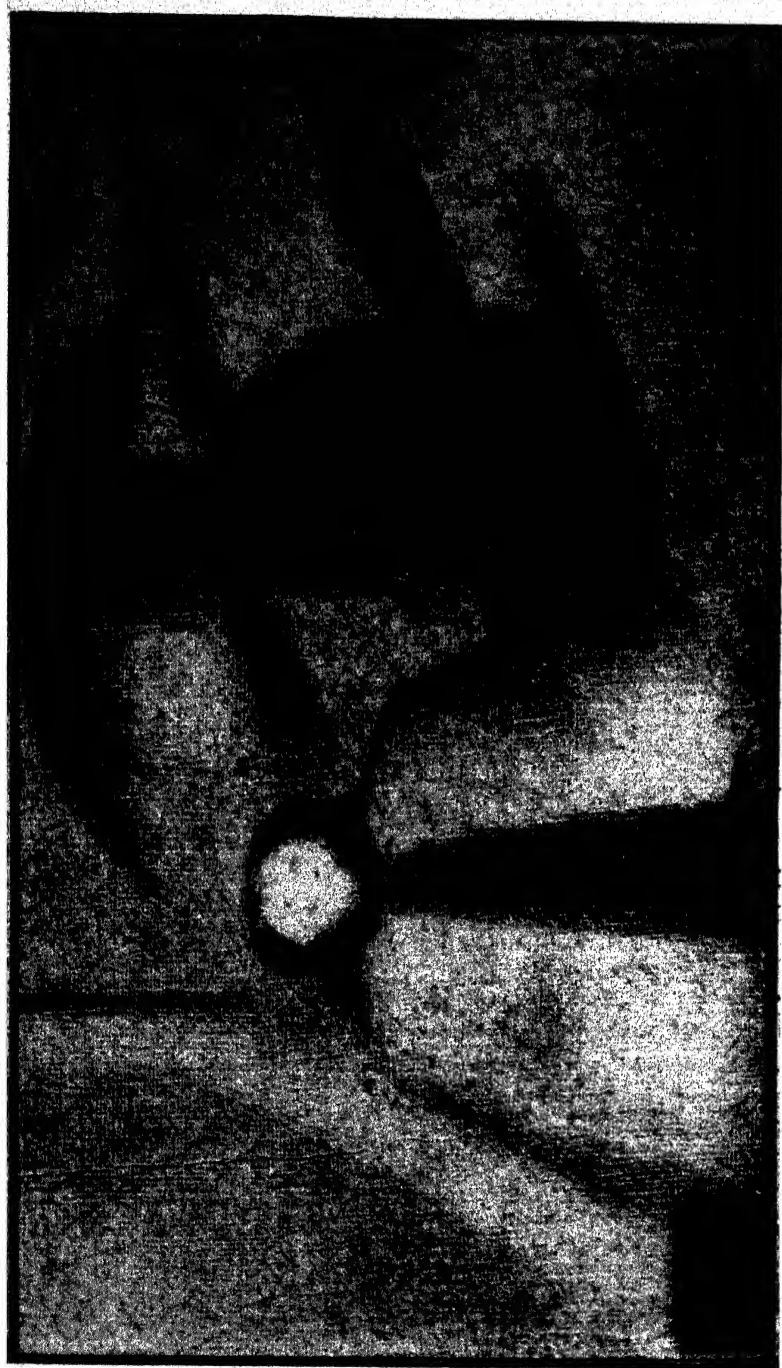
COLLECTION OF EMILE SEURAT, BROTHER OF THE ARTIST, PARIS



27. *Workers*

Georges Seurat

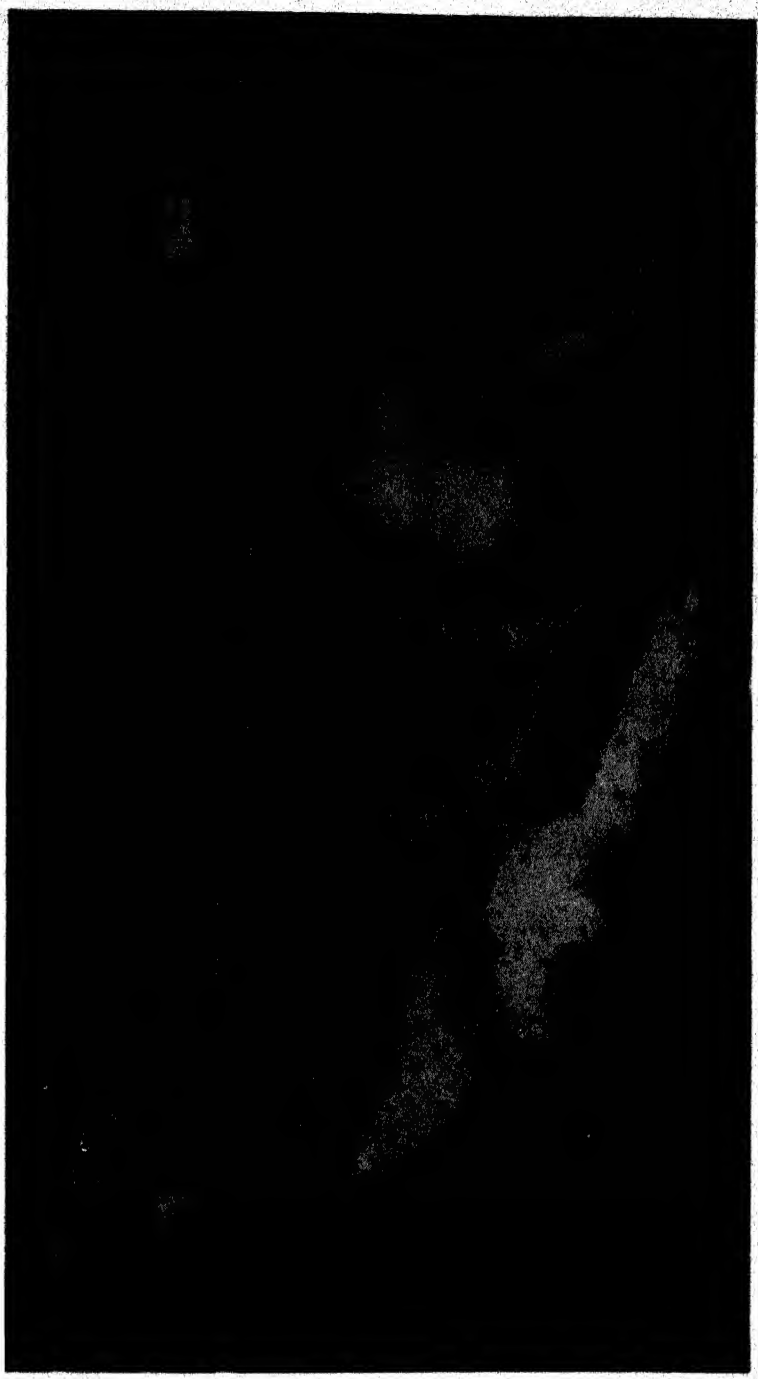
MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



Georges Seurat

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

28. The Nurse



29. The Bathers (Study)

Georges Seurat

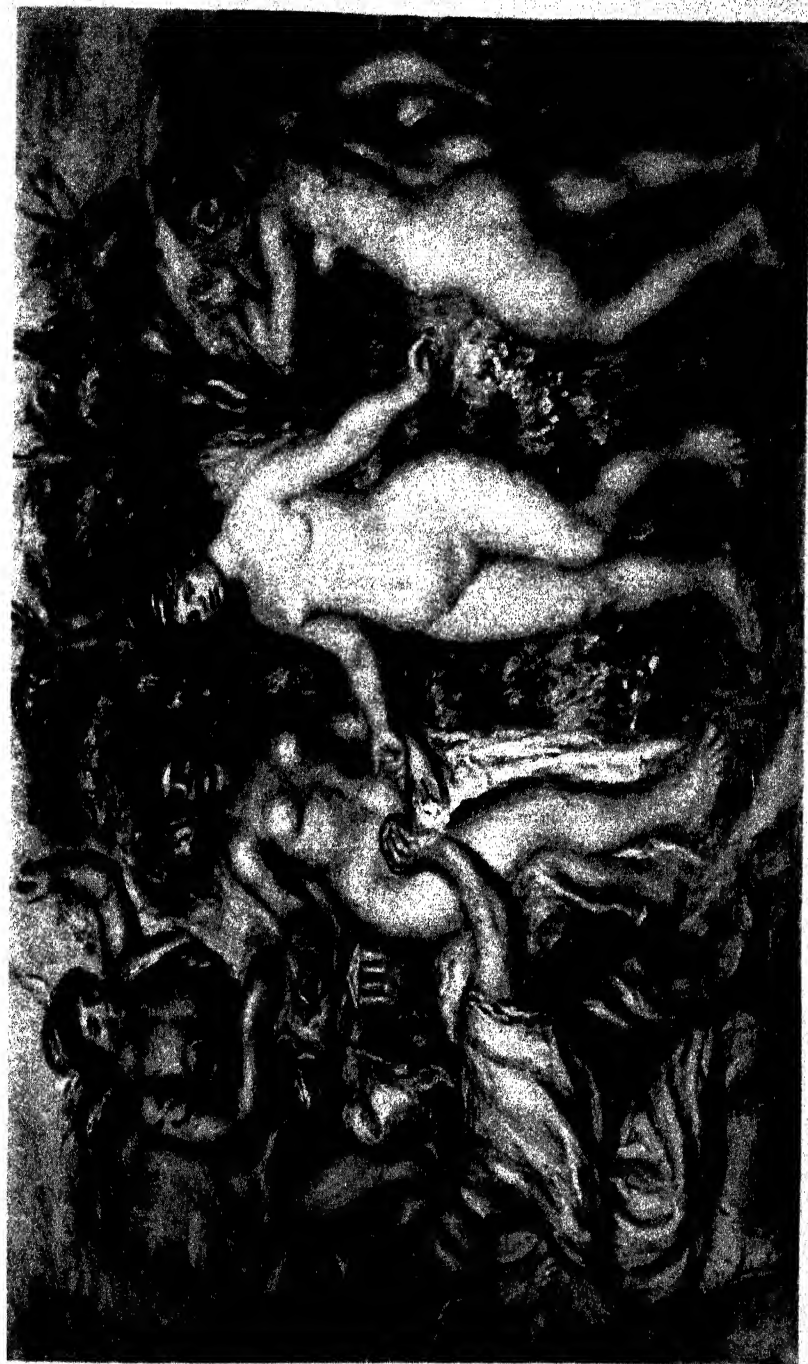
PRIVATE COLLECTION, KANSAS CITY



30. Bathers in the Woods (1885-6)

BARNES FOUNDATION, MERION, PA.

Pierre Auguste Renoir



31. The Concert (1919, three months before Renoir's death)



34. City Dance

Pierre Auguste Renoir

DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK



35. Girl Drying Her Feet

Pierre Auguste Renoir

WILDENSTEIN GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



36. Woman Nursing Her Child (Mme. Renoir)

Pierre Auguste Renoir

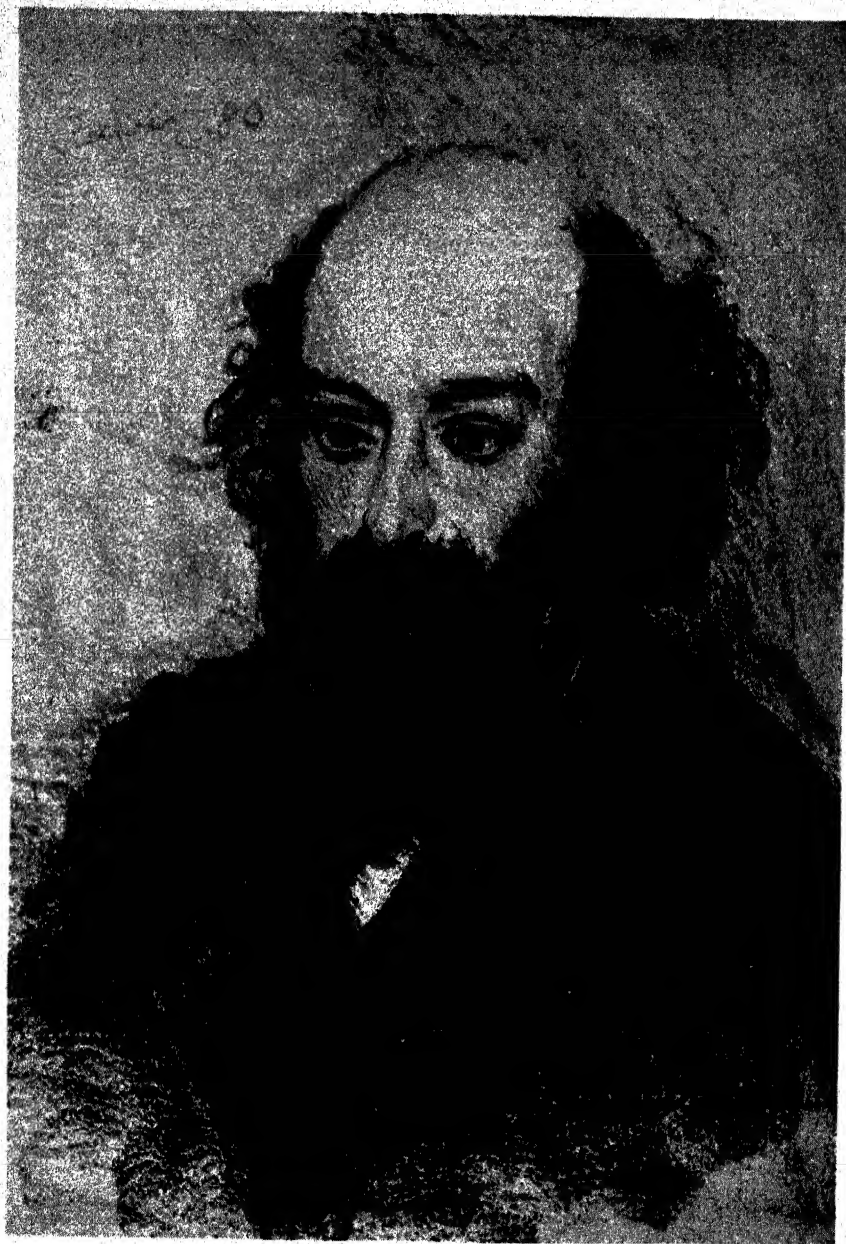
COLLECTION OF MRS. CHESTER BEATEY, LONDON



37. The Straw Hat

Pierre Auguste Renoir

VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS; KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



38. Portrait of Cézanne

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Pierre Auguste Renoir



39. Bohemian Girl

Pierre Auguste Renoir

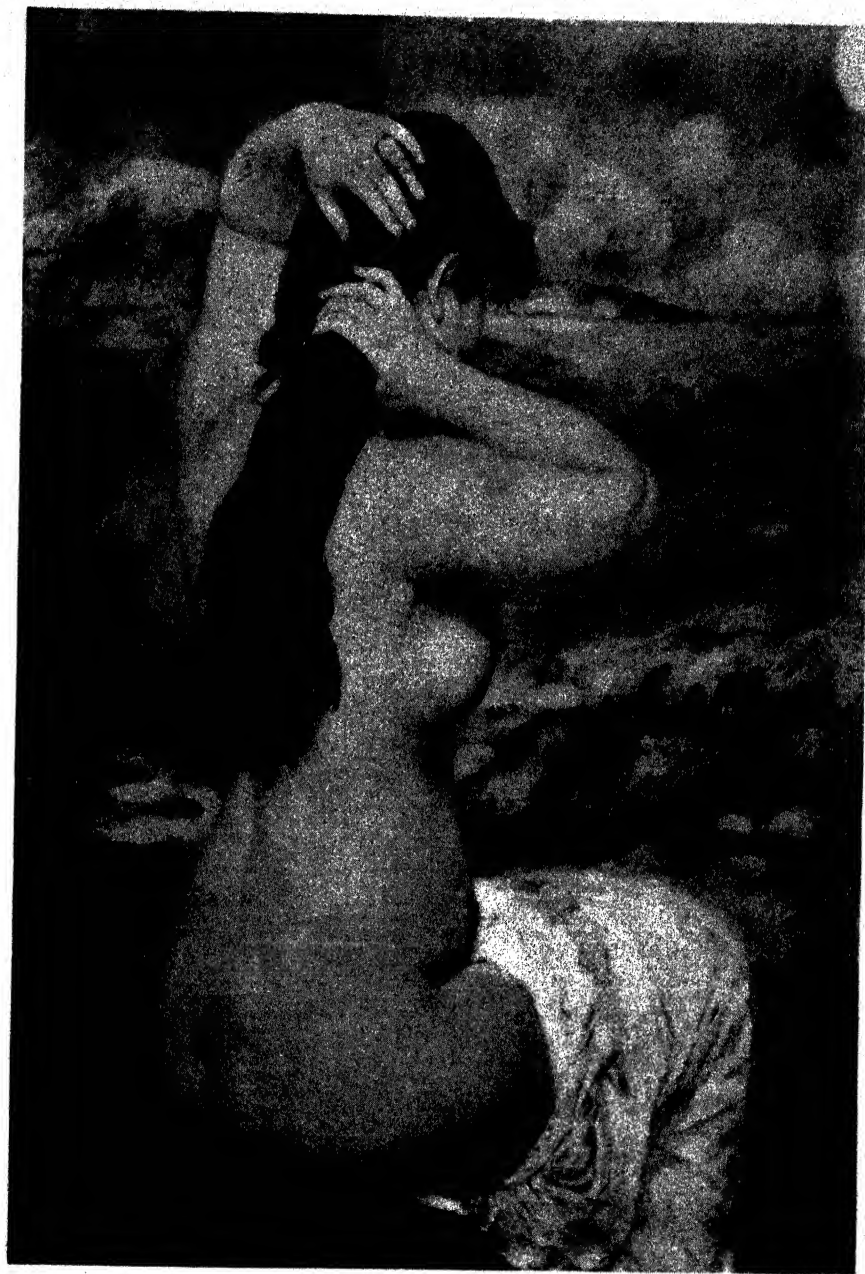
DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK



40. The Renoir Family

Pierre Auguste Renoir

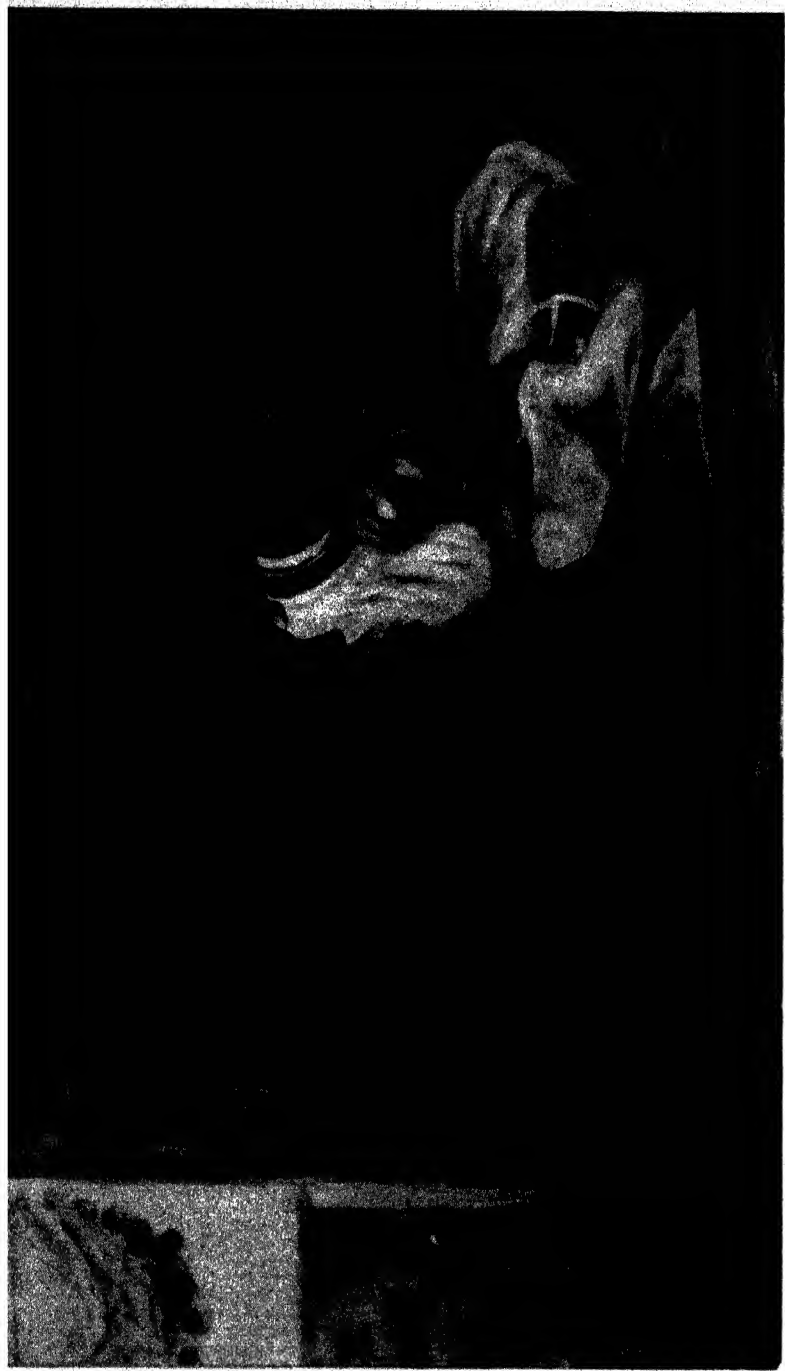
BARNES FOUNDATION, MERION, PA.



41. Bather (1885)

Pierre Auguste Renoir

DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK



Pierre Auguste Renoir

DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK

42. The Letter



43. Model Lying Down

VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS; KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Pierre Auguste Renoir



44. Bather in a Straw Hat

Pierre Auguste Renoir

DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK



45. Woman Knitting

Pierre Auguste Renoir

BARNES FOUNDATION, MERION, PA.



46. Nude in a Landscape

Pierre Auguste Renoir
VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS; KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



47. M. Vollard in Toreador Costume

Pierre Auguste Renoir

VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS; KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



48. Bather

Pierre Auguste Renoir

CHESTER JOHNSON GALLERY EXHIBITION, CHICAGO



49. After the Bath

Pierre Auguste Renoir

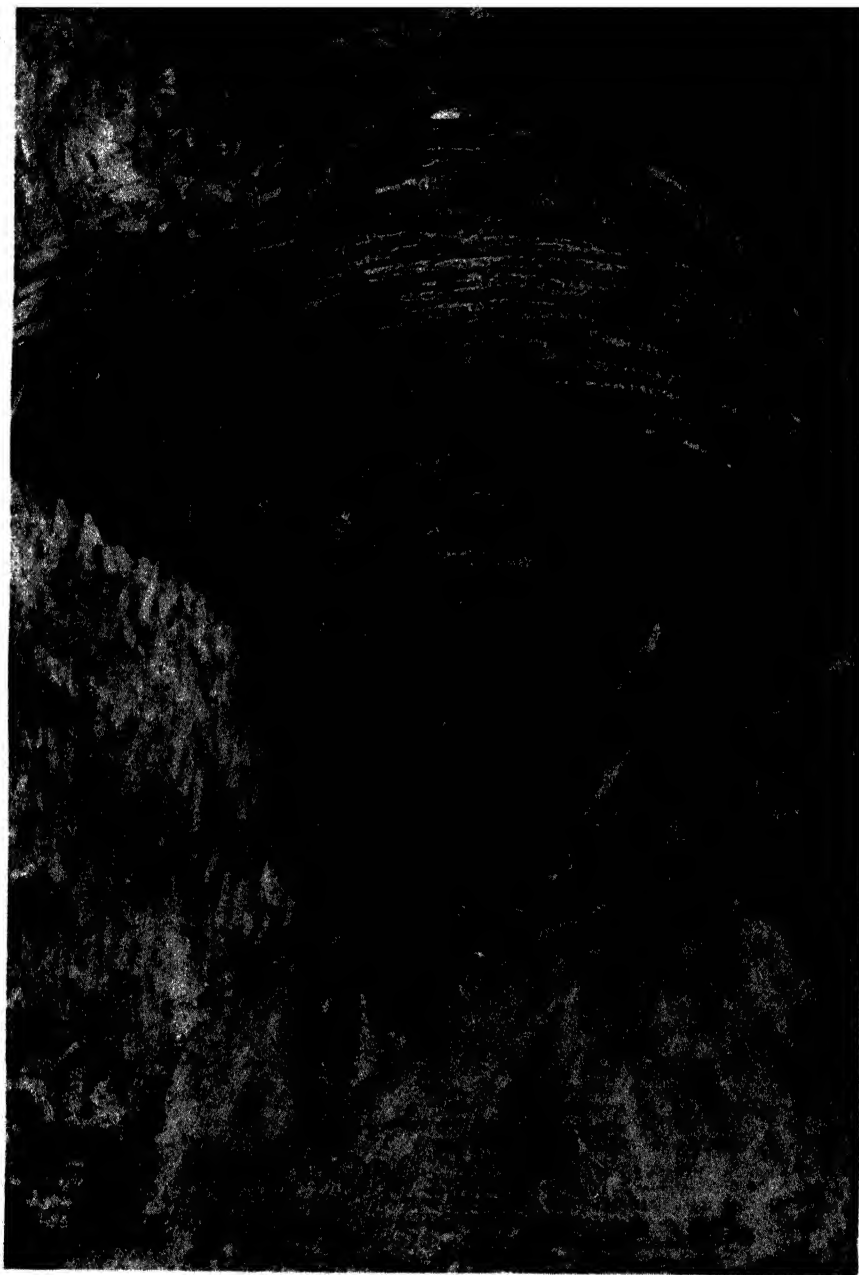
DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK



50. Dancer with a Tambourine

Pierre Auguste Renoir

COLLECTION OF A. M. GANGNAT, PARIS



51. Self-Portrait in a Straw Hat (Arles, 1888-9)

DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS

Vincent van Gogh



52. Water Mill (Holland)

DURAND-KUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK

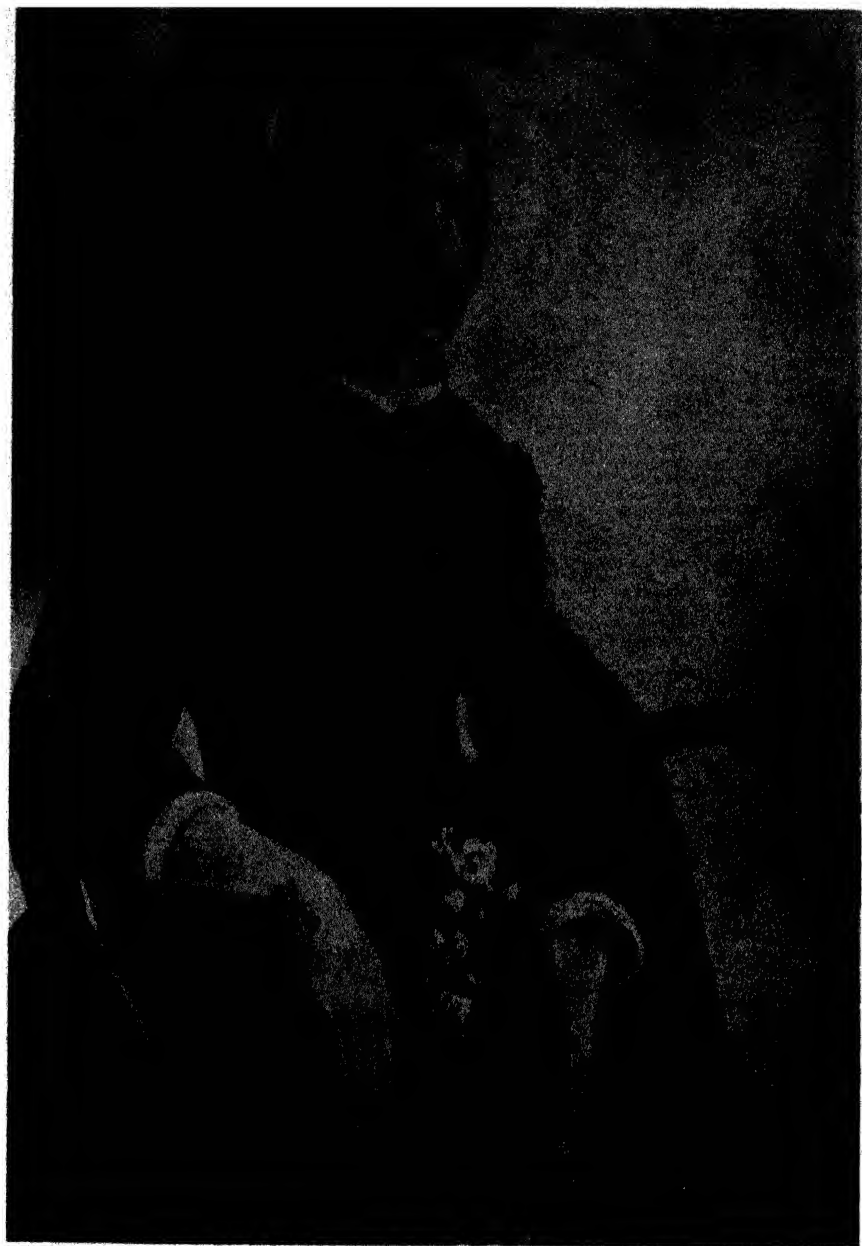
Vincent van Gogh



53. Montmartre

Vincent van Gogh

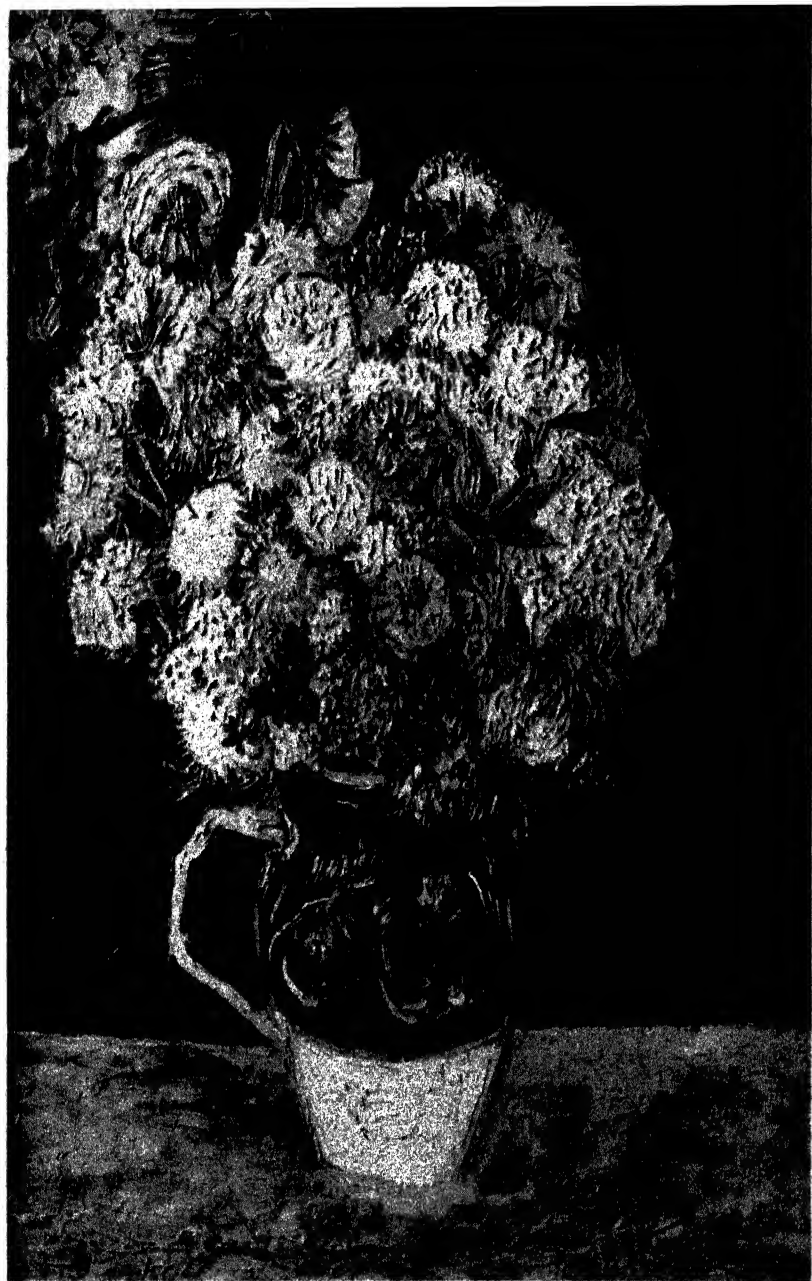
ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



54. Portrait of Mlle. Gachet ("La Mousme")

COLLECTION OF CHESTER DALE, NEW YORK

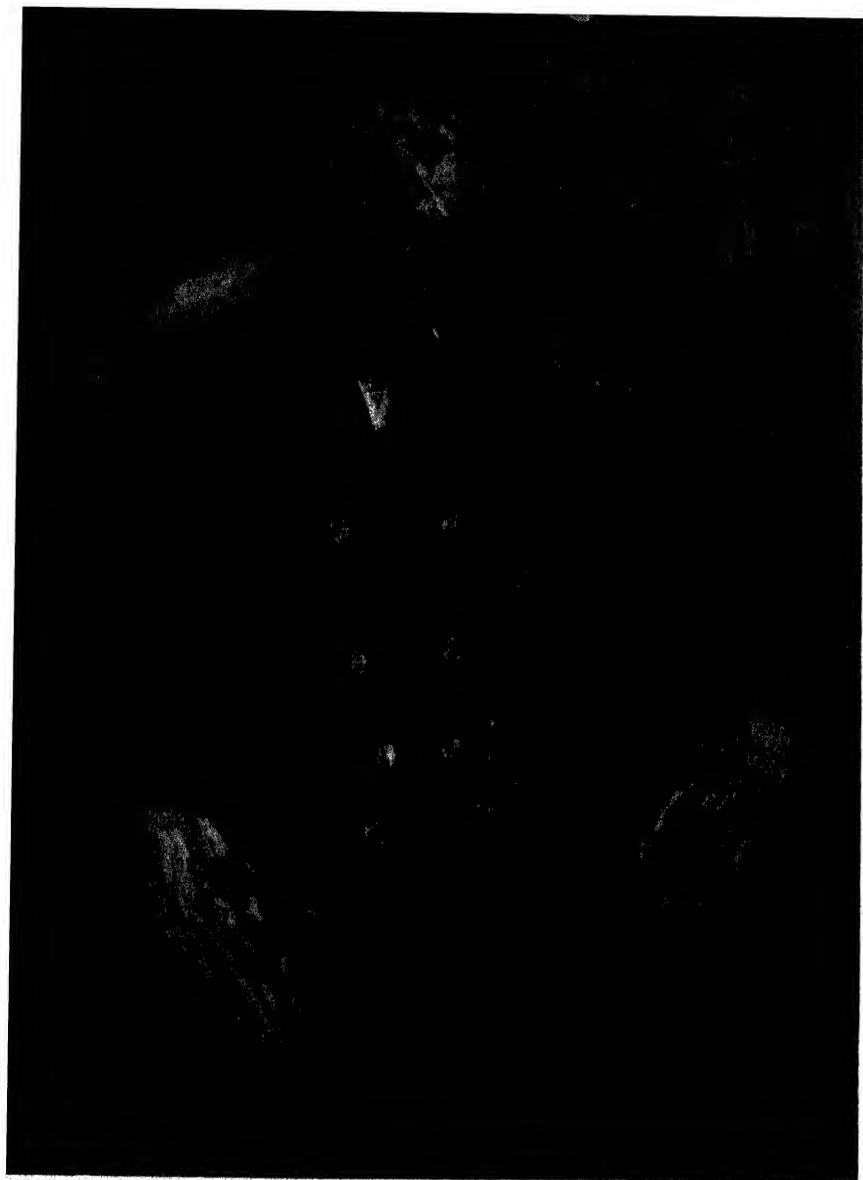
Vincent van Gogh



55. Zinnias

Vincent van Gogh

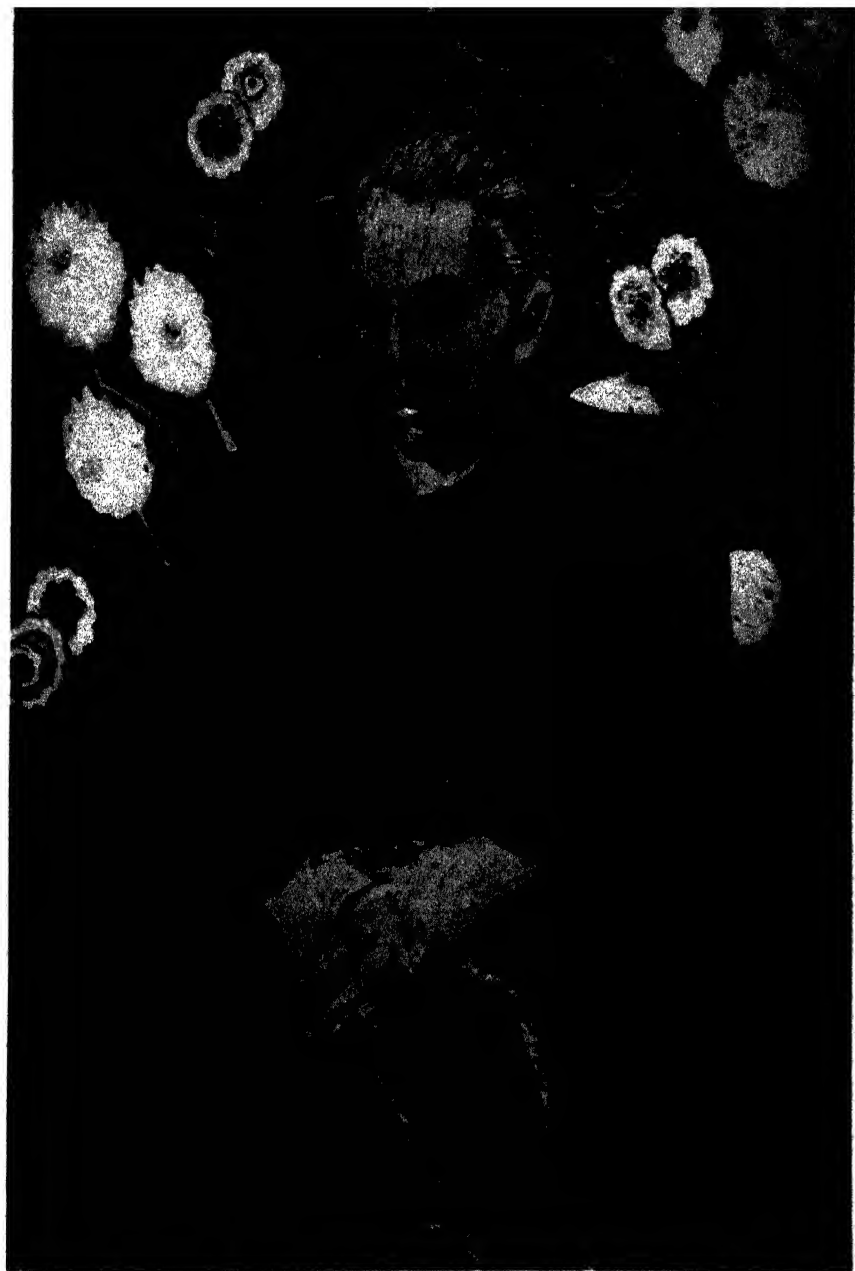
KNOEDLER GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



56. The Postman (M. Roulin)

Vincent van Gogh

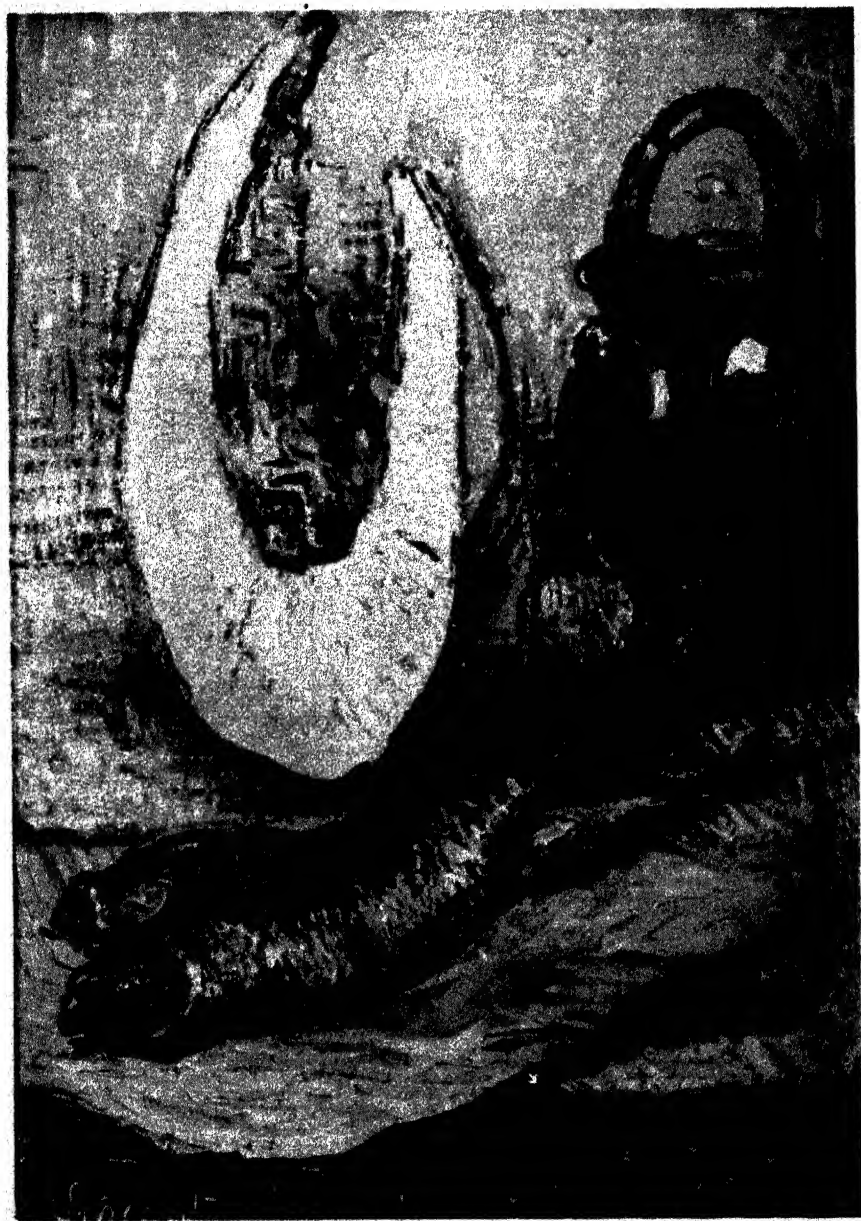
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, MASS.



57. "La Berceuse" (Mme. Roulin)

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

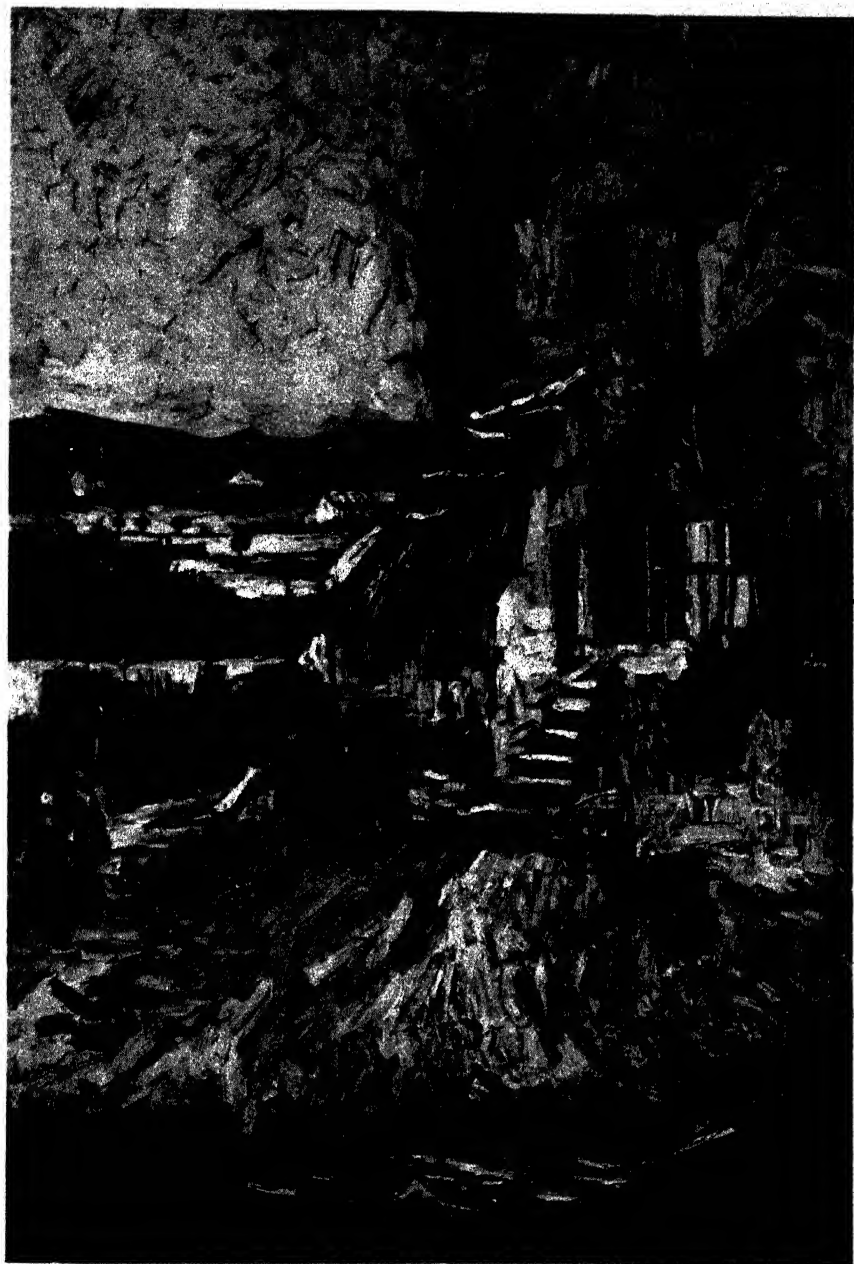
Vincent van Gogh



58. Still Life: Melon, Fish, Jar

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Vincent van Gogh



59. House on the Crau (Arles)

Vincent van Gogh

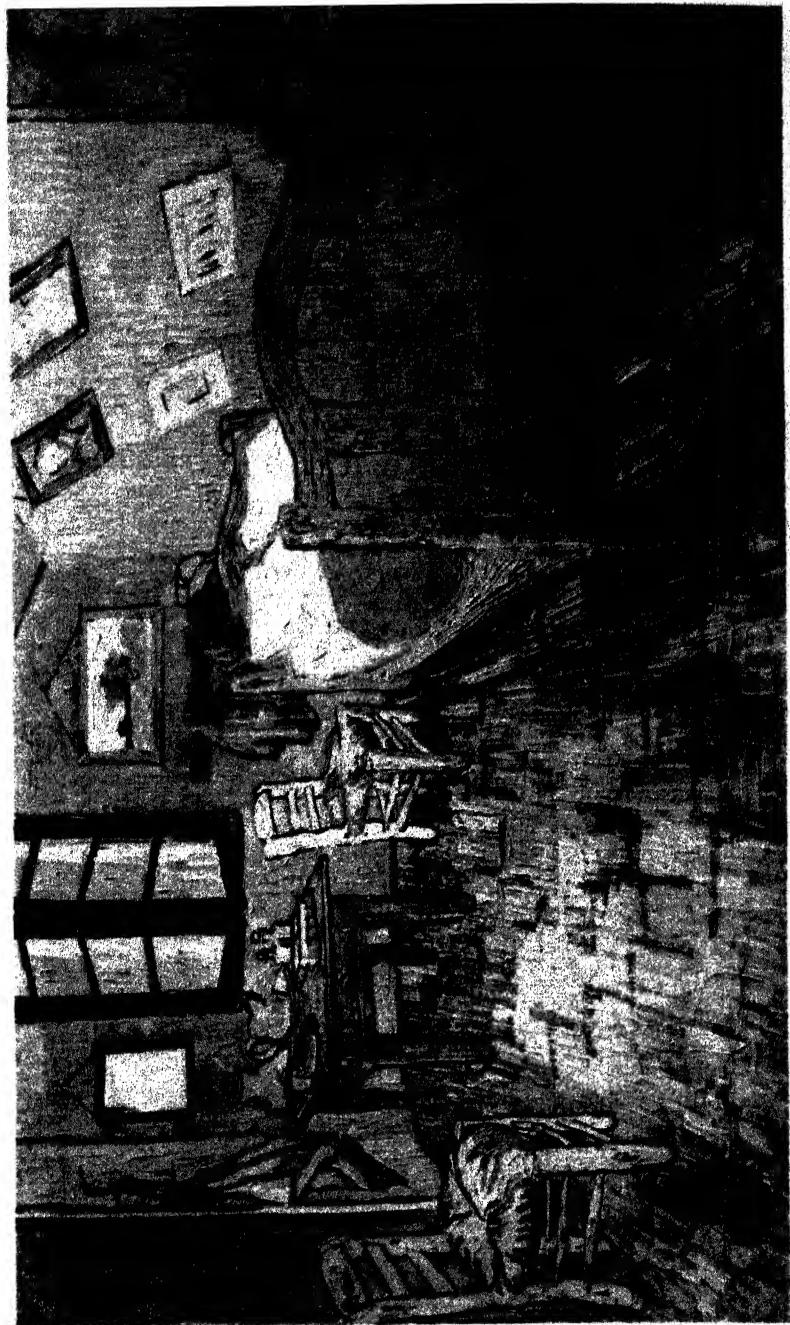
COLLECTION OF A. CONGER GOODYEAR, NEW YORK



60. Sunset at Auvers

Vincent van Gogh

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, NEW YORK



61. The Yellow Room (van Gogh's Bedroom at Arles)

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

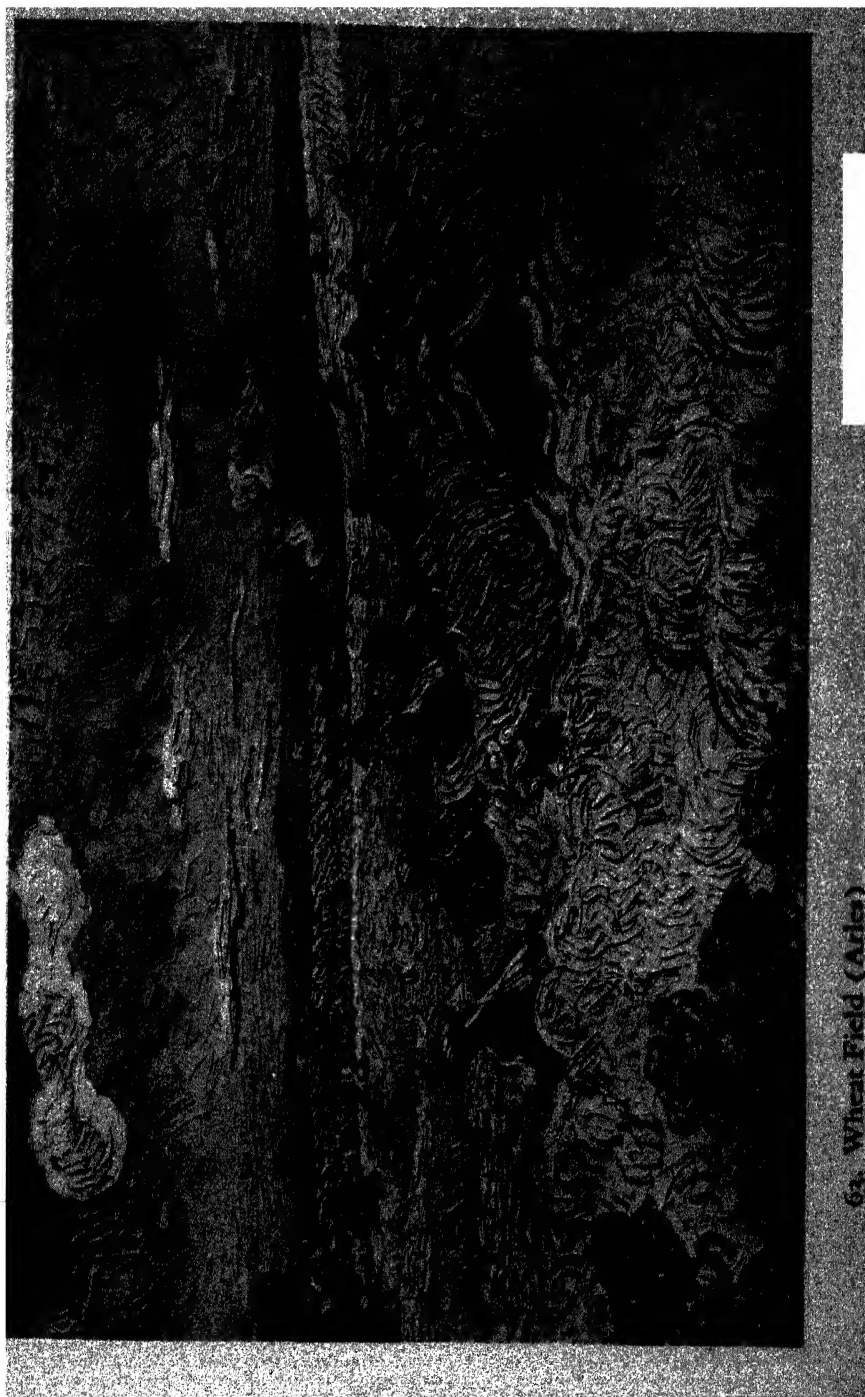
Vincent van Gogh



62. Houses at Auvers

DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK

Vincent van Gogh



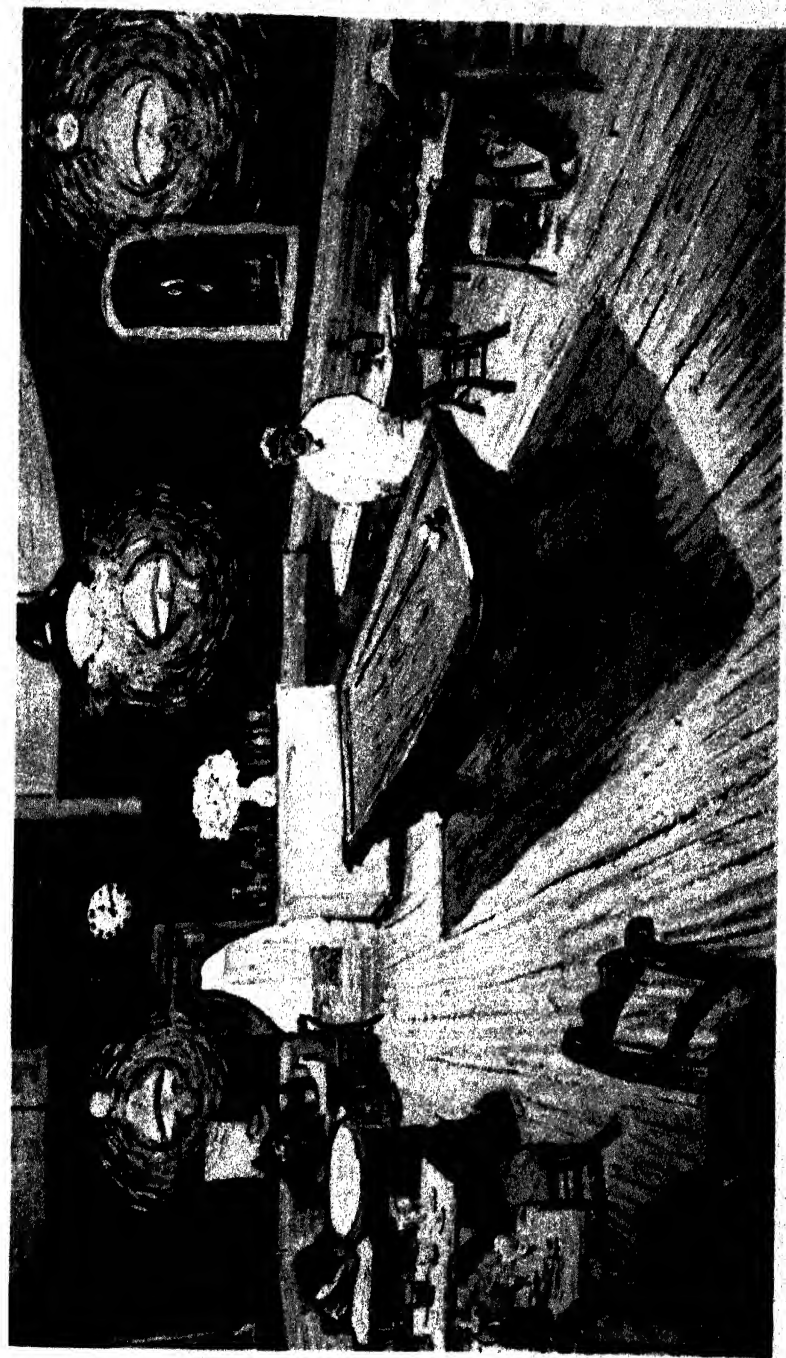
61. Wheat Field (Adler)



64. Landscape (Arles)

Vincent van Gogh

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



65. "Le Café de Nuit" (Arles)

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

Vincent van Gogh



66. "L'Arlésienne"

Vincent van Gogh

COLLECTION OF ADOLPH LEWISOHN, NEW YORK



67. Garden at Arles

Vincent van Gogh

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



68. The Public Gardens at Arles

Vincent van Gogh

COLLECTION OF ARTHUR AND ALICE SACHS, NEW YORK



69. Self Portrait (1889)

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

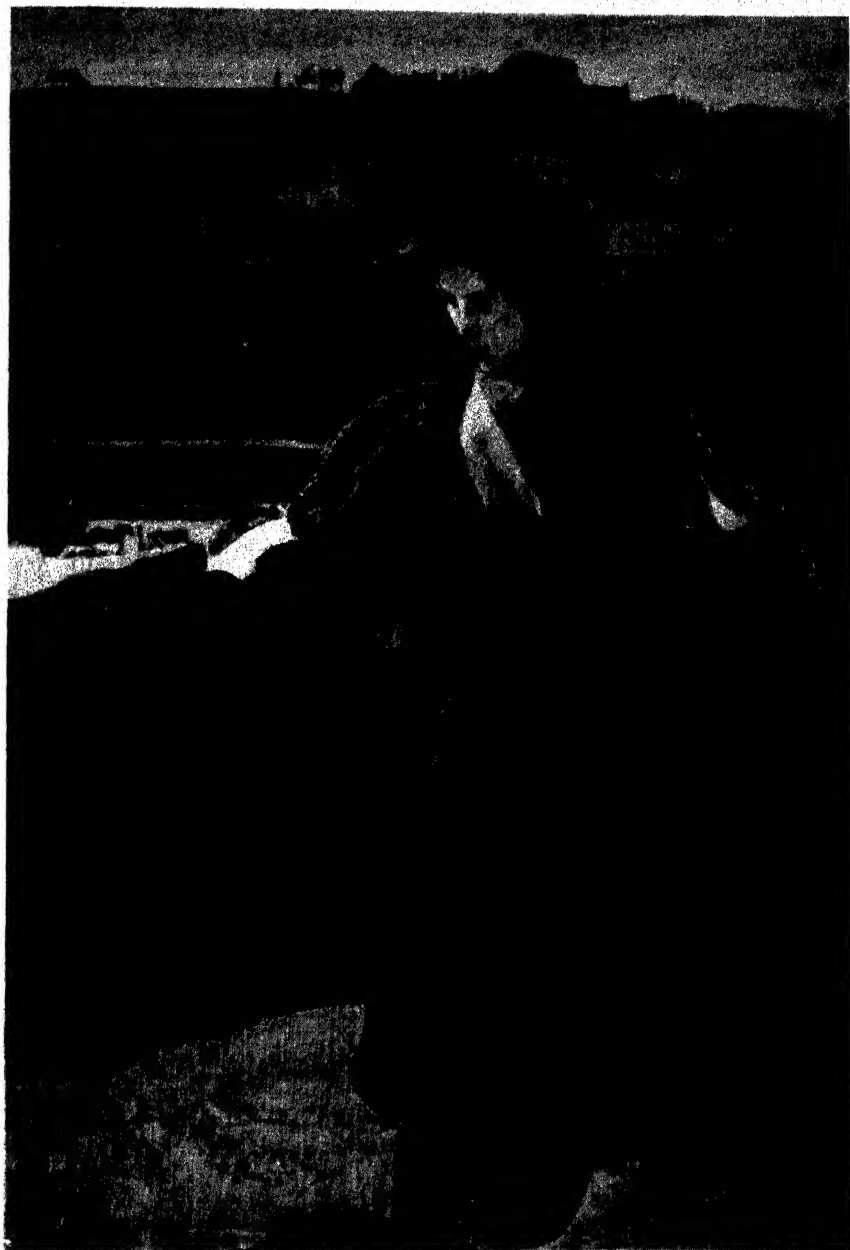
Paul Gauguin



70. Breton Girl Praying

Paul Gauguin

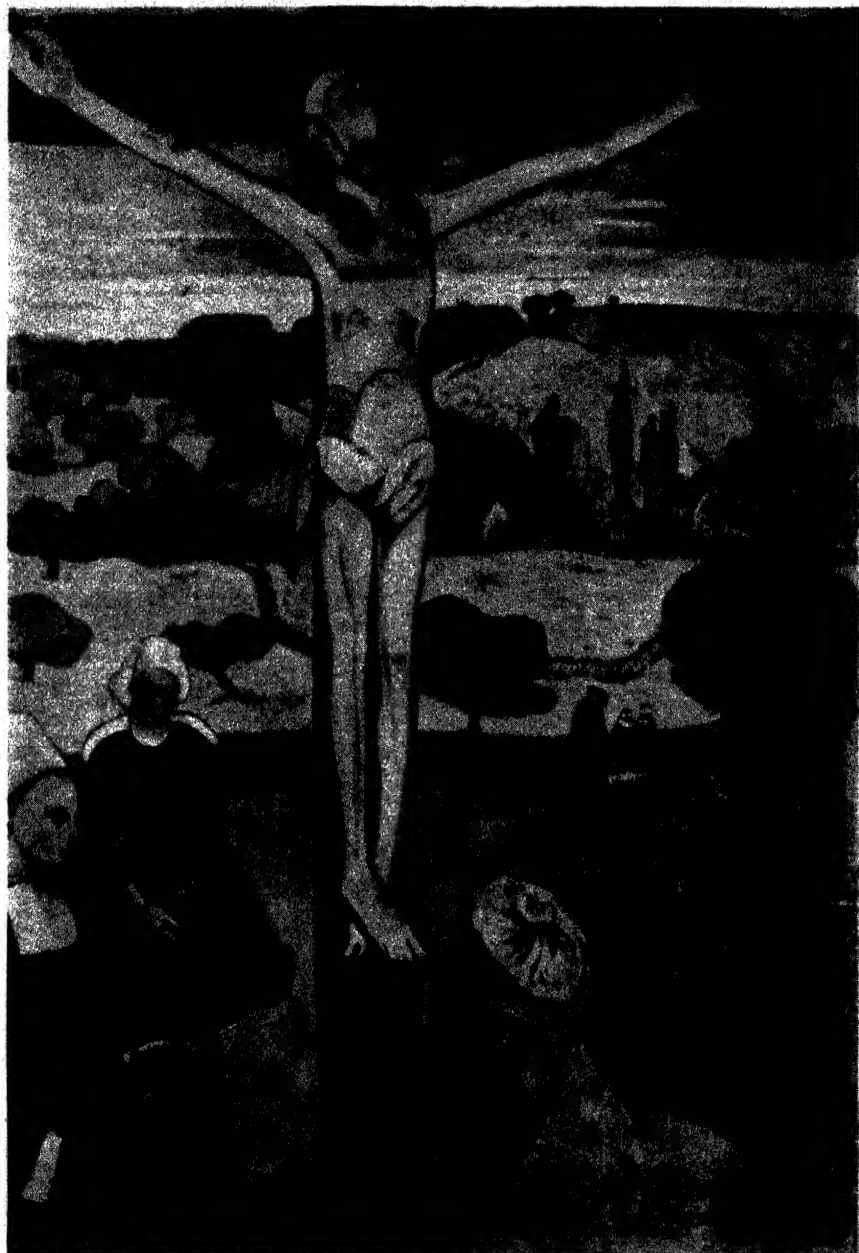
DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK



71. Breton Children

VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS

Paul Gauguin



72. The Yellow Christ (1889)

COLLECTION OF PAUL ROSENBERG, PARIS

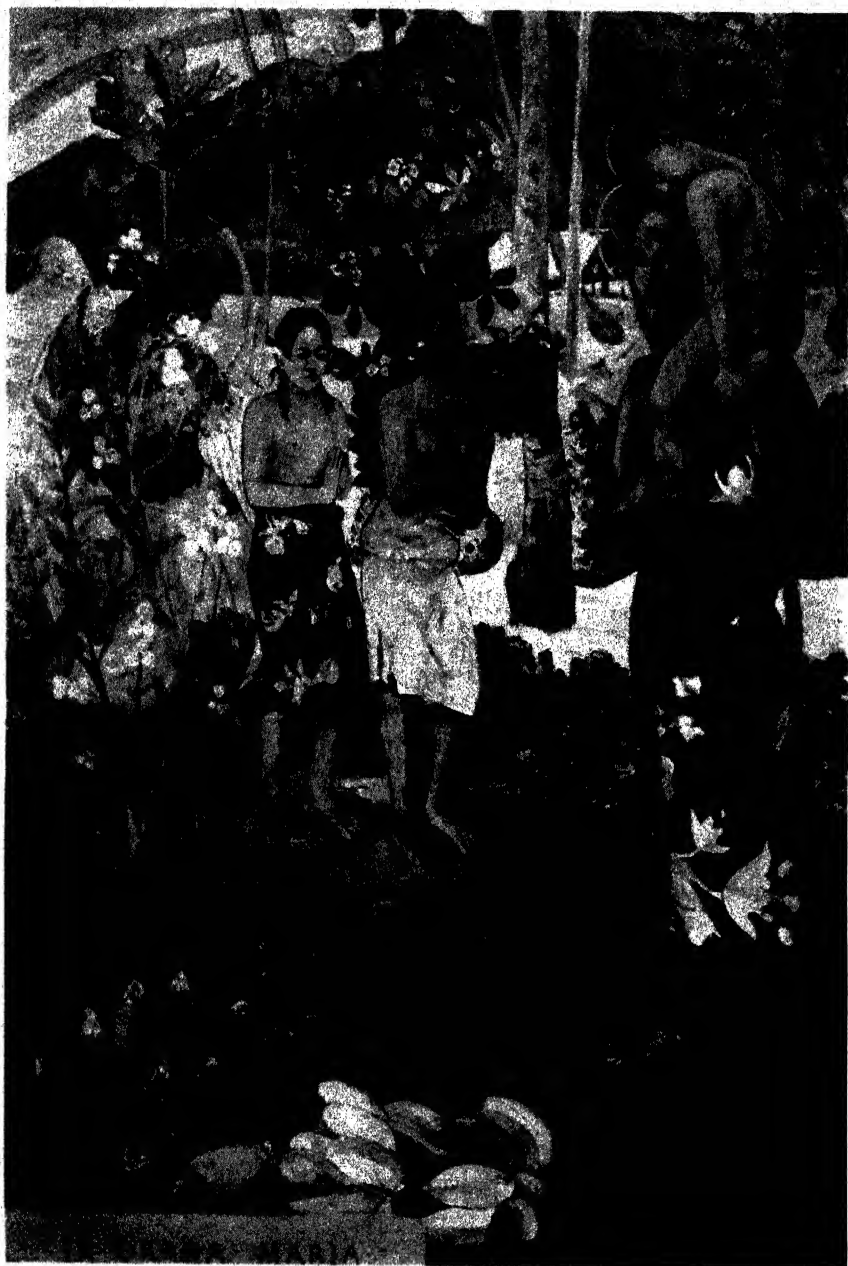
Paul Gauguin



73. Seated Woman (Te Faaturuma) (1891)

WORCESTER ART MUSEUM, WORCESTER, MASS.

Paul Gauguin



74. We Greet Thee, Mary (la Orana Maria) (1891)

COLLECTION OF ADOLPH LEWISOHN, NEW YORK

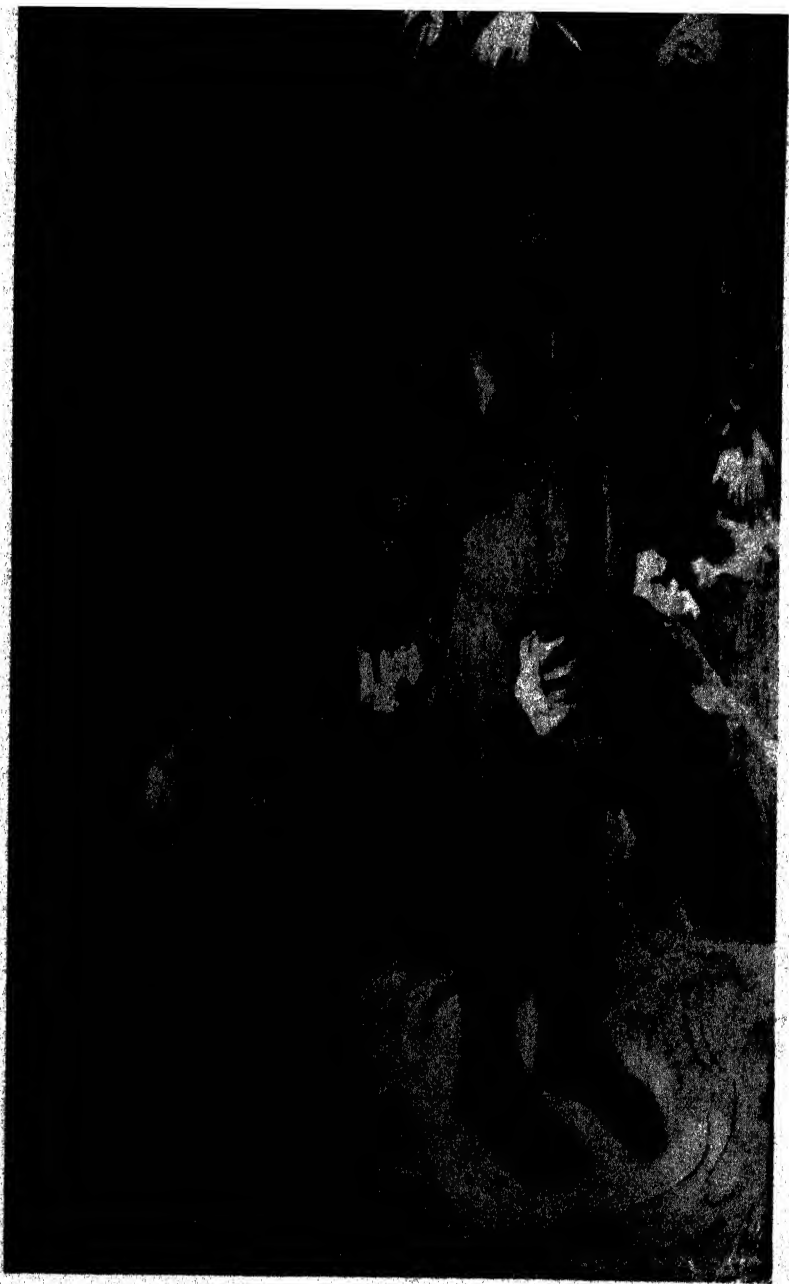
Paul Gauguin



75. The Bathers (Fatata te Miti) (1892)

COLLECTION OF CHESTER DALE, NEW YORK

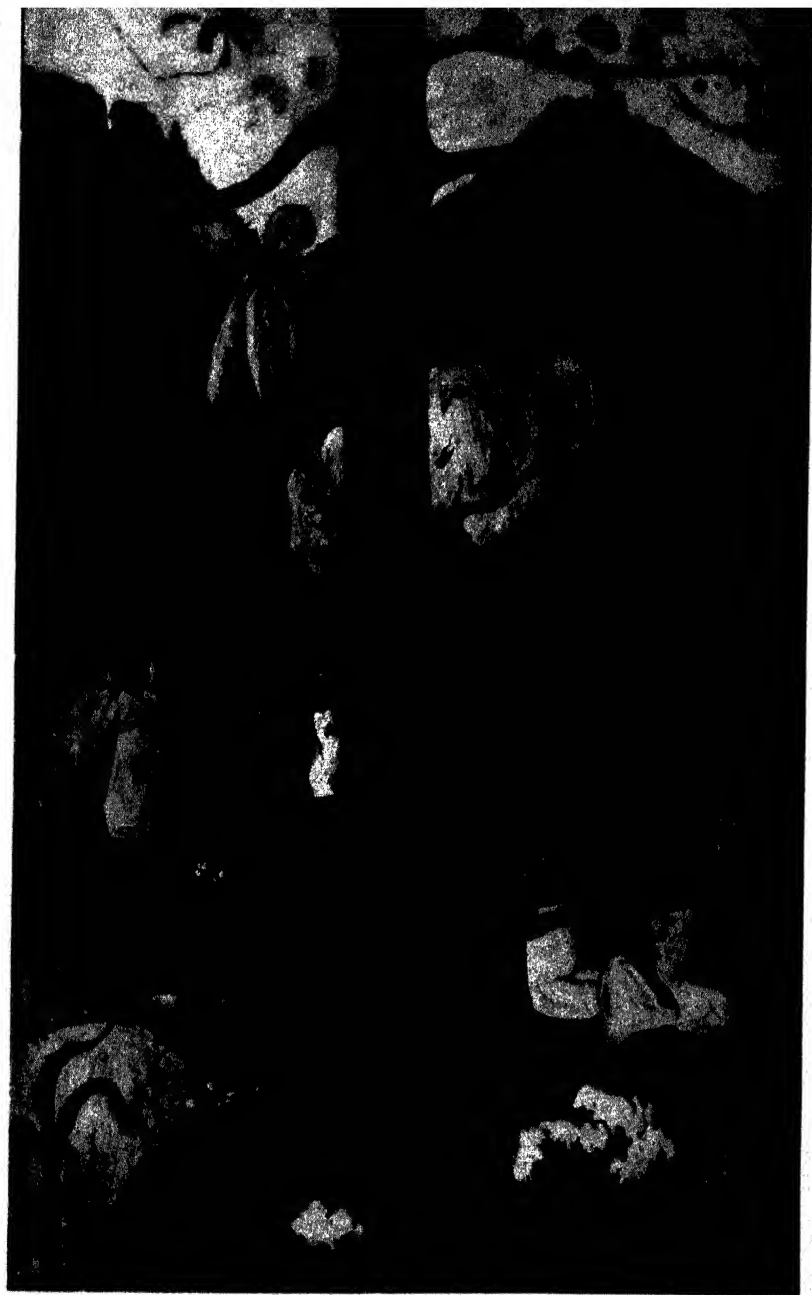
Paul Gauguin



76. Voice of the Evil Spirit (Parau Na te Varua Ino) (1892)

Paul Gauguin

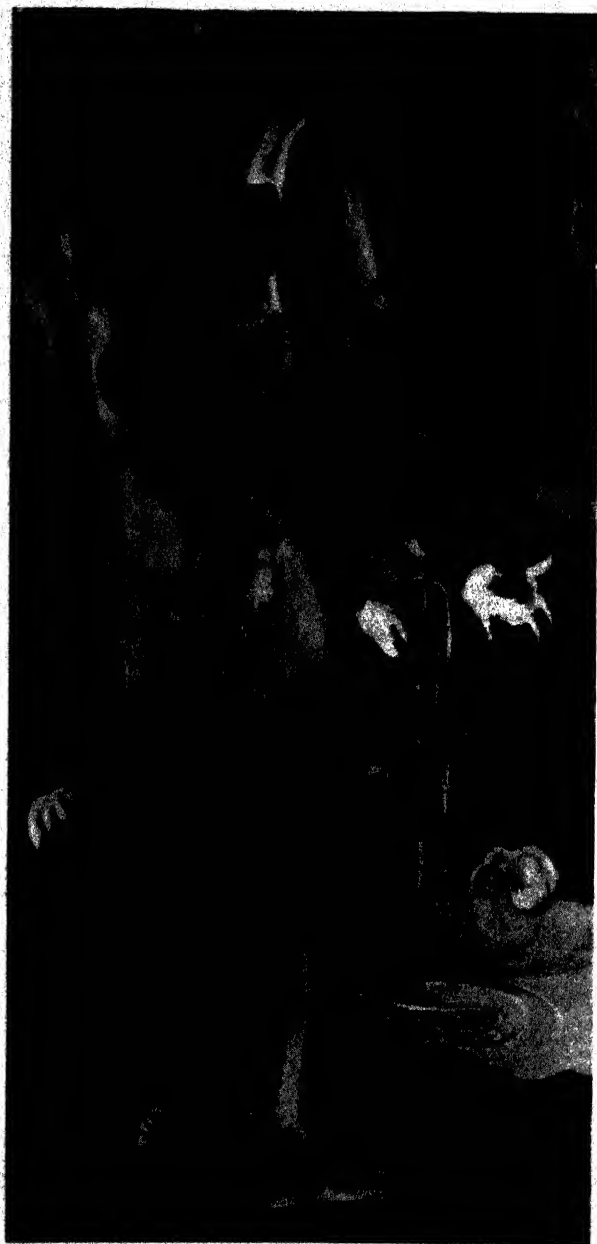
MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



77. Of Yore (Mata Mua) (1892)

Paul Gauguin

COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. GILBERT E. FULLER, BOSTON



78. Hina Tefatou (1893)

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

Paul Gauguin



79. Barbaric Poems (1896)

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

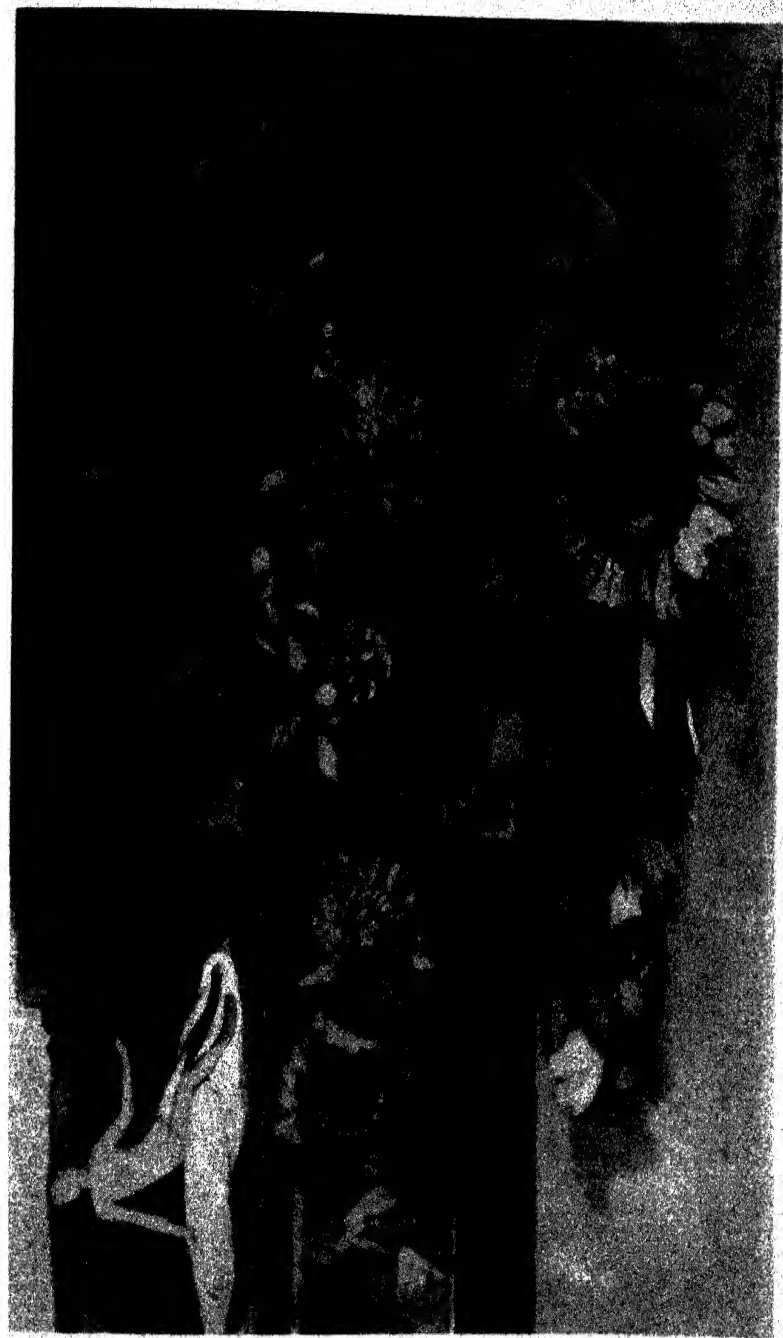
Paul Gauguin



80. Two Tahitians (1899)

Paul Gauguin

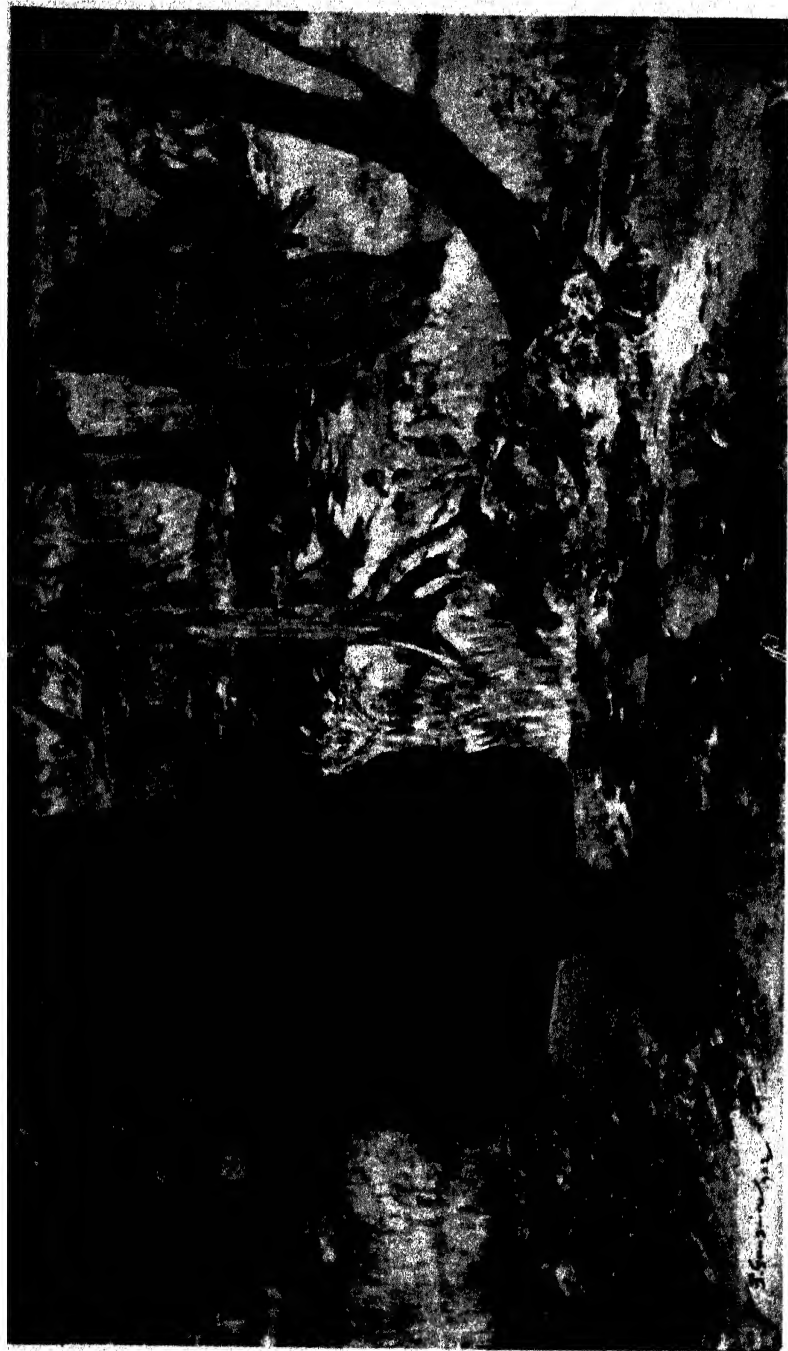
COLLECTION OF WILLIAM CHURCH OSBORN, NEW YORK



81. Sunflowers (1901)

COLLECTION OF MRS. E. E. MCCORMICK, CHICAGO

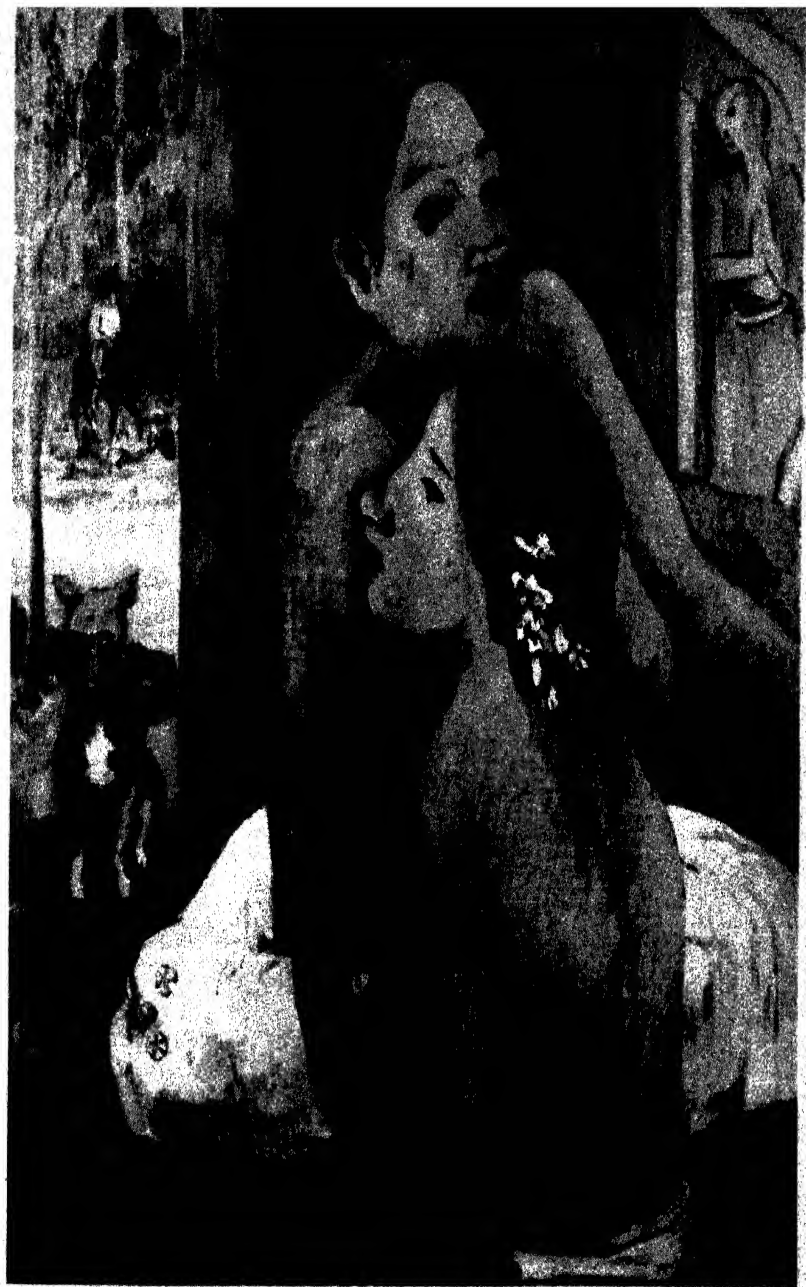
Paul Gauguin



82. Incantation (1902)

COBURN COLLECTION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

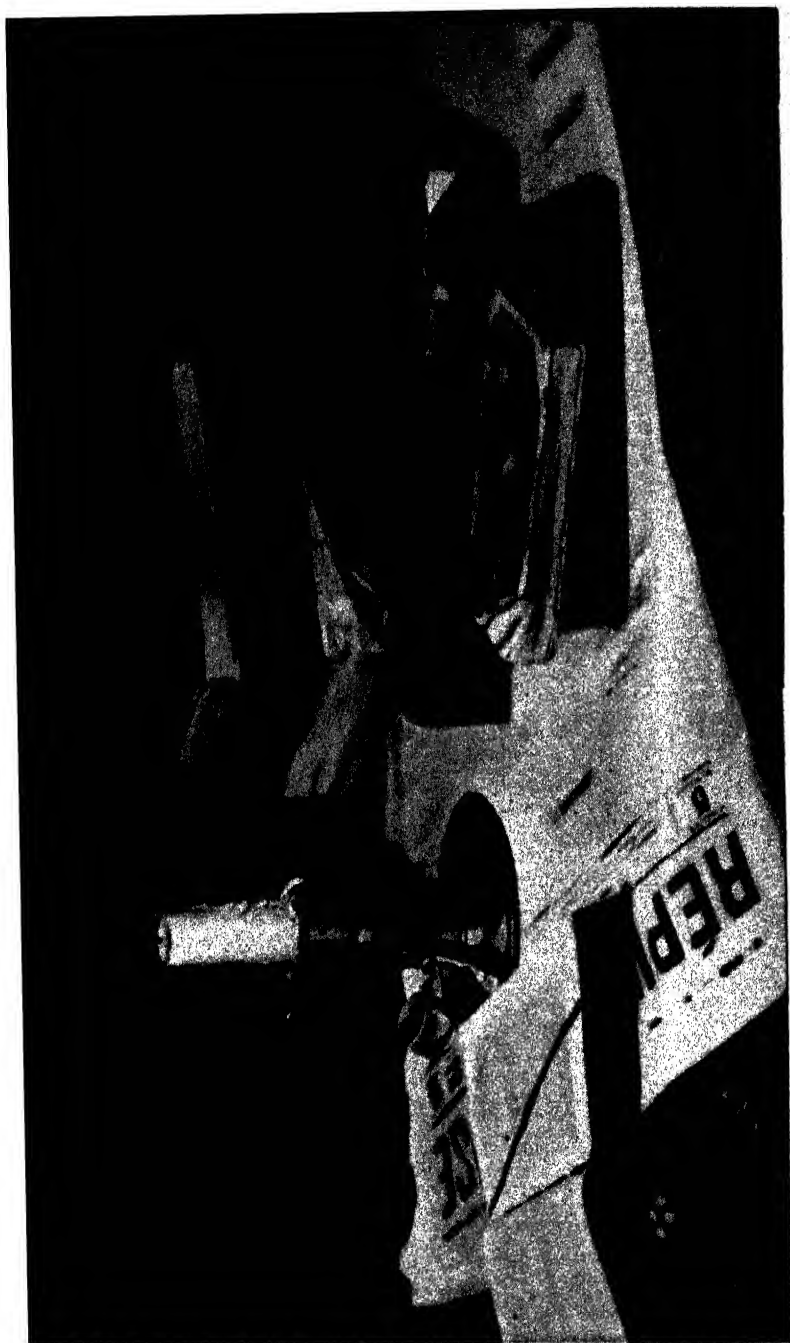
Paul Gauguin



83. Tahitian Girls (1902)

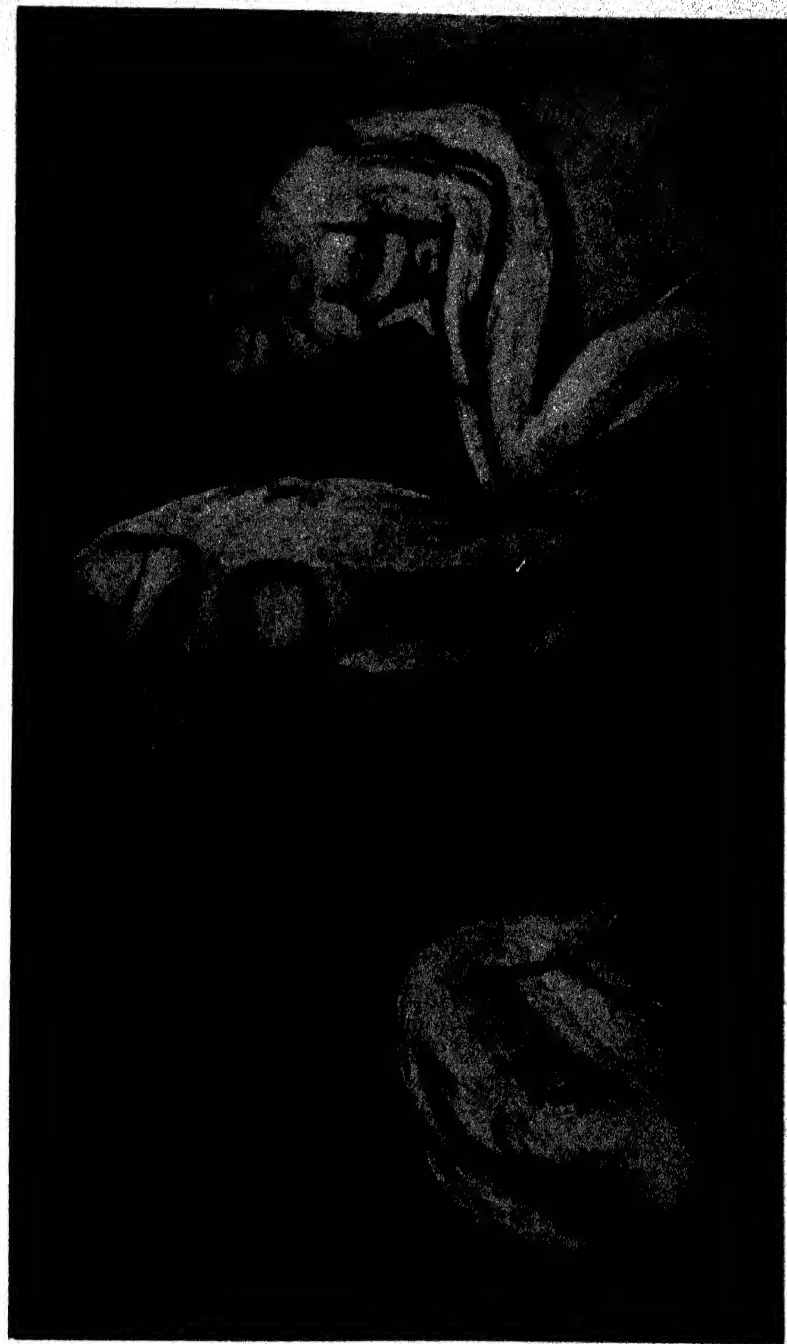
Paul Gauguin

DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK



84. Still Life (1890) (Matisse's Earliest Painting Extant)
COLLECTION OF THE PAINTER, PARIS

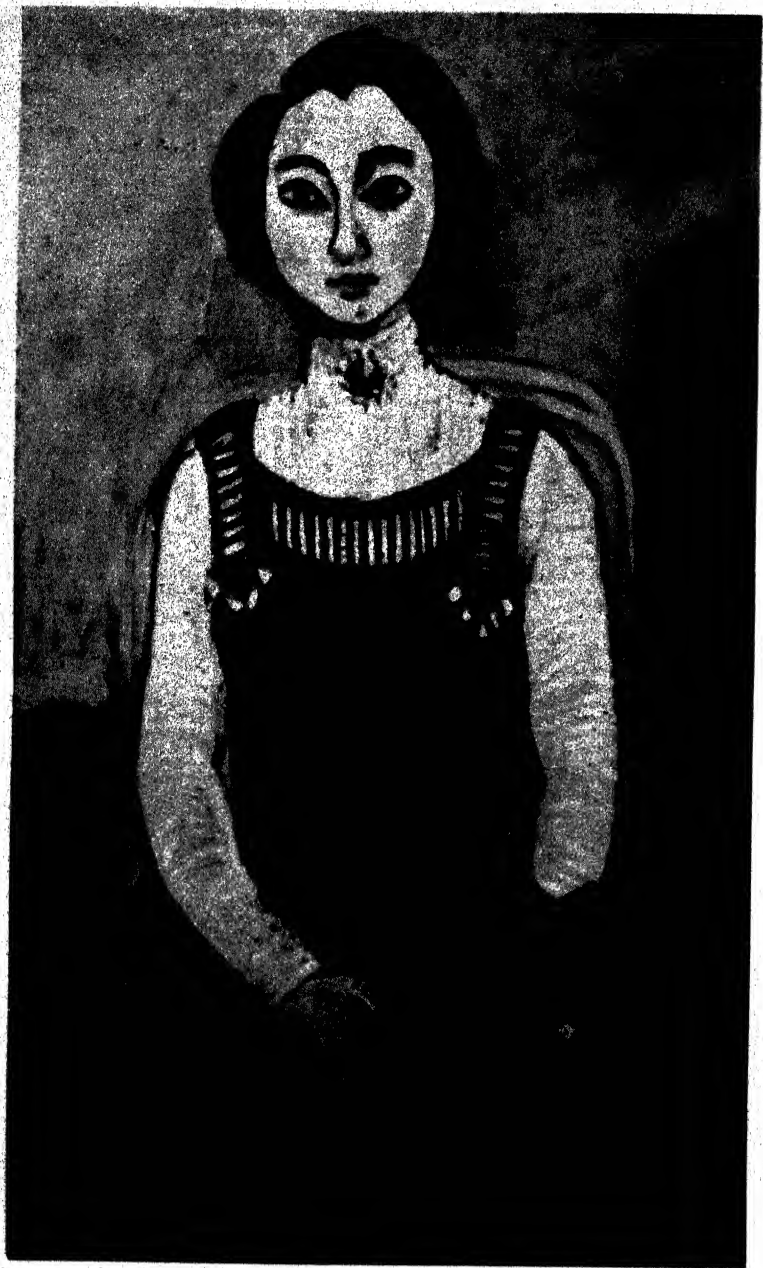
Henri-Matisse



85. Women by the Sea (1908)

Henri-Matisse

FOLKWANG MUSEUM, ESSEN, GERMANY



86. Marguerite (Matisse's Daughter) (1910)

COLLECTION OF THE PAINTER, PARIS

Henri-Matisse



87. Nude Woman

BERNHEIM JEUNE PHOTO, PARIS

Henri-Matisse



88. The Italian Girl (1915)

COLLECTION OF EARL HORTER, PHILADELPHIA

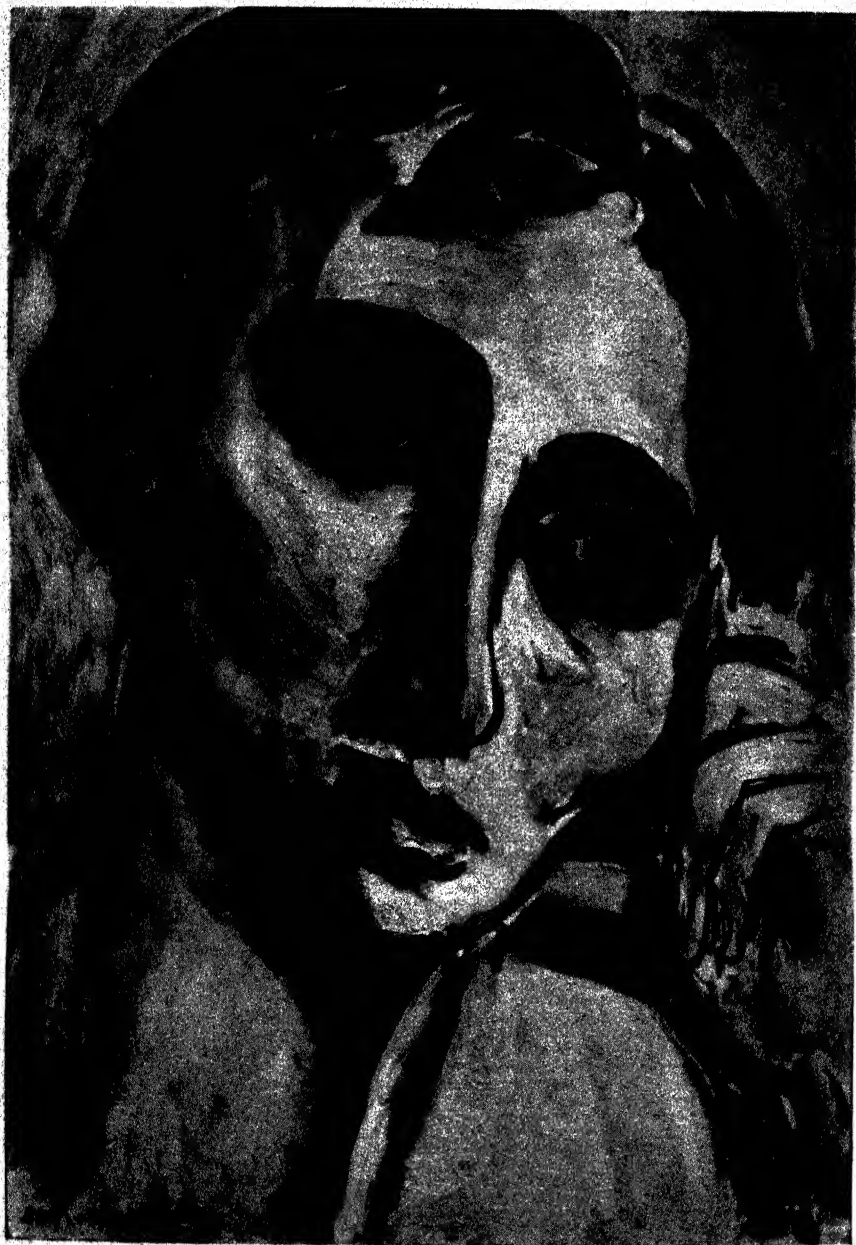
Henri-Matisse



89. Still Life (1915)

Henri Matisse

COLLECTION OF LEONIDE MASSINE, NEW YORK



90. Head

VALENTINE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Henri-Matisse



91. The Two Sisters (1917)

VALENTINE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

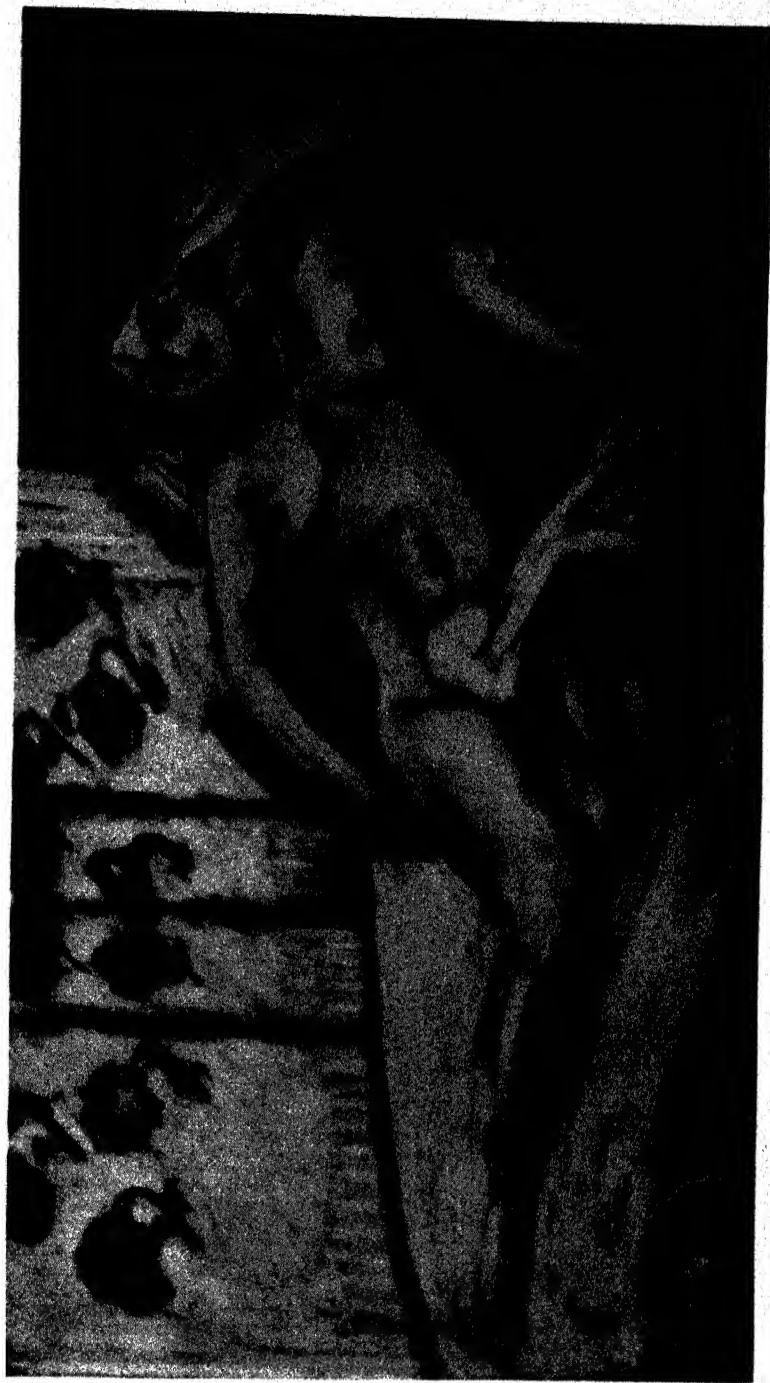
Henri-Matisse



92. Head of Girl (1917)

BARNES FOUNDATION, MERION, PA.

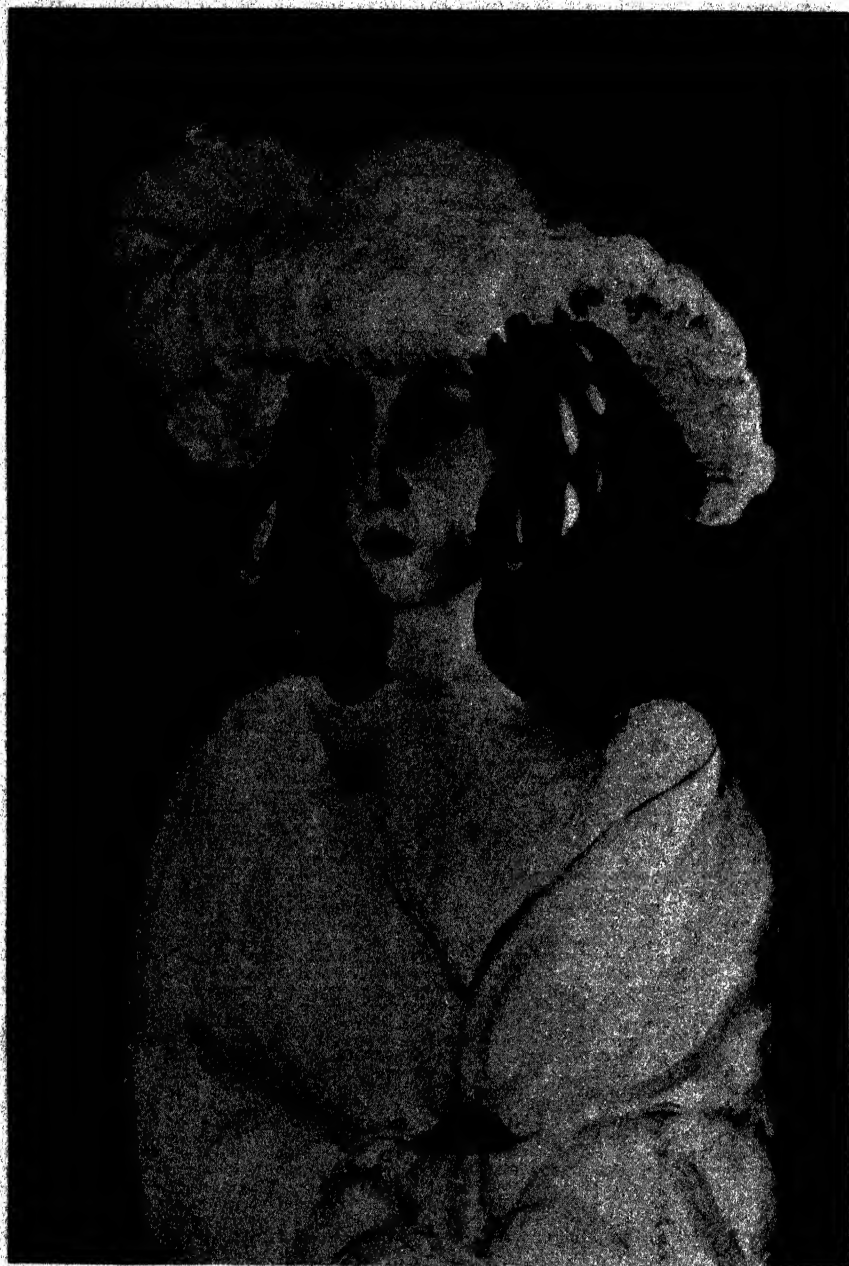
Henri-Matisse



93. Nude

Henri-Matisse

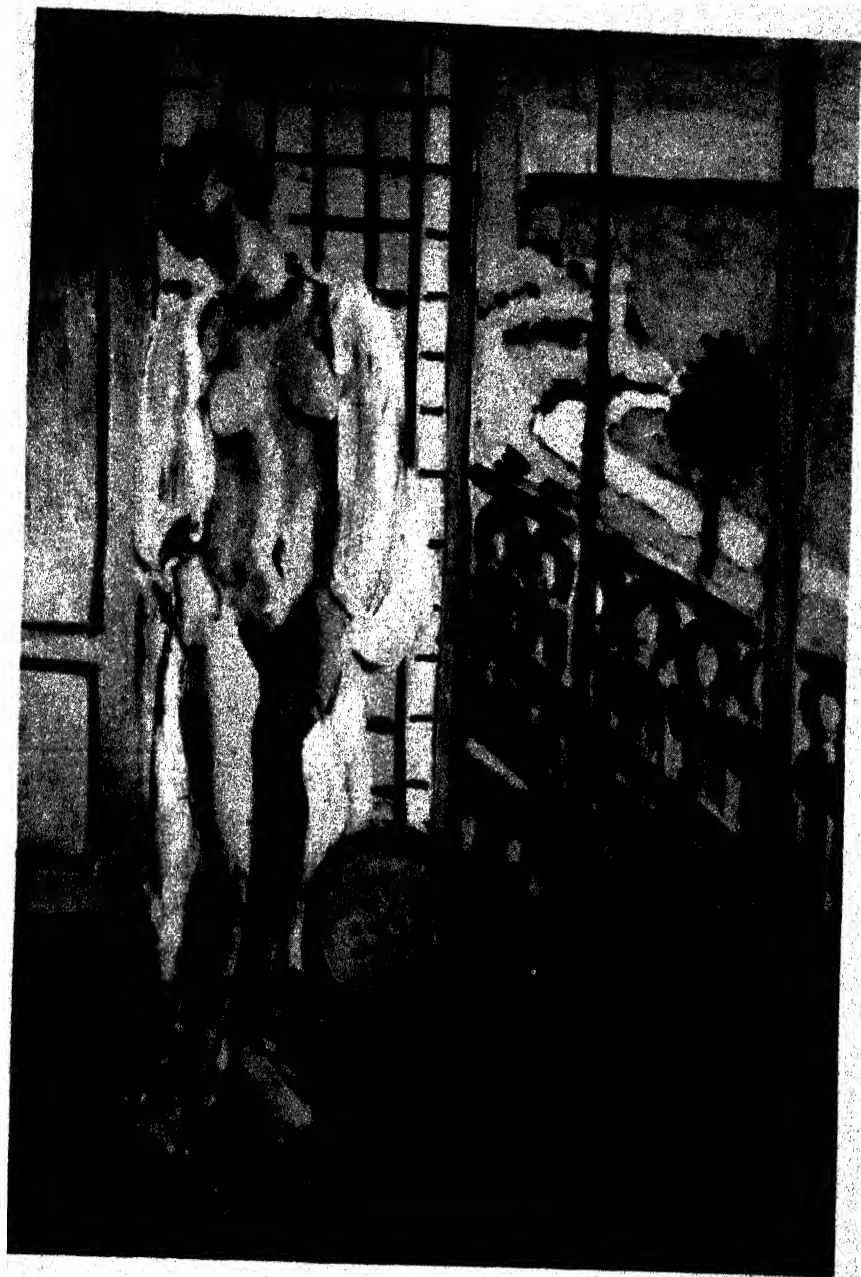
WILDENSTEIN GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



94. *White Plumes* (1919)

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

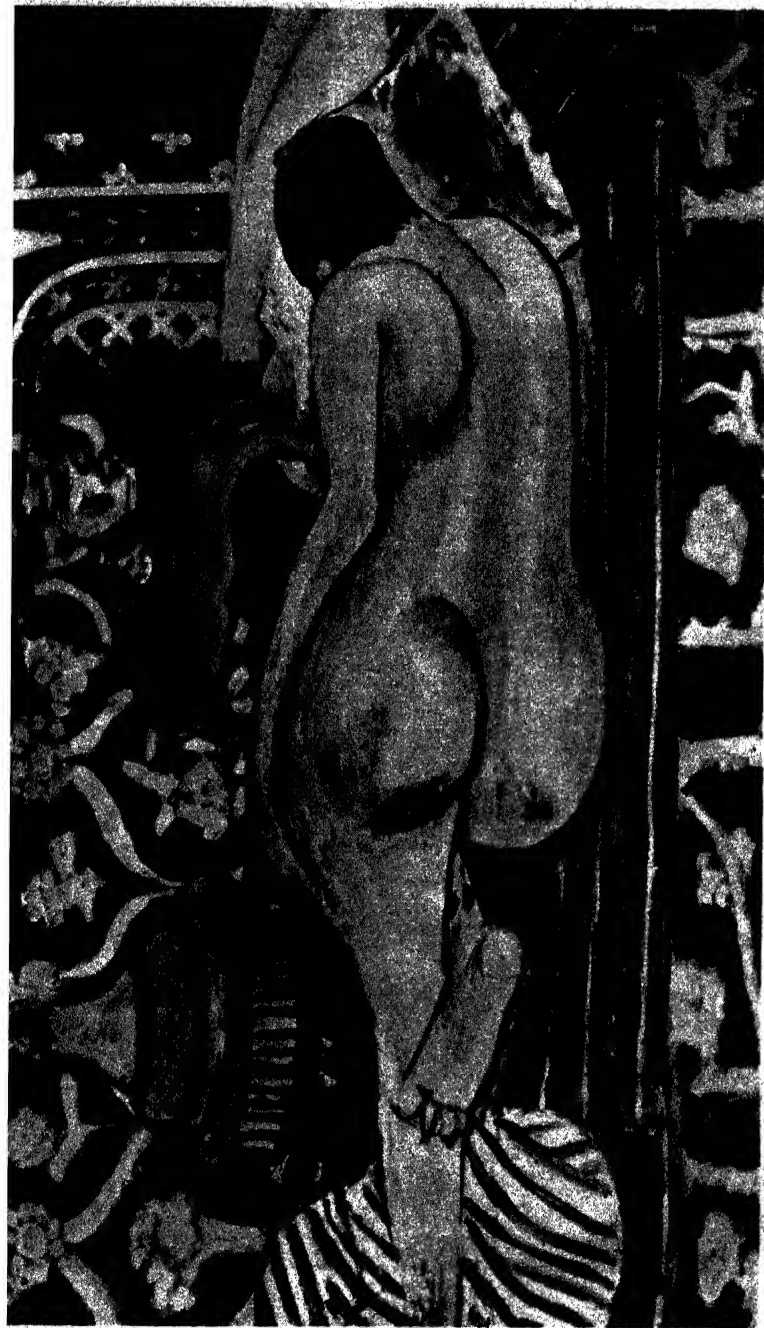
Henri-Matisse



95. At the Edge of the Sea

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Henri-Matisse



96. Reclining Nude (1927)

COLLECTION OF THE PAINTER, PARIS

Henri-Matisse



97. *Odalisque* (1928)

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PITTSBURGH, 1930

Henri Matisse



98. Tattooed Odalisque (1929)

VALENTINE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Henri-Matisse



99. The Mother (1901)

COLLECTION OF CHESTER DALE, NEW YORK

Pablo Picasso



100. Portrait of an Early Model

PRIVATE COLLECTION, BOSTON

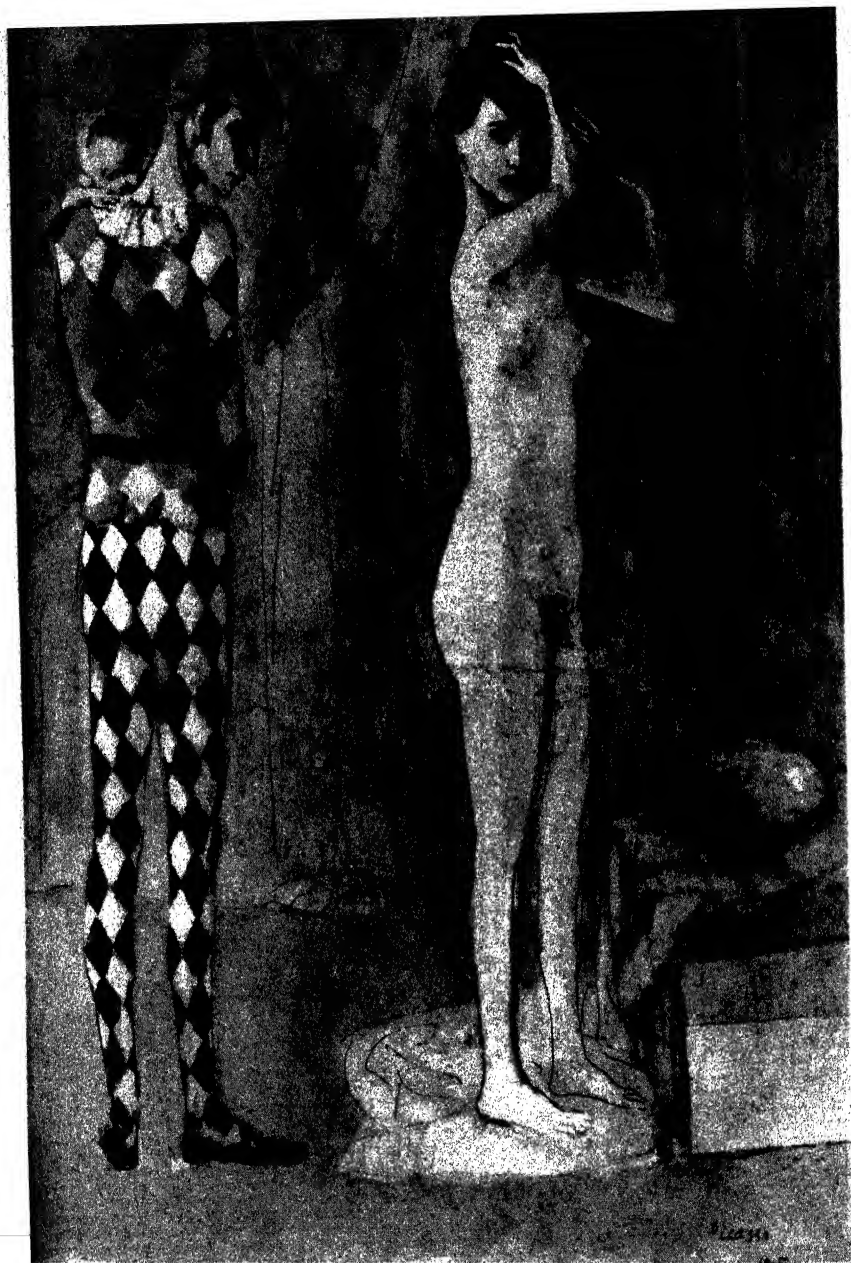
Pablo Picasso



101. Woman's Head (1904) (Blue Period)

COLLECTION OF WALTER BREWSTER, CHICAGO

Pablo Picasso



102. Harlequin's Family (1905)

VALENTINE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Pablo Picasso



103. Family of Mountebanks (1905)

Pablo Picasso

VALENTINE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



104. Woman with Fan (Fernande) (1905)

Pablo Picasso

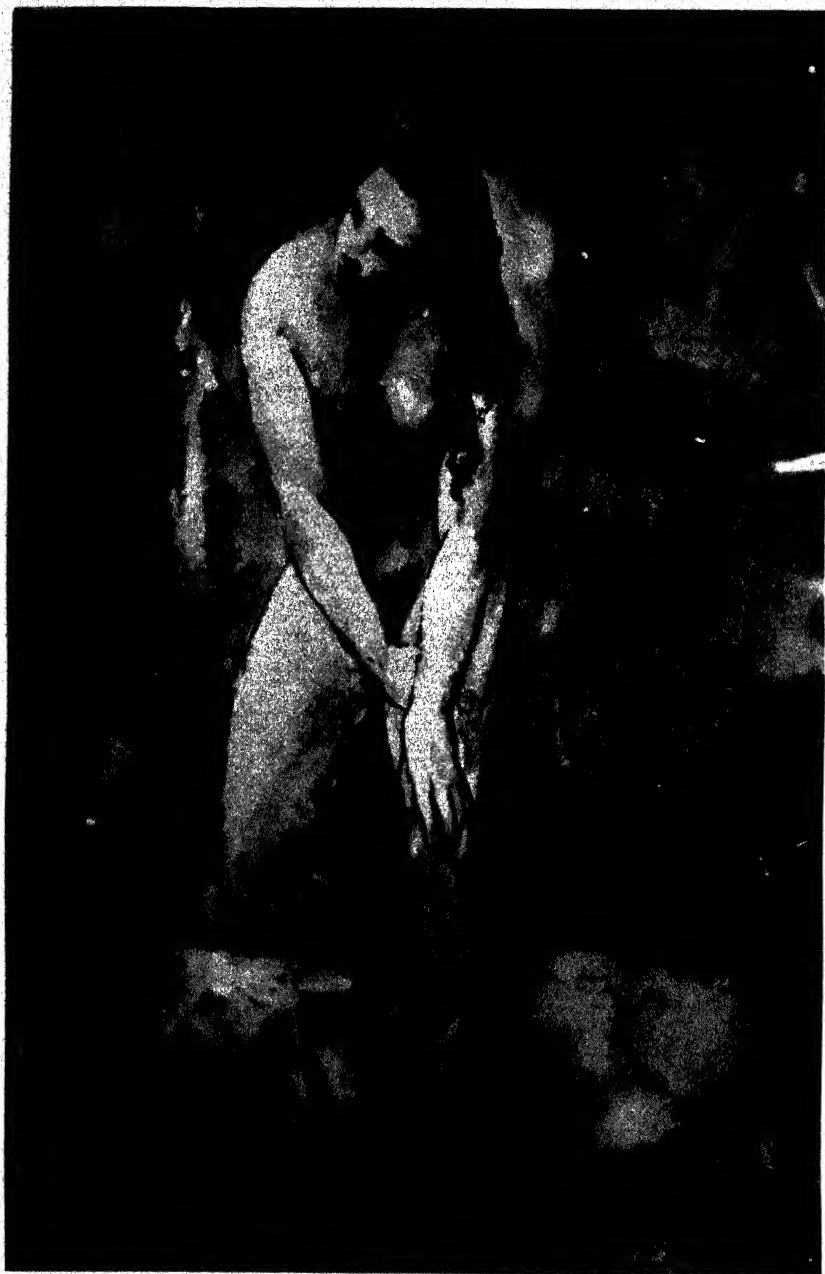
MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



105. Figures with Goat (Rose Period)

BARNES FOUNDATION, MERION, PA.

Pablo Picasso



106. *Nude (Rose Period)*

Pablo Picasso

CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART



107. Woman Combing Her Hair (About 1906, Rose Period)

Pablo Picasso

MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



108. *Nude* (1907) (Early Cubistic and Negroid Period)

PRIVATE COLLECTION

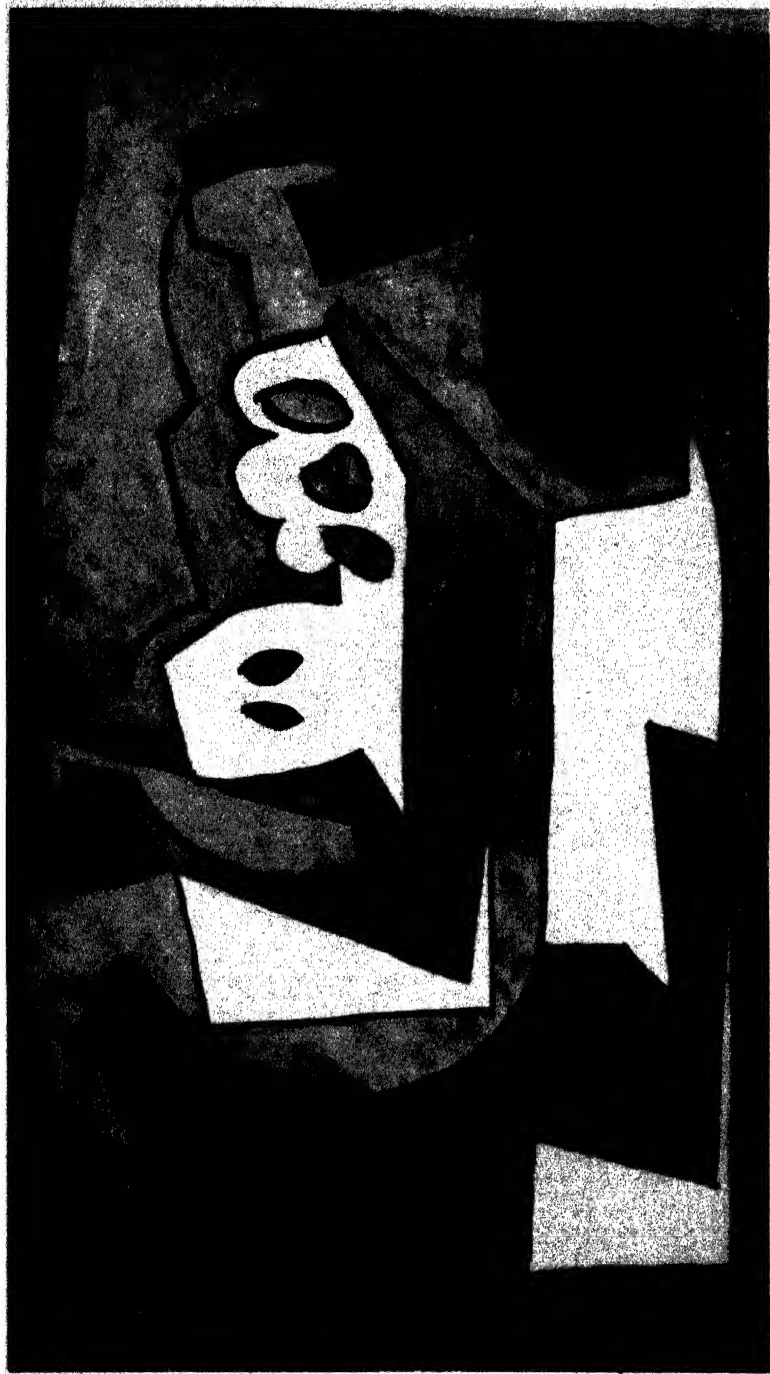
Pablo Picasso



109. Portrait of Henry Kahnweiler (1910)

Pablo Picasso

COLLECTION OF MRS. CHARLES E. GOODSPEED, CHICAGO



110. Still Life (1920) (Late Cubistic)

FLECHTHEIM GALLERIES, BERLIN

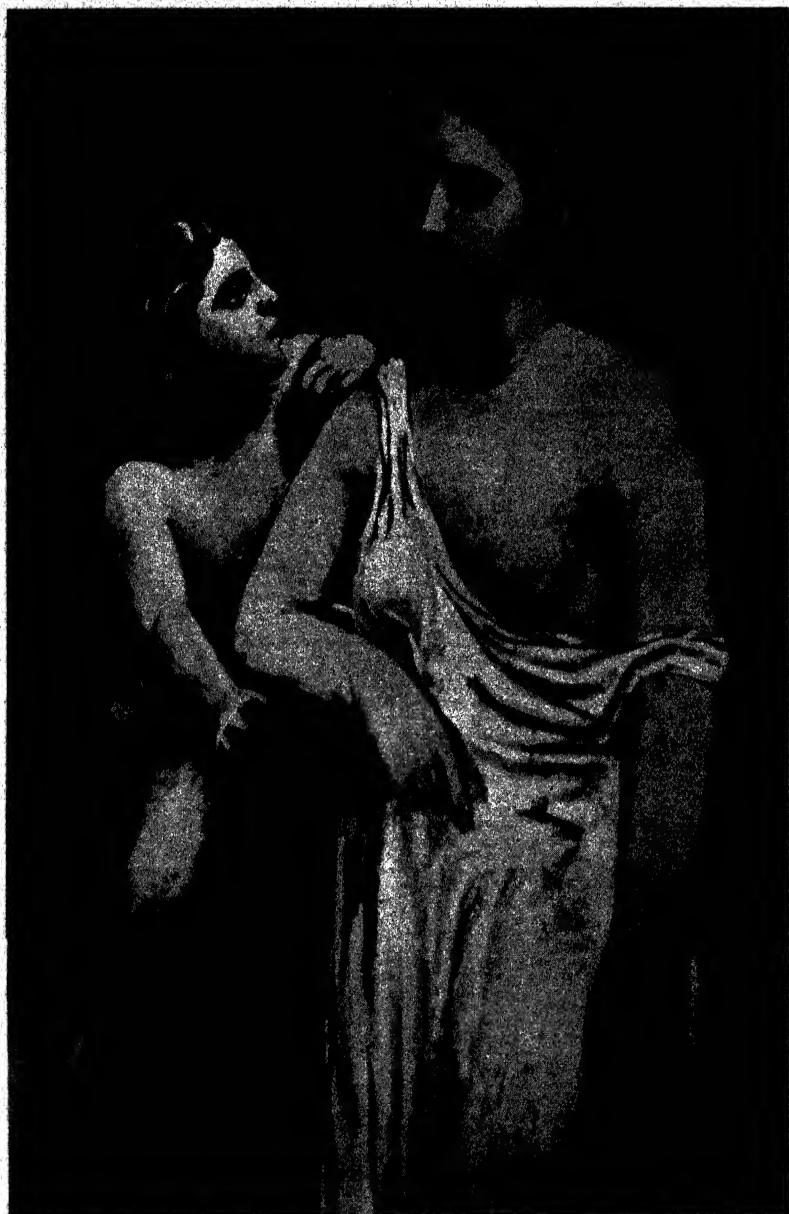
Pablo Picasso



III. The Blue Blouse (1921)

VALENTINE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Pablo Picasso



112. Woman and Child

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

Pablo Picasso



113. The Three Graces (1923)

VALENTINE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Pablo Picasso



114. Seated Woman (1927) (Surrealism)

Pablo Picasso

COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES T. SOBY, HARTFORD, CONN.



115. Portrait of Mme. Picasso

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL, PITTSBURGH, 1930

Pablo Picasso



116. At the Circus Fernando: The Ring Master (1888)

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, COLLECTION OF JOSEPH WINTERBOTHAM



117. Yvette Guilbert and Oscar Wilde

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

CHESTER JOHNSON GALLERY EXHIBITION, CHICAGO



118. A Dance at the Moulin de la Galette (1889) *Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec*
COBURN COLLECTION, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



119. M. Fourcade (1889)

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

COLLECTION OF PAUL ROSENBERG, NEW YORK



120. Quadrille at the Moulin-Rouge (1892)

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

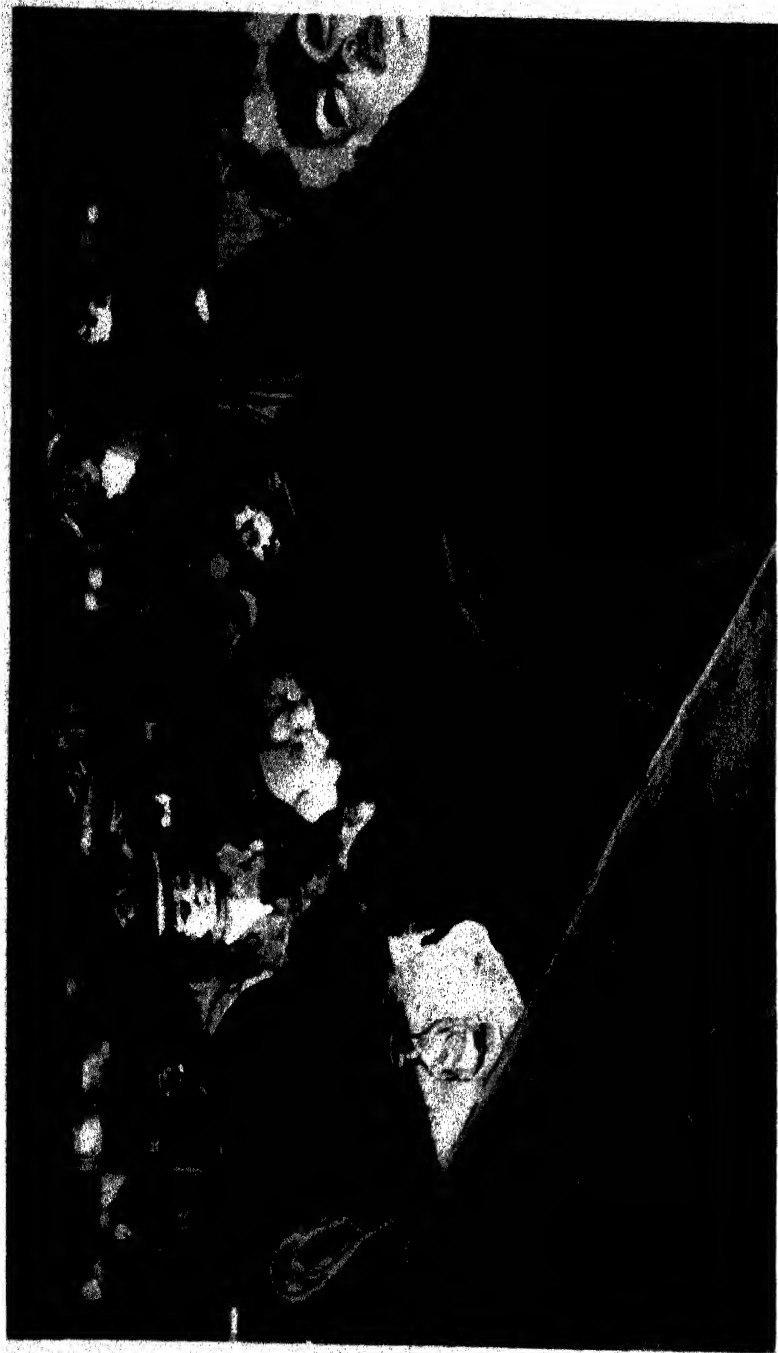
COLLECTION OF CHESTER DALE, NEW YORK



121. Jane Avril Leaving the Moulin-Rouge

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



122. At the Moulin-Rouge (1892)

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, BIRCH-BARTLETT COLLECTION



123. The Clowness Cha-U-Kao (1895)

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec

COLLECTION OF FRANK H. GINN, CLEVELAND



124. Flowers

Odilon Redon

CHESTER JOHNSON GALLERY EXHIBITION, CHICAGO



125. Birth of Venus

Odilon Redon

COLLECTION OF MRS. R. R. MCCORMICK, CHICAGO



126. Pansies

Odilon Redon

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



127. Child of Destiny

Odilon Redon

DURAND-RUEL GALLERIES COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK



128. Flowers

Odilon Redon

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



129. Arab Camp

Henri Rousseau

VALENTINE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



130. The Nuptials

MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY, NEW YORK

Henri Rousseau



131. Portrait of a Young Girl

Henri Rousseau

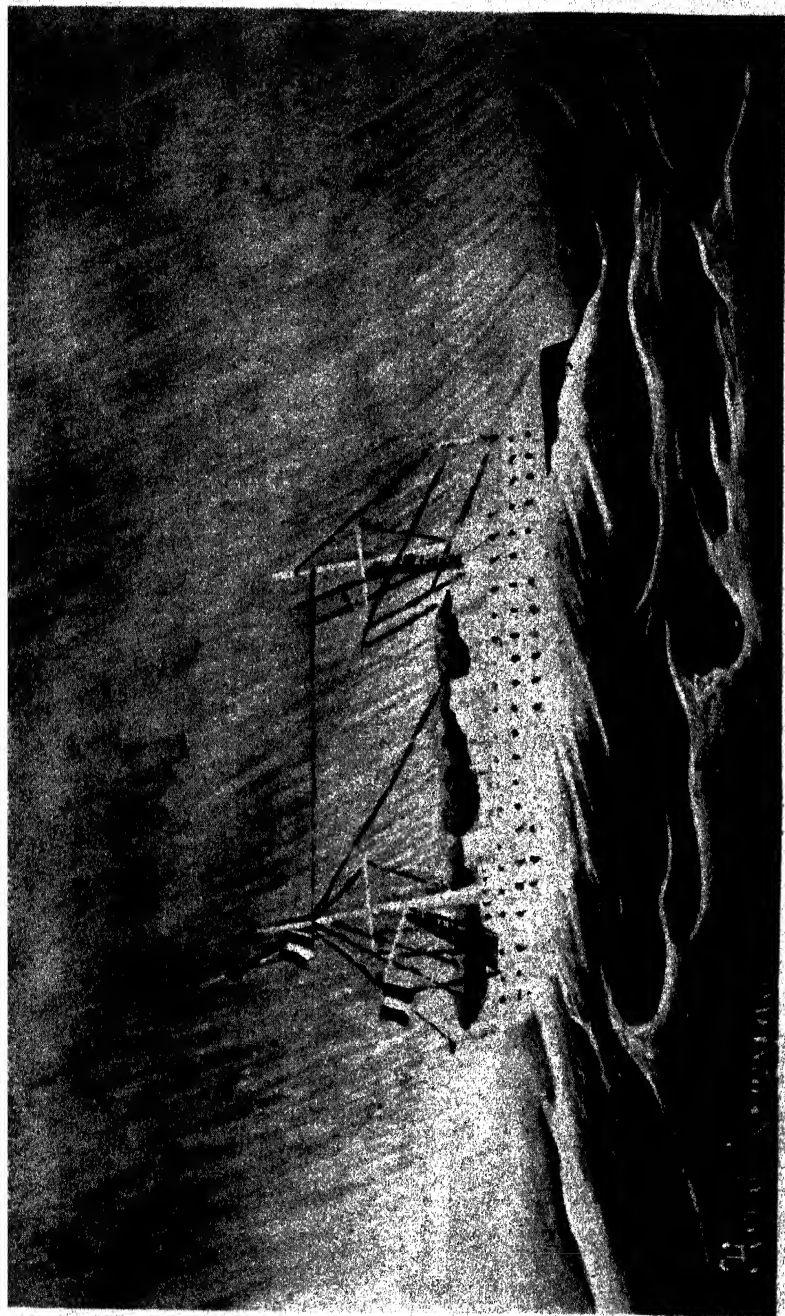
COLLECTION OF R. STURGIS INGERSOLL, PHILADELPHIA



132. The Tilt Cart of Papa Juniet

MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY, NEW YORK

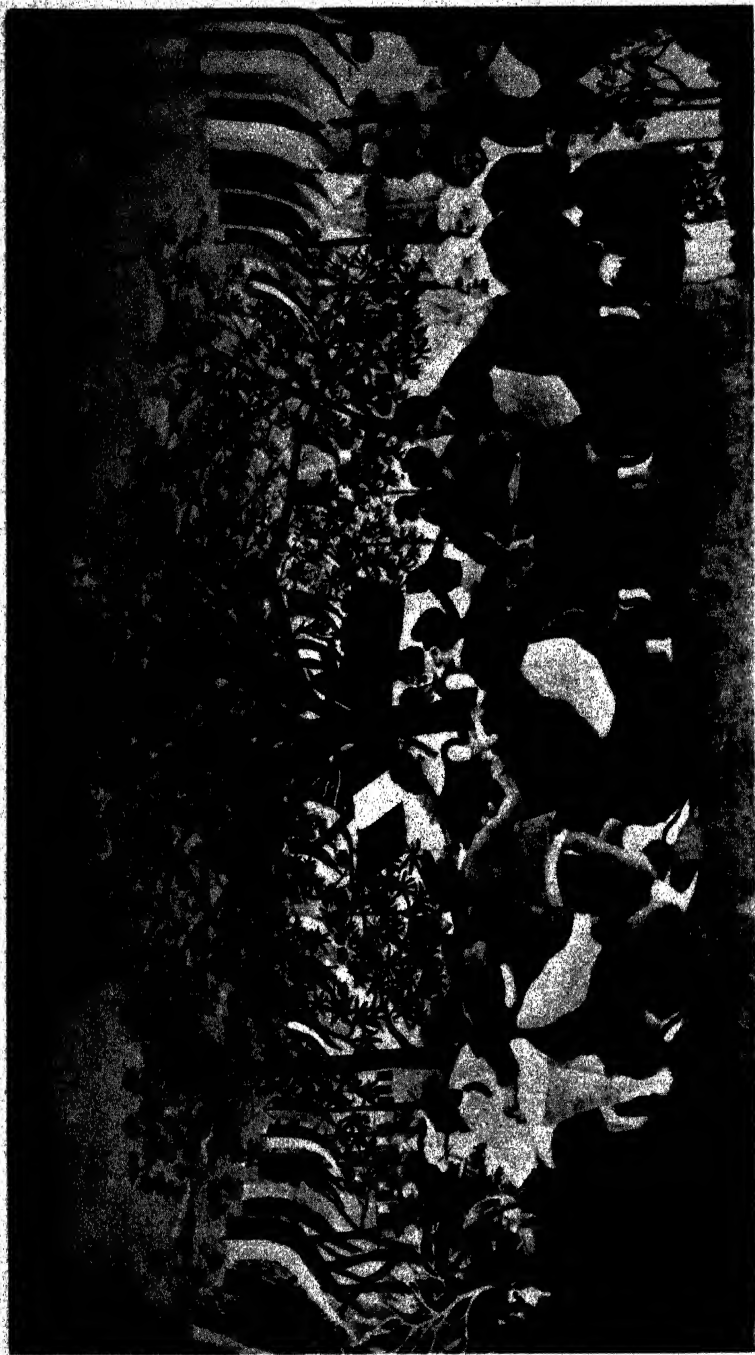
Henri Rousseau



133. Effect of a Storm at Sea

MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY, NEW YORK

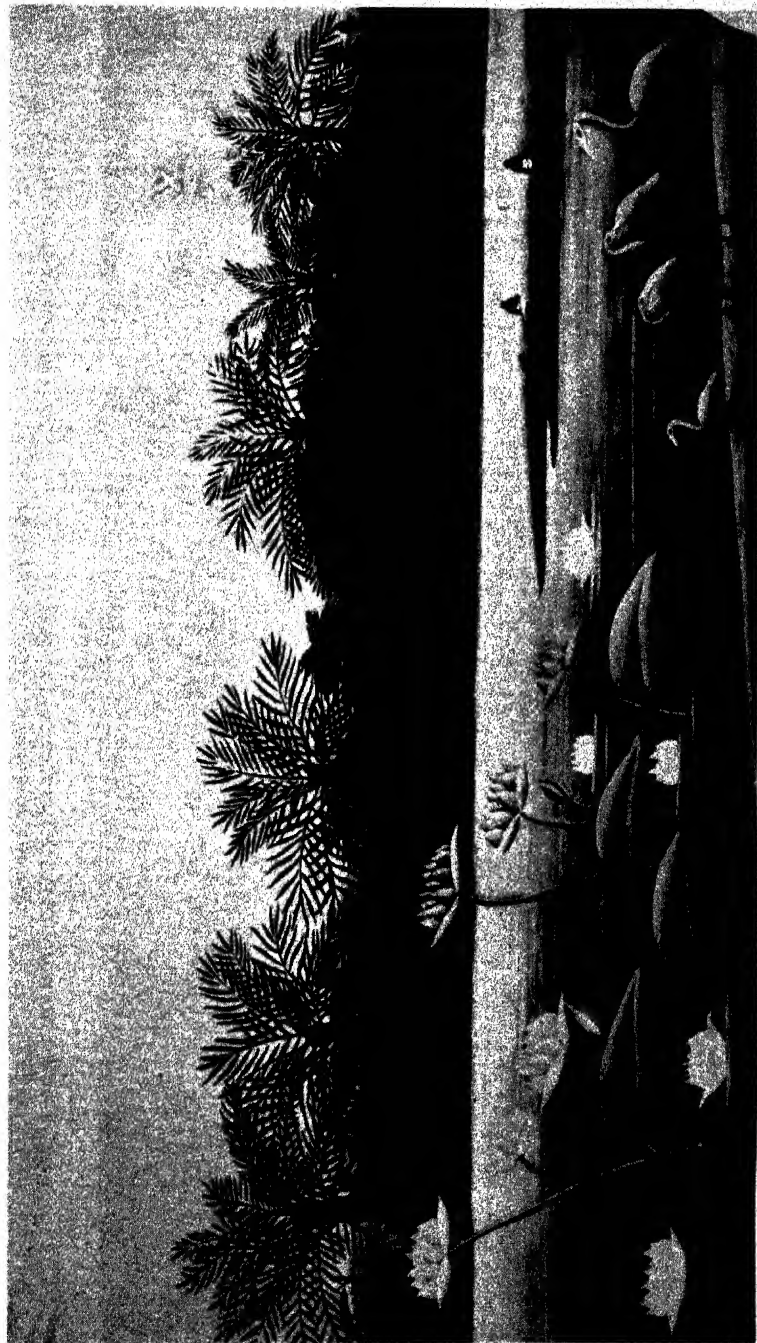
Henri Rousseau



134. The Centenary of Independence (1892)

MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY, NEW YORK

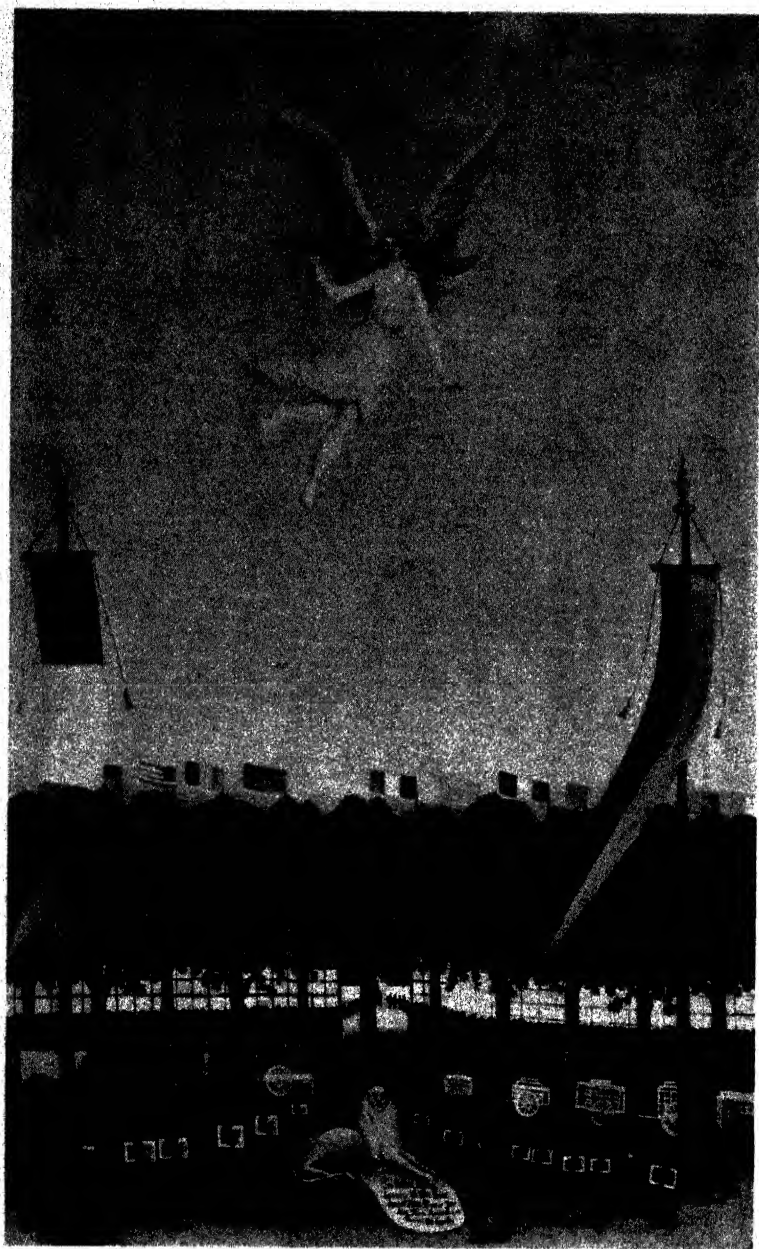
Henri Rousseau



135. *The Flamingoes*

Henri Rousseau

MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY, NEW YORK



136. Liberty Invites the Artists to Send to "The Independents" (1906)

Henri Rousseau

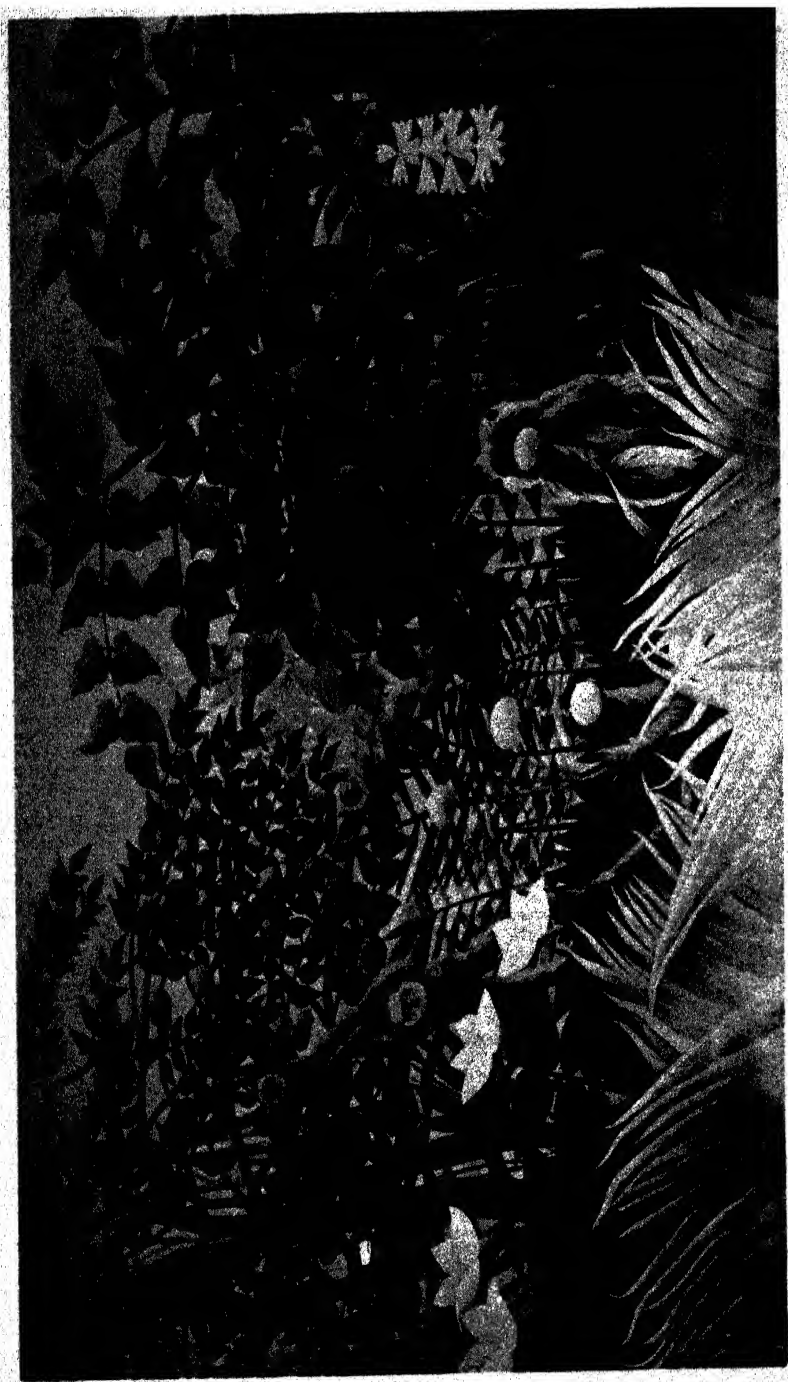
MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY, NEW YORK



137. Portrait of Joseph Brummer (1909)

Henri Rousseau

MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY, NEW YORK



138. Exotic Landscape (1910)

COLLECTION OF MRS. R. R. MCCORMICK, CHICAGO

Henri Rousseau



139. *The Dream* (1910)

Henri Rousseau

COLLECTION OF SIDNEY JANIS, NEW YORK



140. Crucifixion

Georges Rouault

COLLECTION OF THE LATE MRS. JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER, CHICAGO



141. Little Olympia

Georges Rouault

PRIVATE COLLECTION, PARIS



142. Circus Girl (1906)

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

Georges Rouault



143. Portrait of Maria Lani (1928)

Georges Rouault

COLLECTION OF THE ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO



144. Portrait of a Girl

BALZAC GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

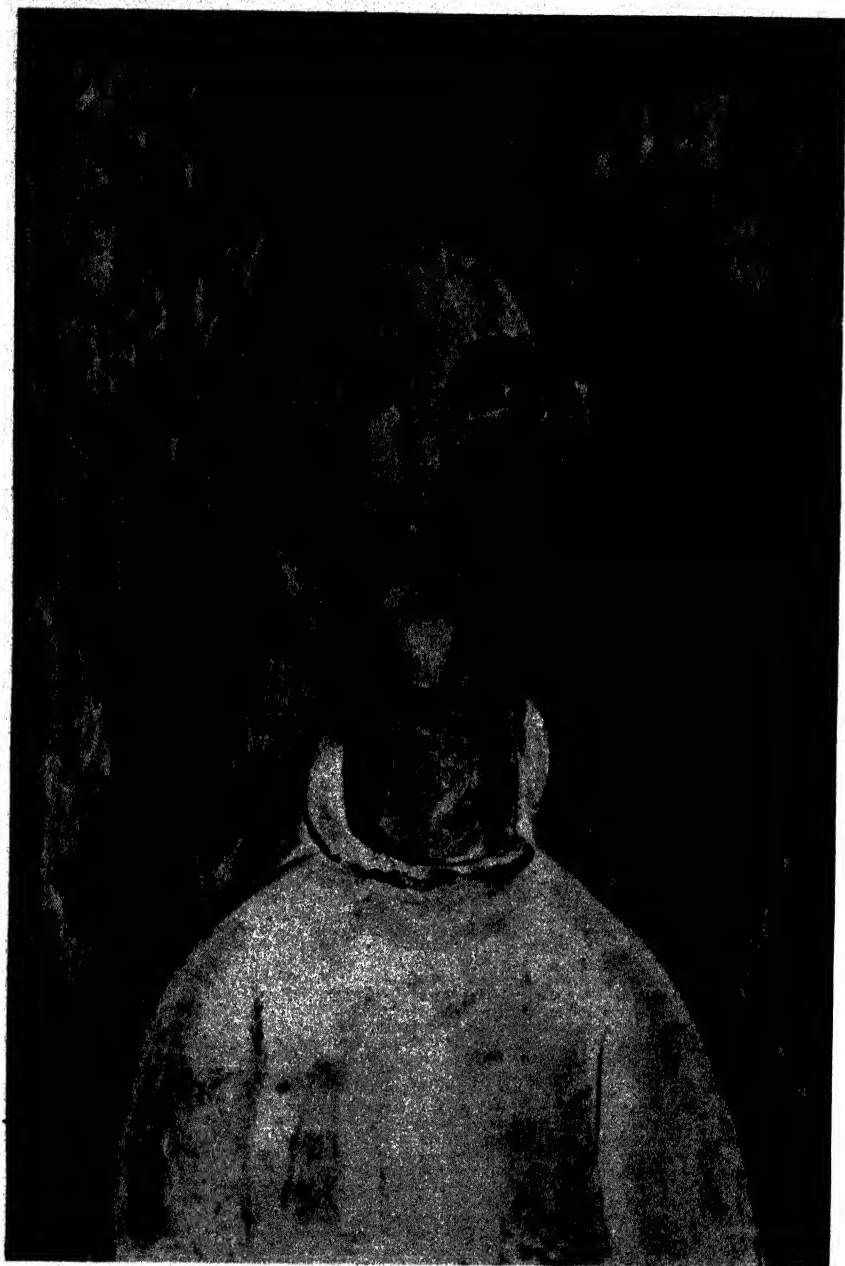
Georges Rouault



145. Two Clowns (1930)

Georges Rouault

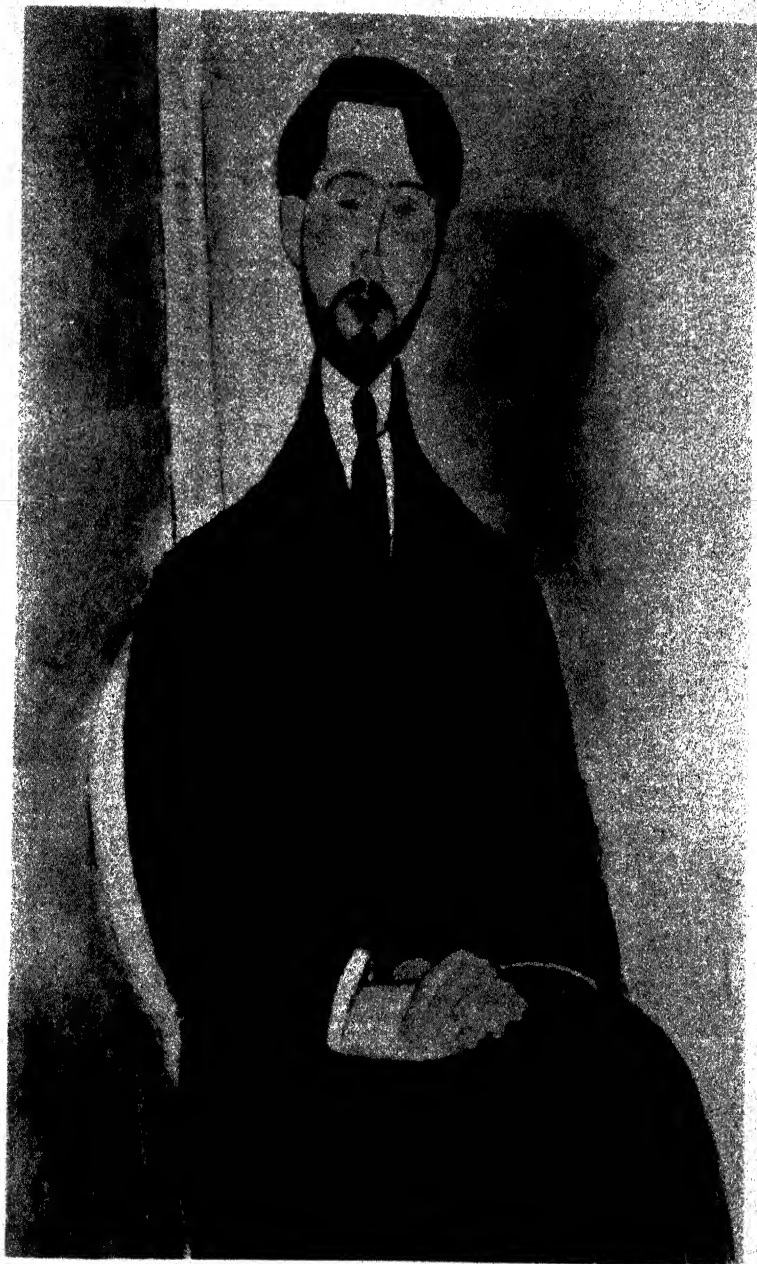
COLLECTION OF J. B. NEUMANN, NEW YORK



146. Portrait of a Girl

Amadeo Modigliani

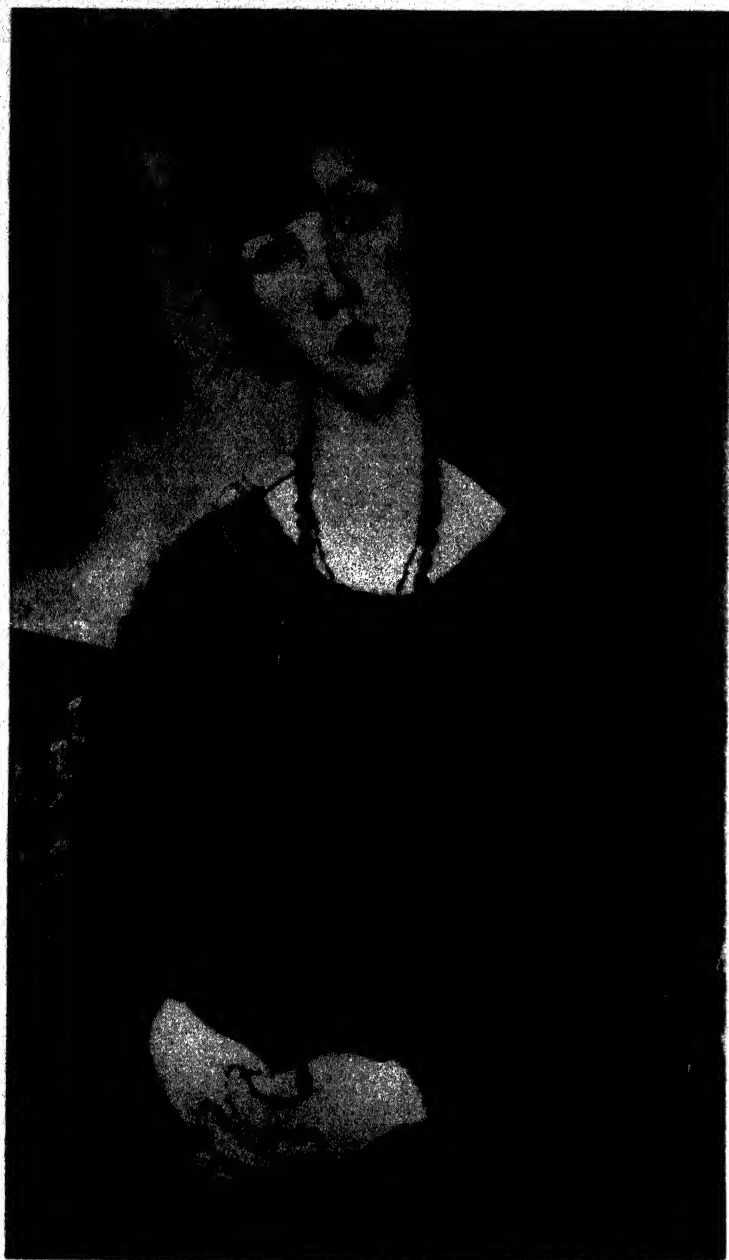
COLLECTION OF FRANK CROWNINSHIELD, NEW YORK



147. M. Zborowski

Amadeo Modigliani

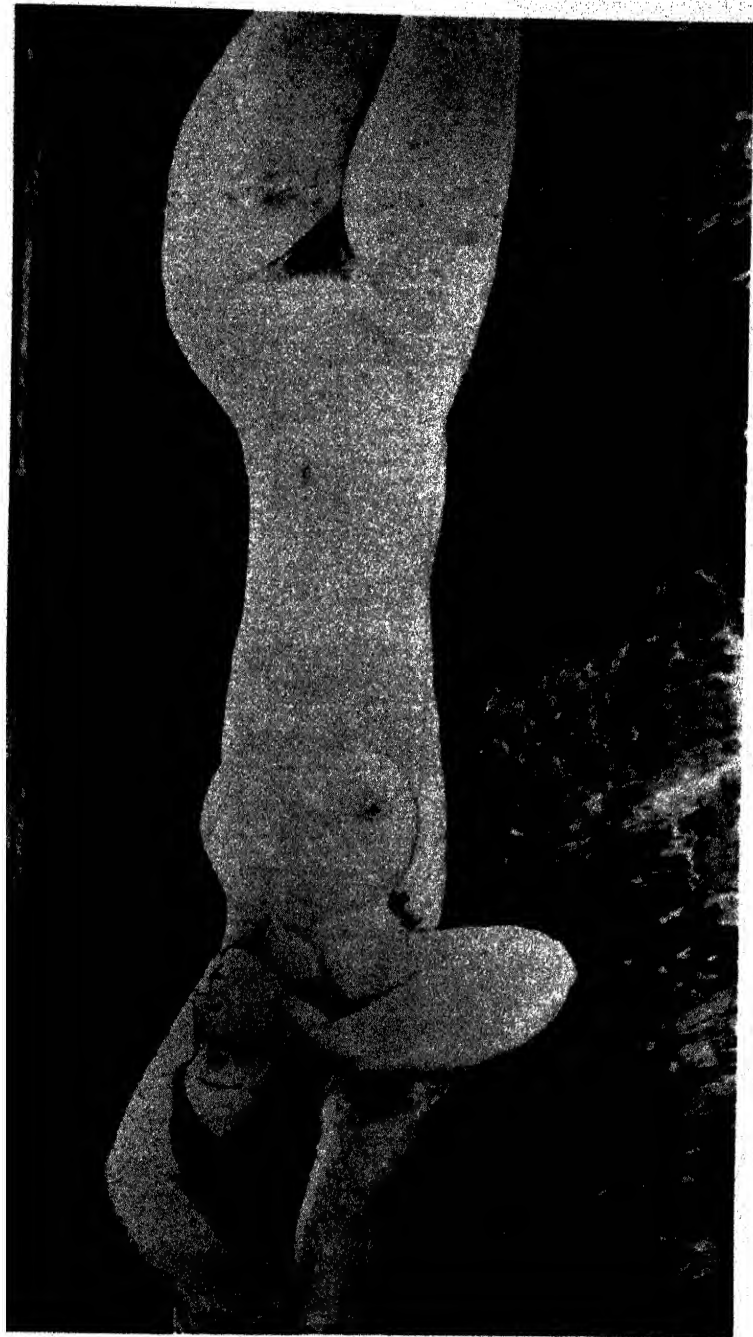
DE HAUKE GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



148. Woman with Necklace

Amadeo Modigliani

KNOEDLER GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



149. Nude on Divan

Amadeo Modigliani

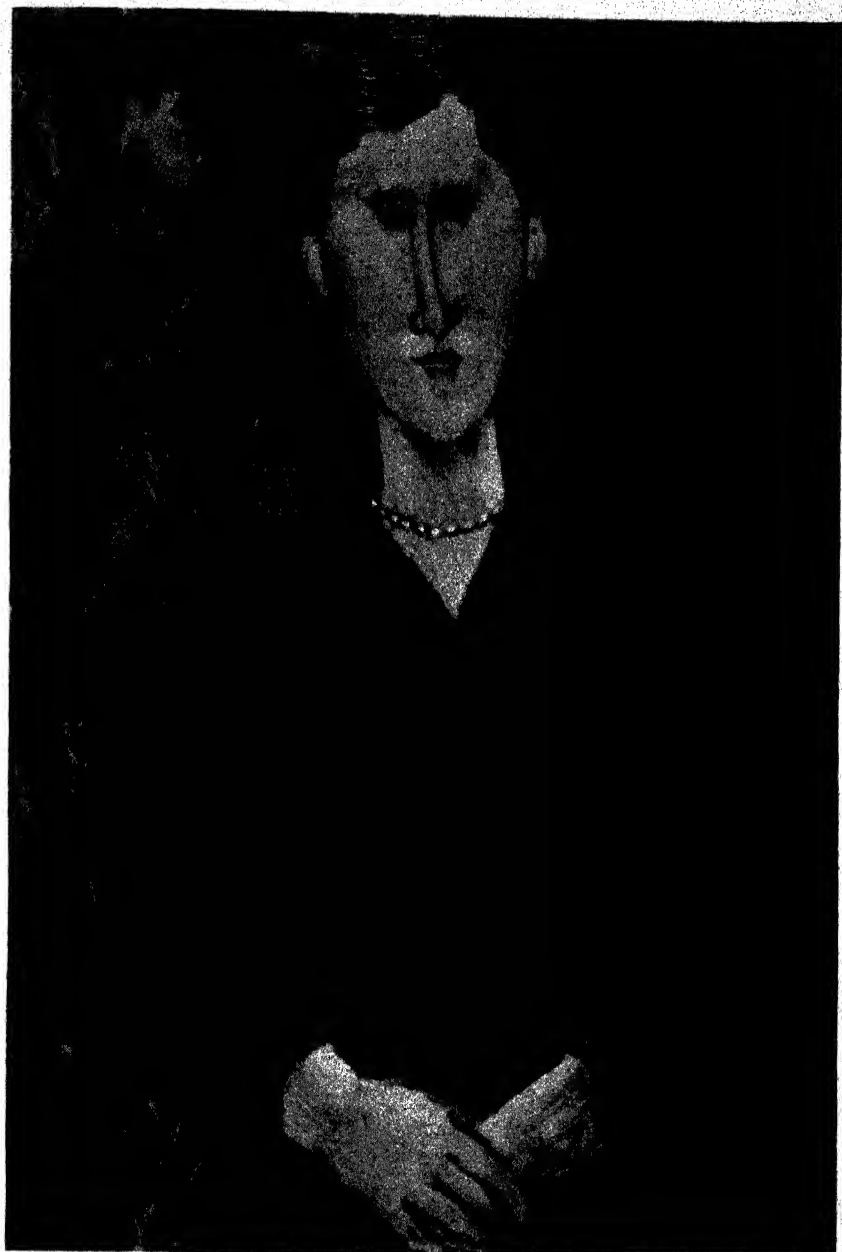
DE HAUKE GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



150. Red Dress

Amadeo Modigliani

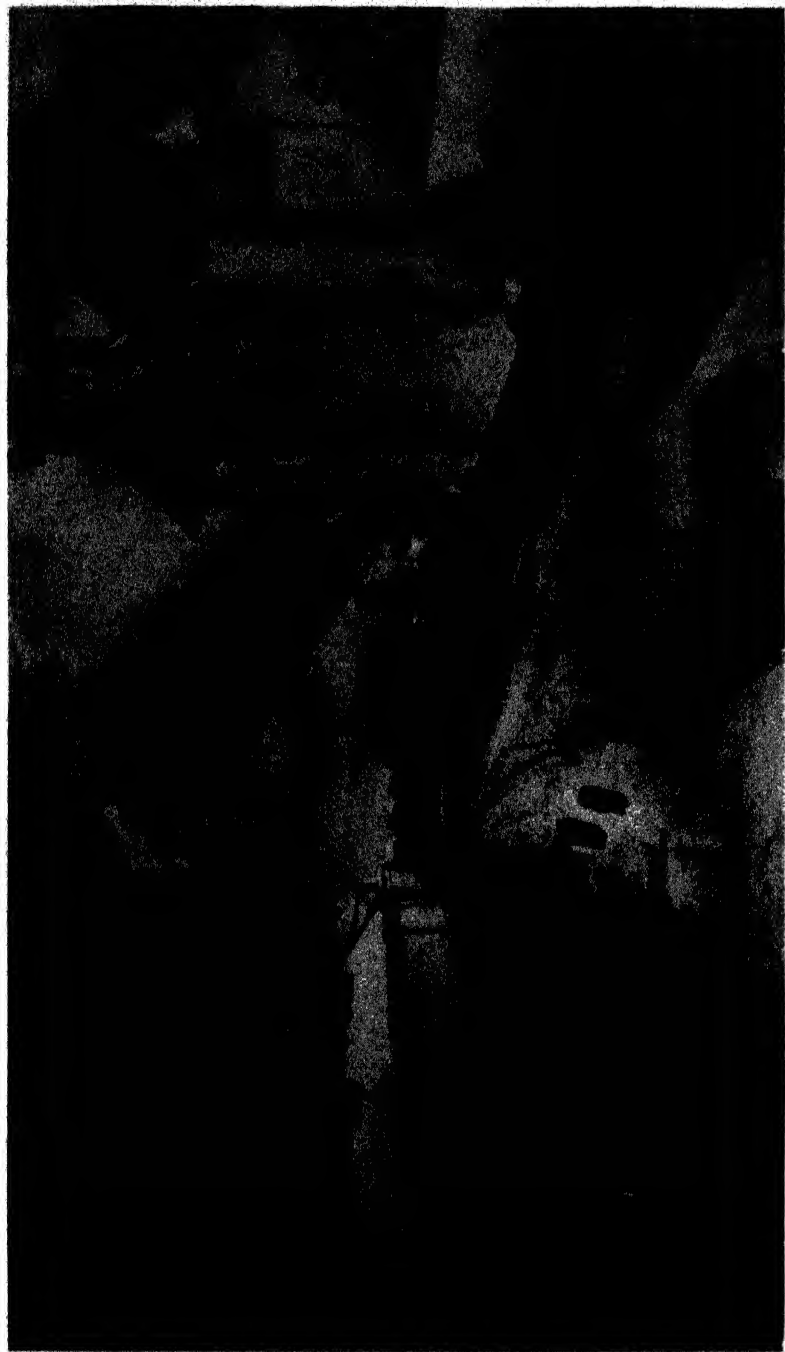
EXHIBITION ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO



151. Portrait of Madame C.

BALZAC GALLERIES, NEW YORK

Amadeo Modigliani



152. In the Sky at Witbsk

TANNHAUSER GALLERIES, BERLIN

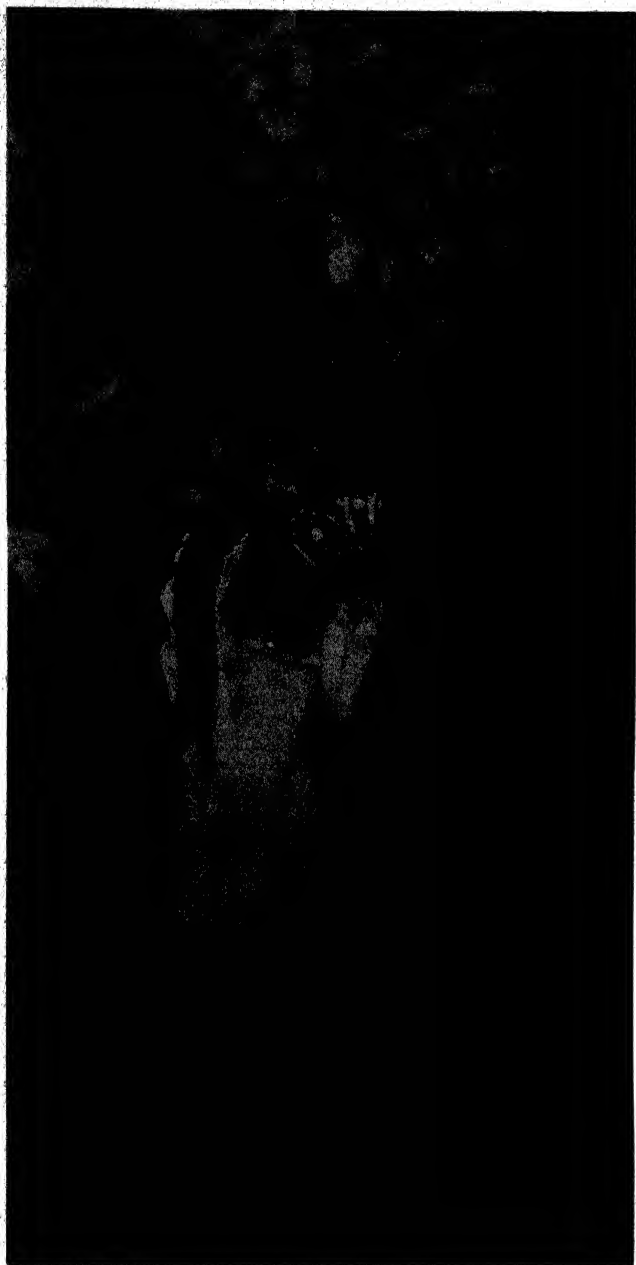
Marc Chagall



153. The Promenade

ALEXANDER III MUSEUM, LENINGRAD

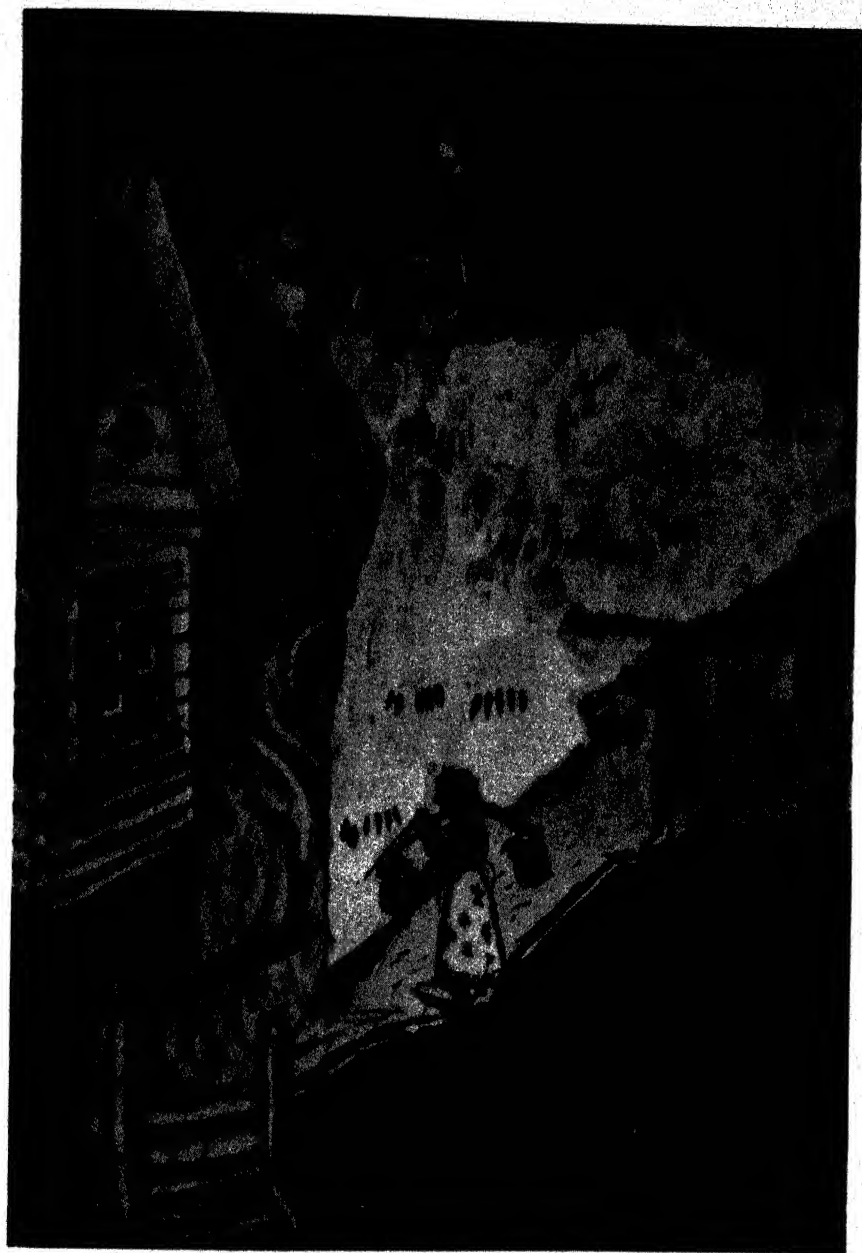
Marc Chagall



154. Self Portrait

REINHARDT GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

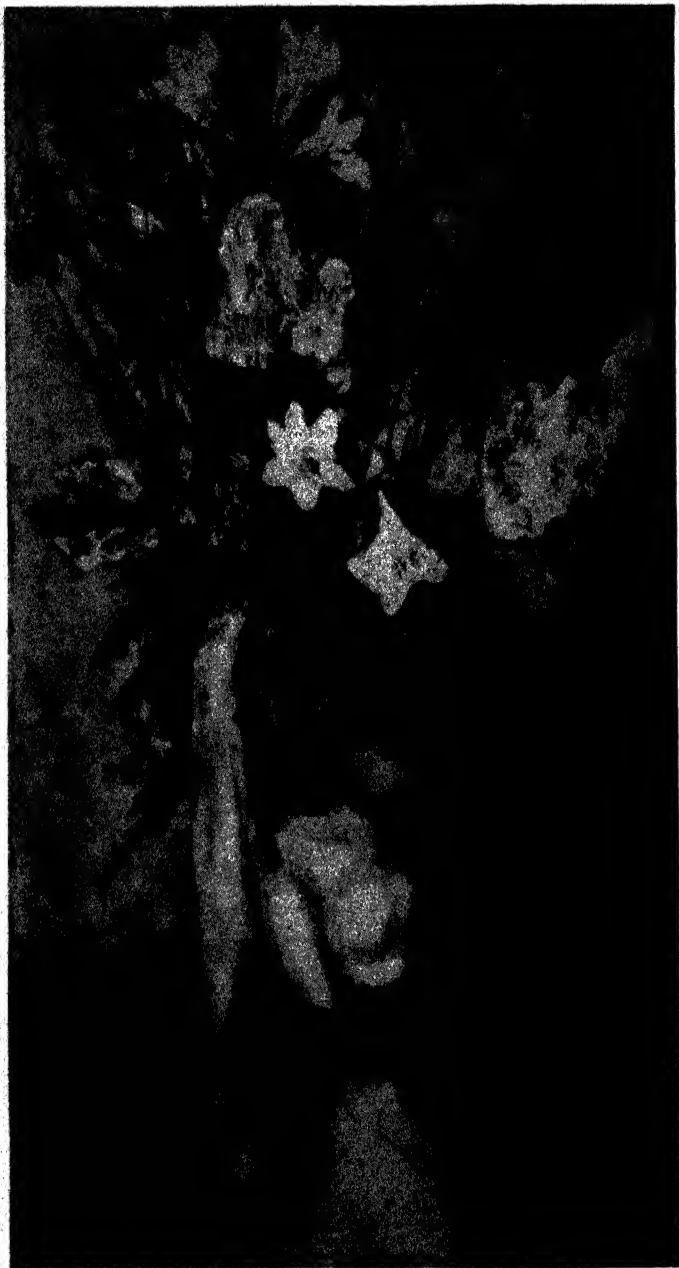
Marc Chagall



155. In the Country

Marc Chagall

COLLECTION OF J. B. NEUMANN, NEW YORK



156. Angel and Poet

COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST

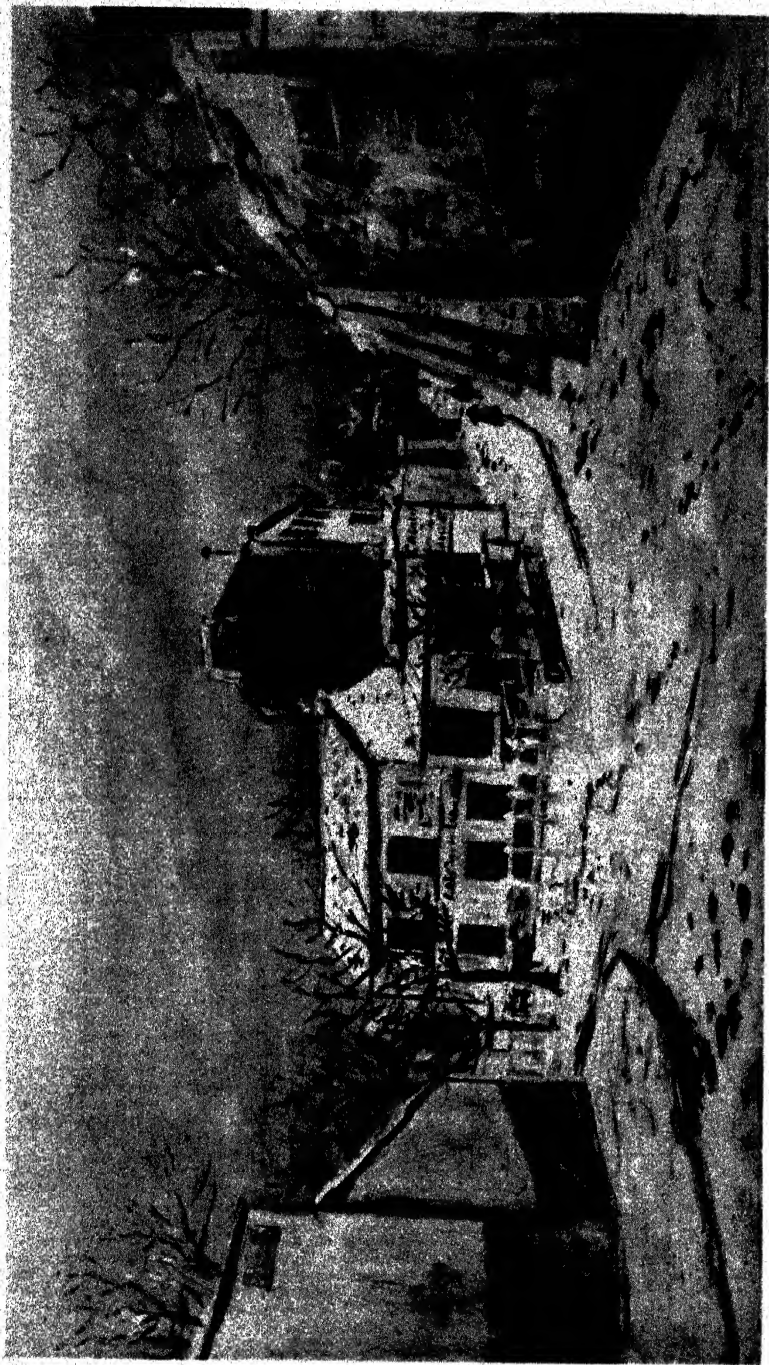
Marc Chagall



157. Flowers

Marc Chagall

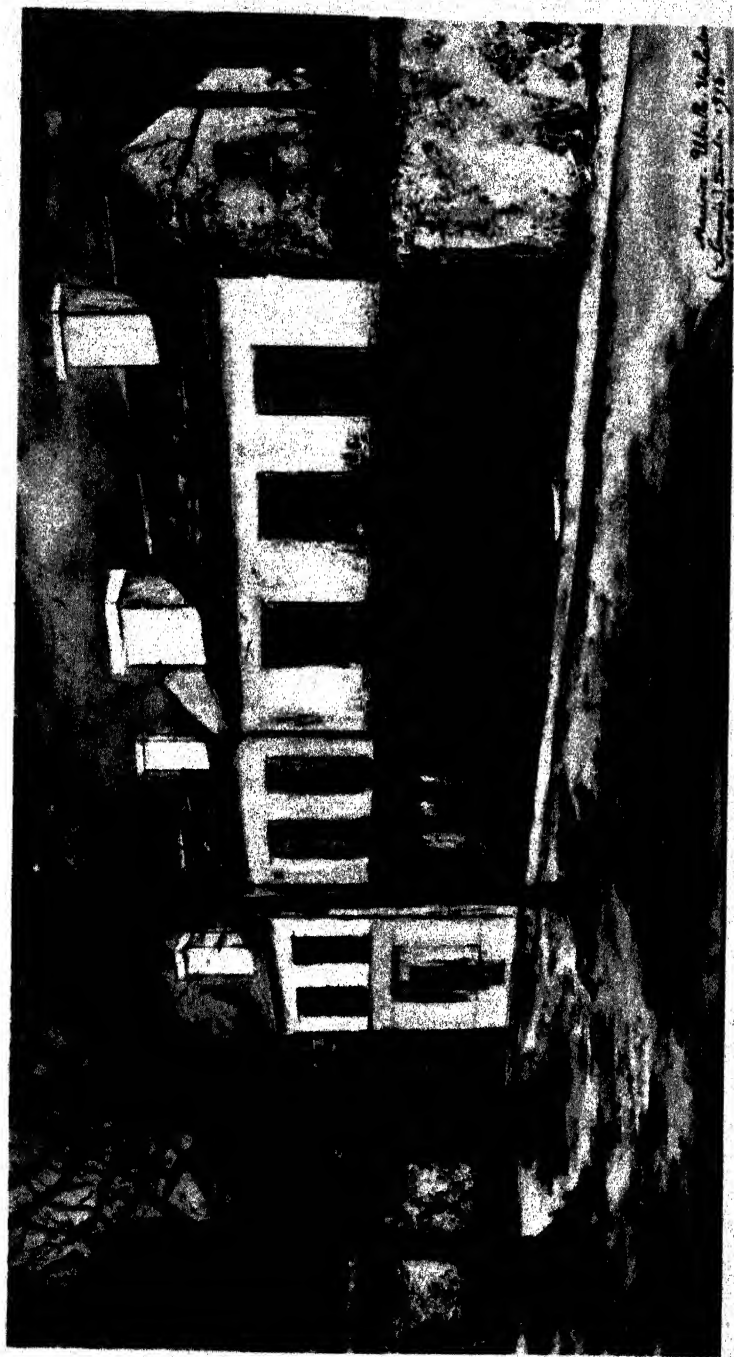
REINHARDT GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

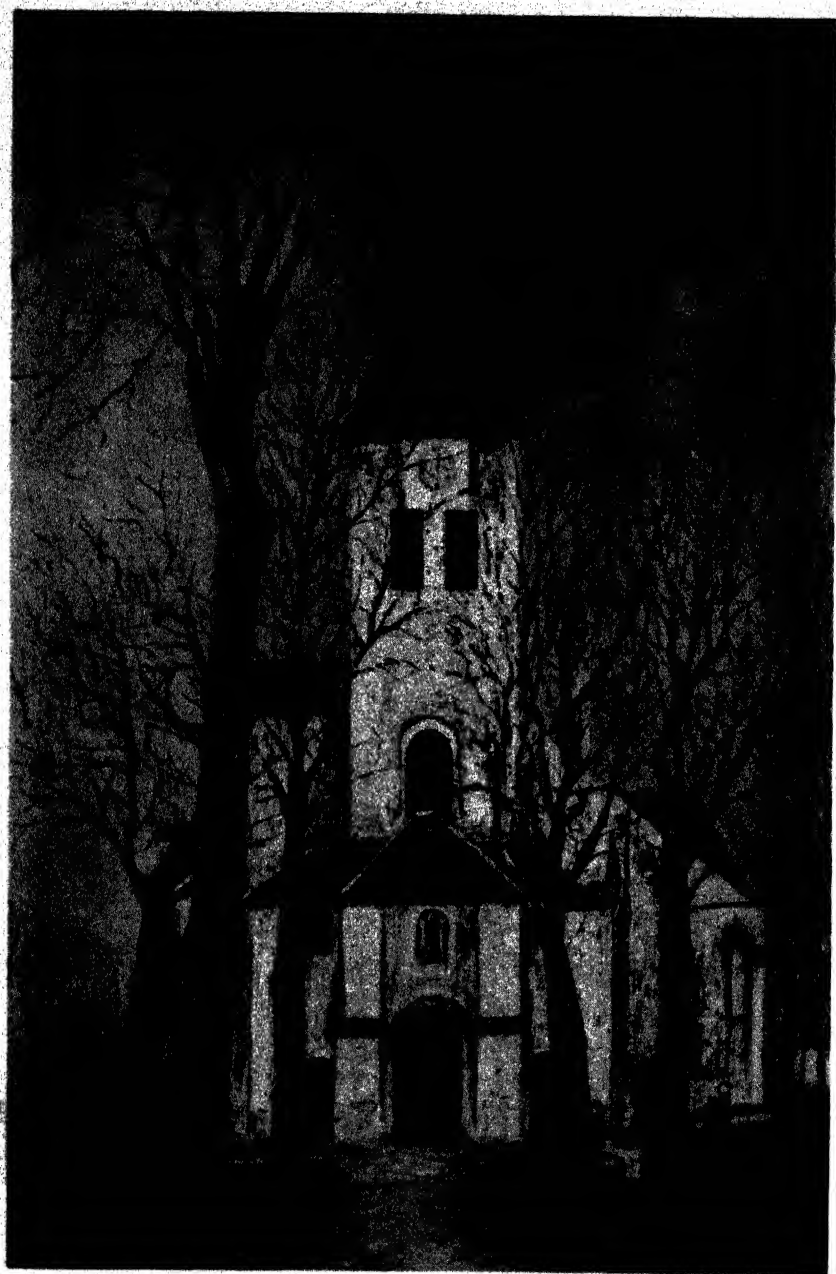


158. Café Lapin Agile

HOWARD YOUNG GALLERIES COLLECTION, NEW YORK

Maurice Utrillo

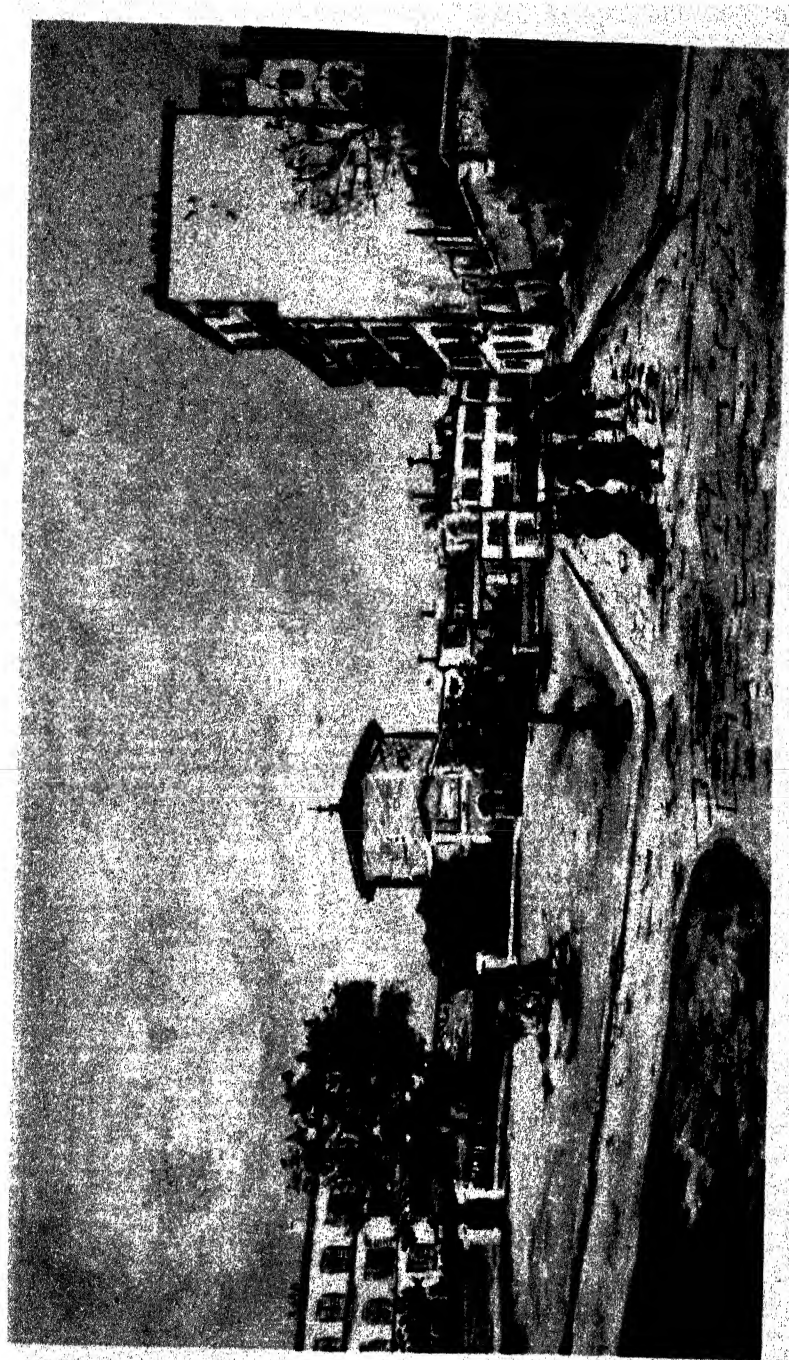




160. Church in Autumn

Maurice Utrillo

DE HAUKE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



161. Montmartre: Place J. B. Clément

BALZAC GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Maurice Utrillo



162. The Last Supper (1914)

COLLECTION OF MRS. FRANK R. LILLIE, CHICAGO

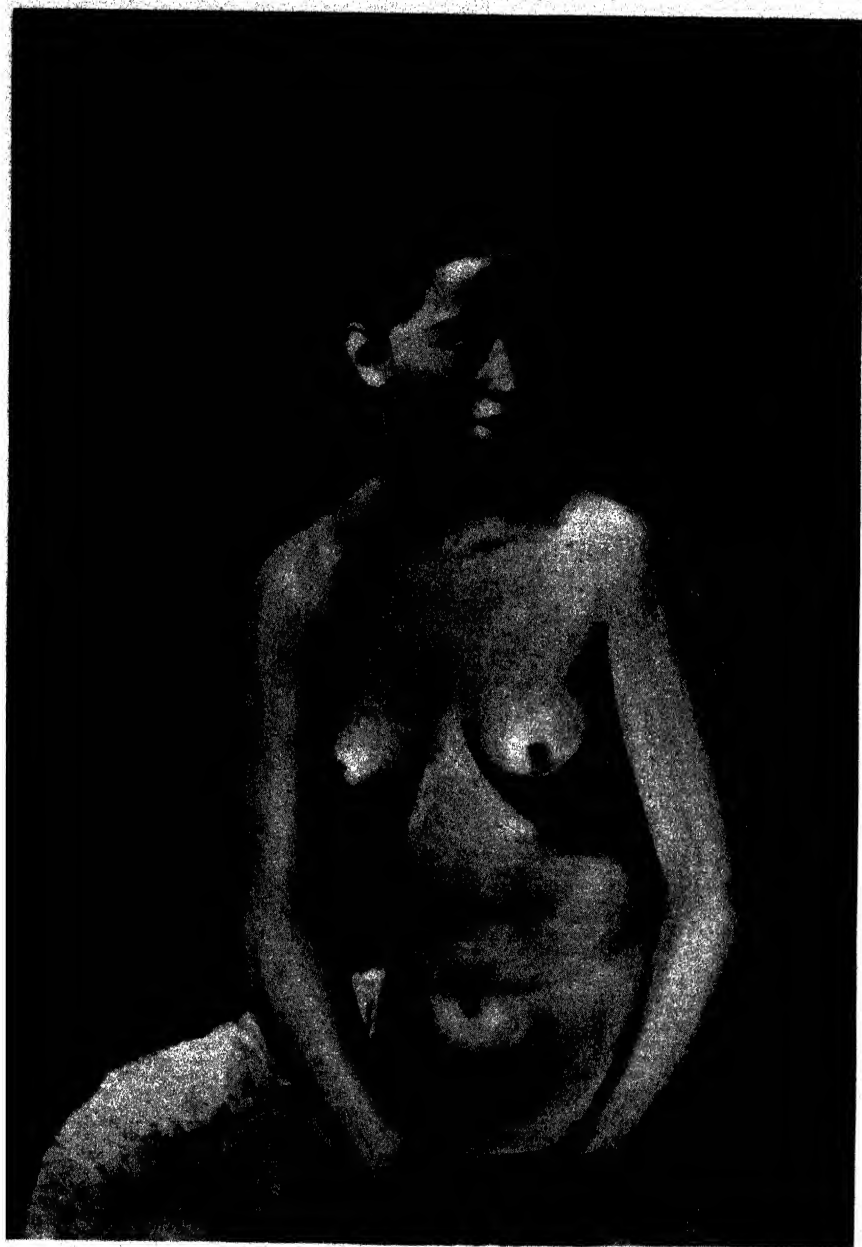
André Derain



163. Landscape

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

André Derain



164. Nude

DURAND-RUEL COLLECTION, PARIS AND NEW YORK

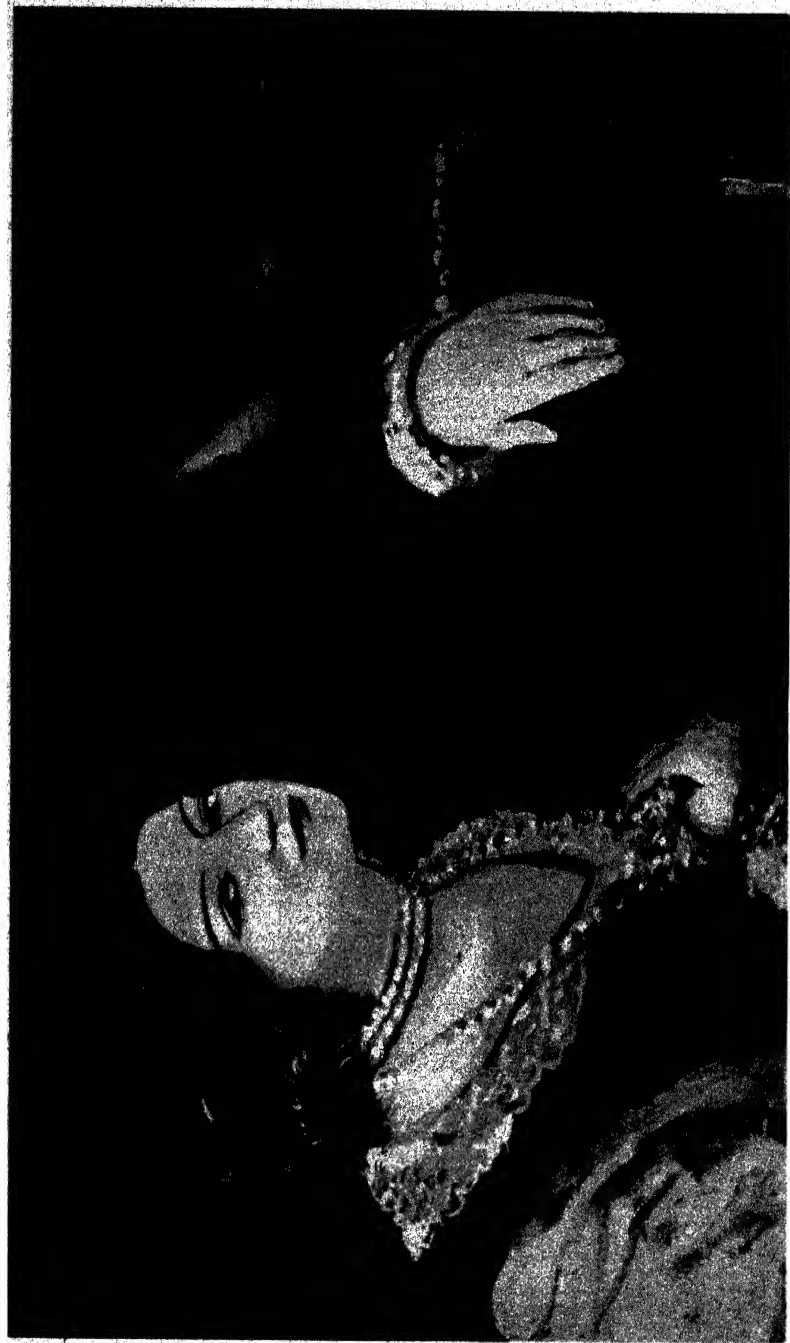
André Derain



165. Little Girl in Orange Jacket

André Derain

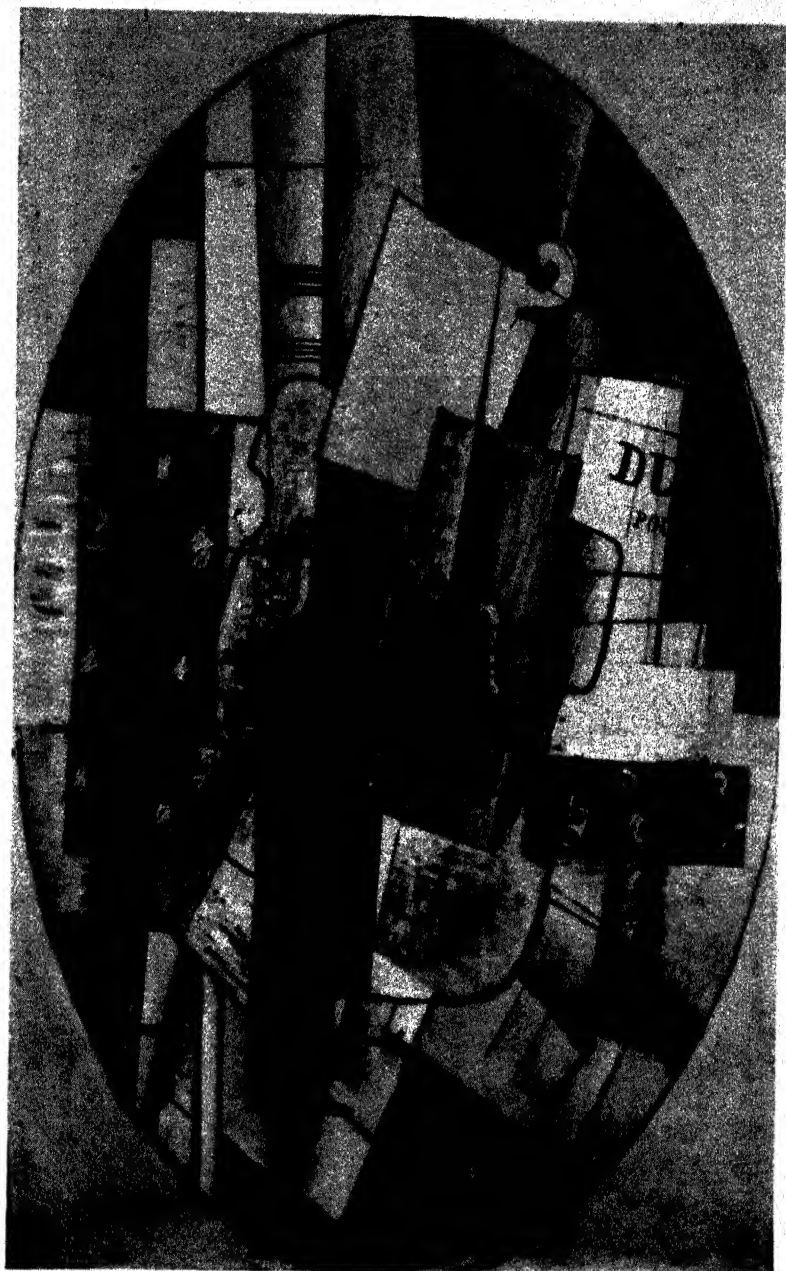
HOWARD YOUNG GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



166. Portrait

André Derain

REINHARDT GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



167. Cubistic Composition (1914)

ESTATE OF CORNELIUS SULLIVAN, NEW YORK

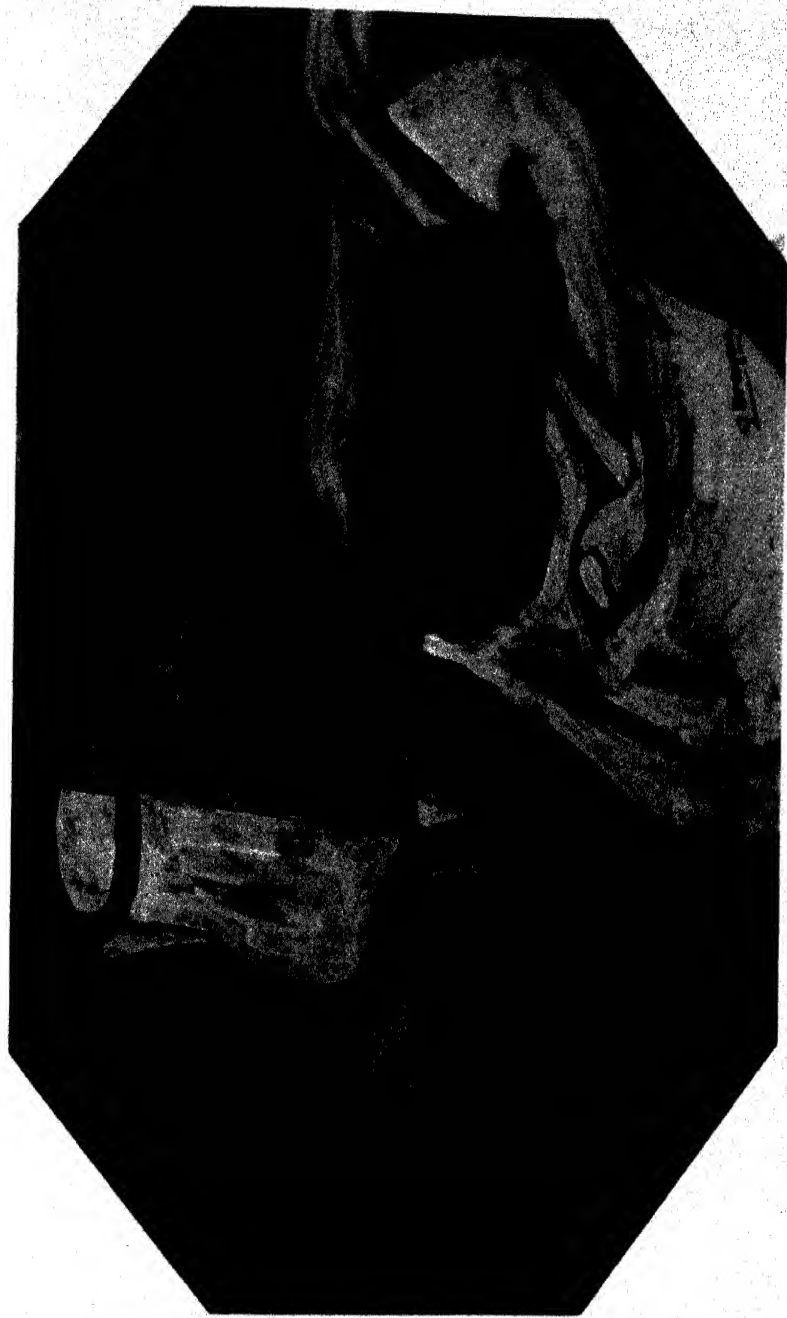
Georges Braque



168. Pomona (1924)

COLLECTION OF MRS. PAUL REINHARDT

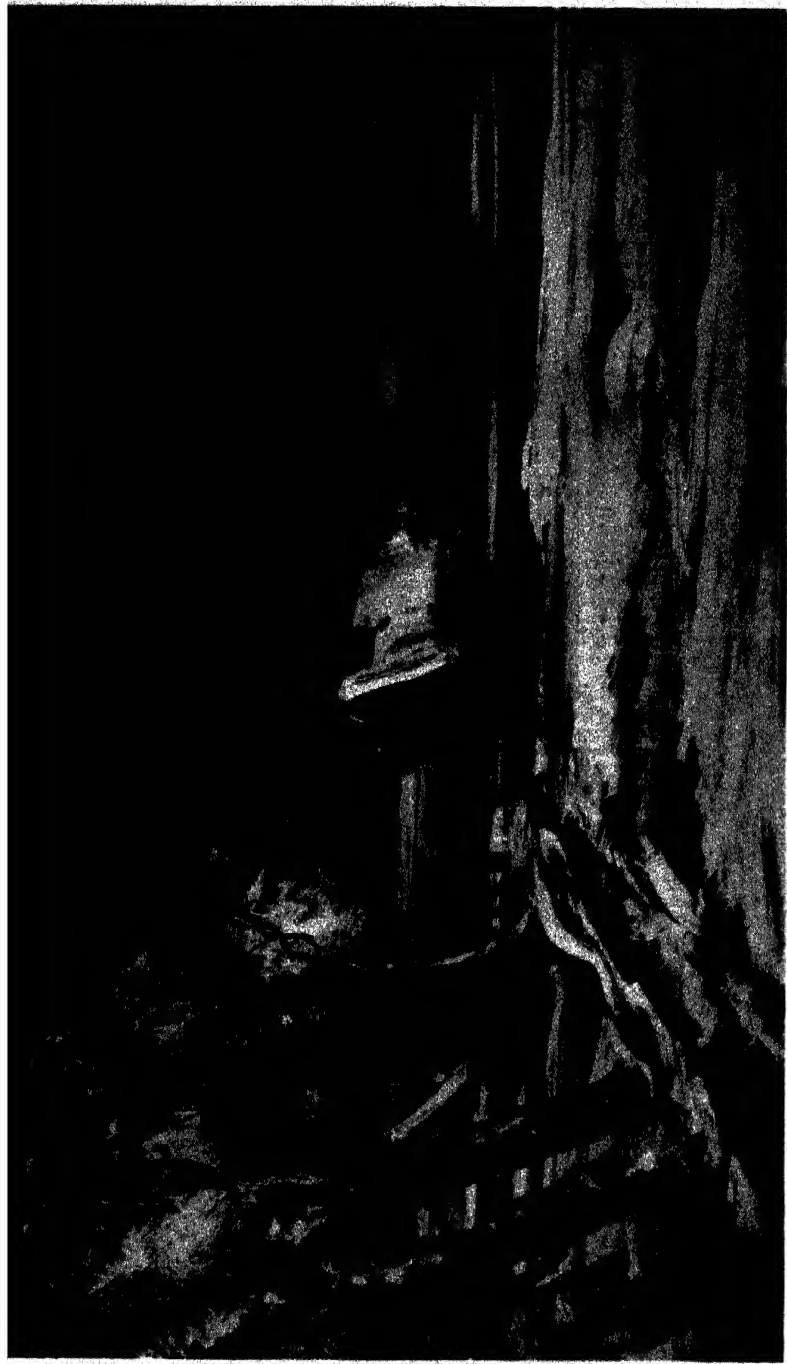
Georges Braque



169. Still Life

Georges Braque

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



170. The Church, Winter

Maurice de Vlaminck

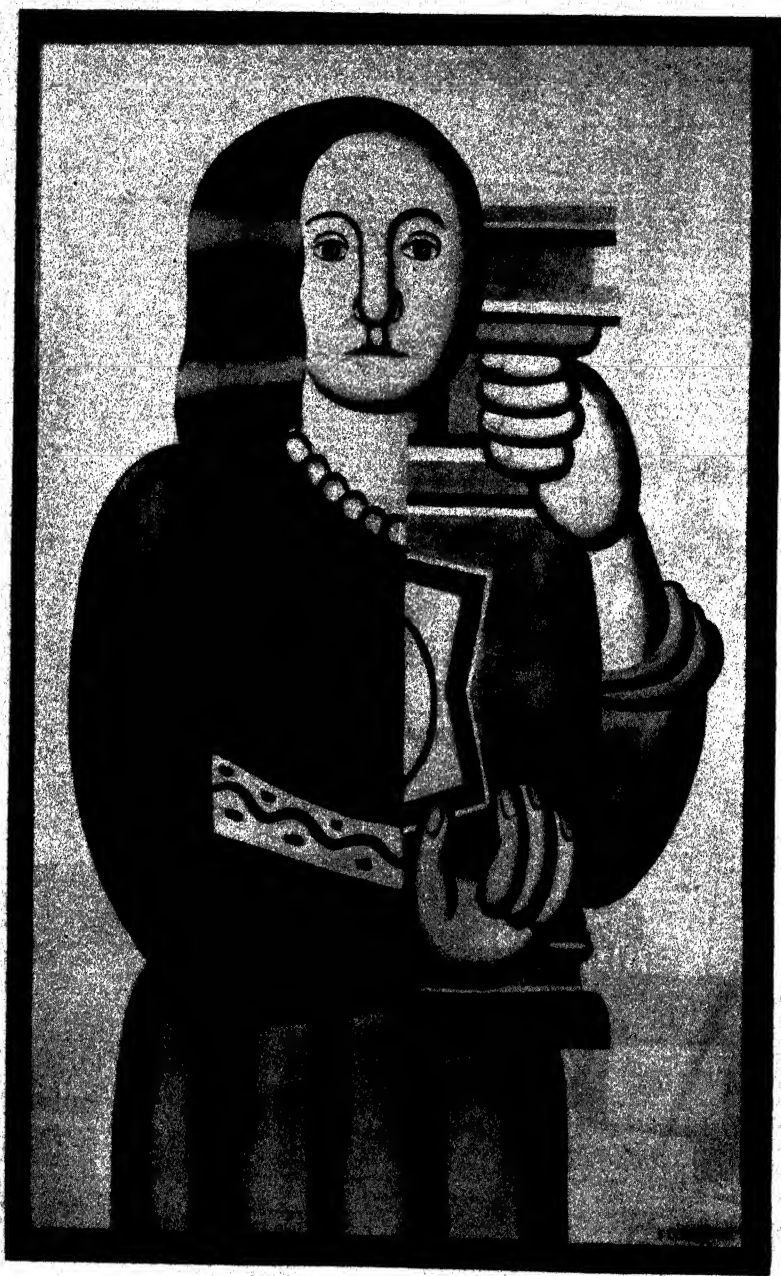
KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



171. Landscape

Maurice de Vlaminck

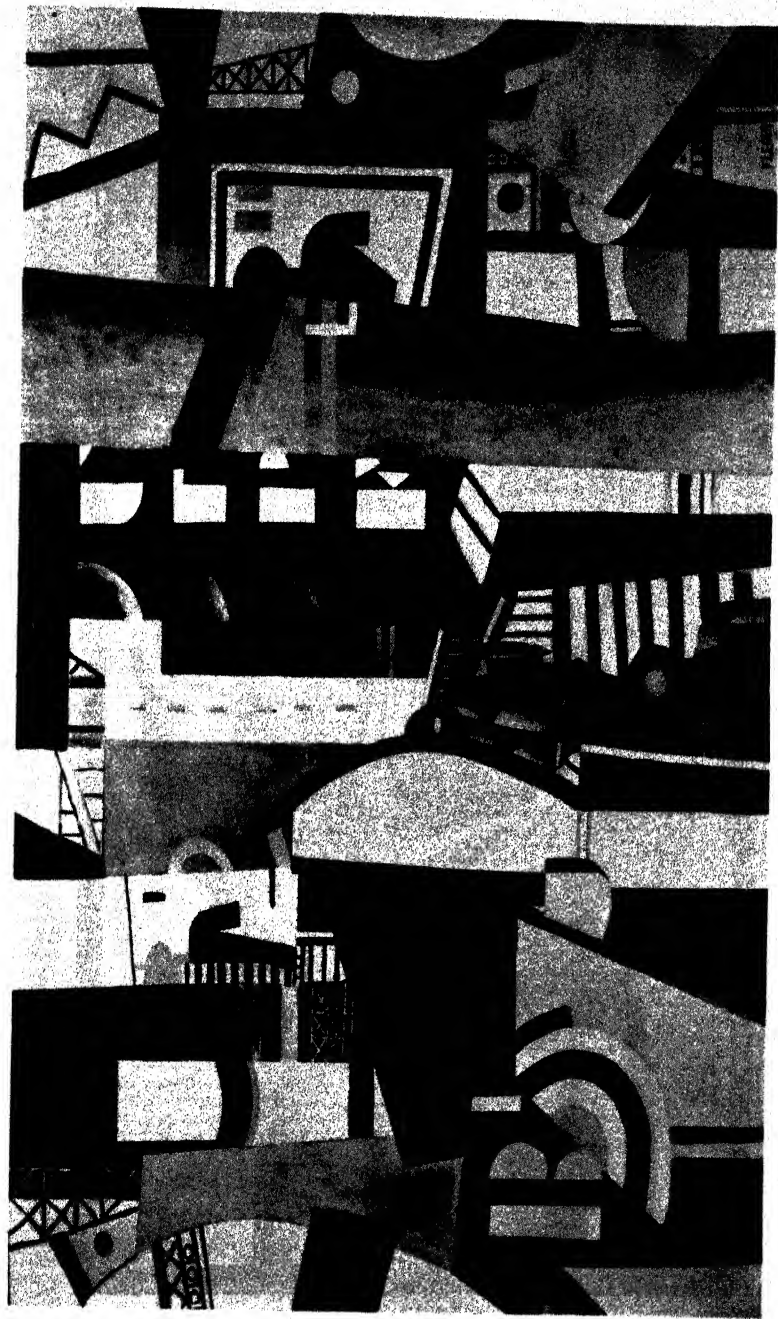
PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK



172. Girl with a Vase (1924)

DURAND-RUEL EXHIBITION, PARIS AND NEW YORK

Fernand Léger



173. *The City* (1919)

EXHIBITION, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK; COLLECTION OF THE PAINTER

Fernand Léger



174. Old Church (1924)

André Dunoyer de Segonzac
CHESTER JOHNSON GALLERY EXHIBITION, CHICAGO



175. Reclining Nude

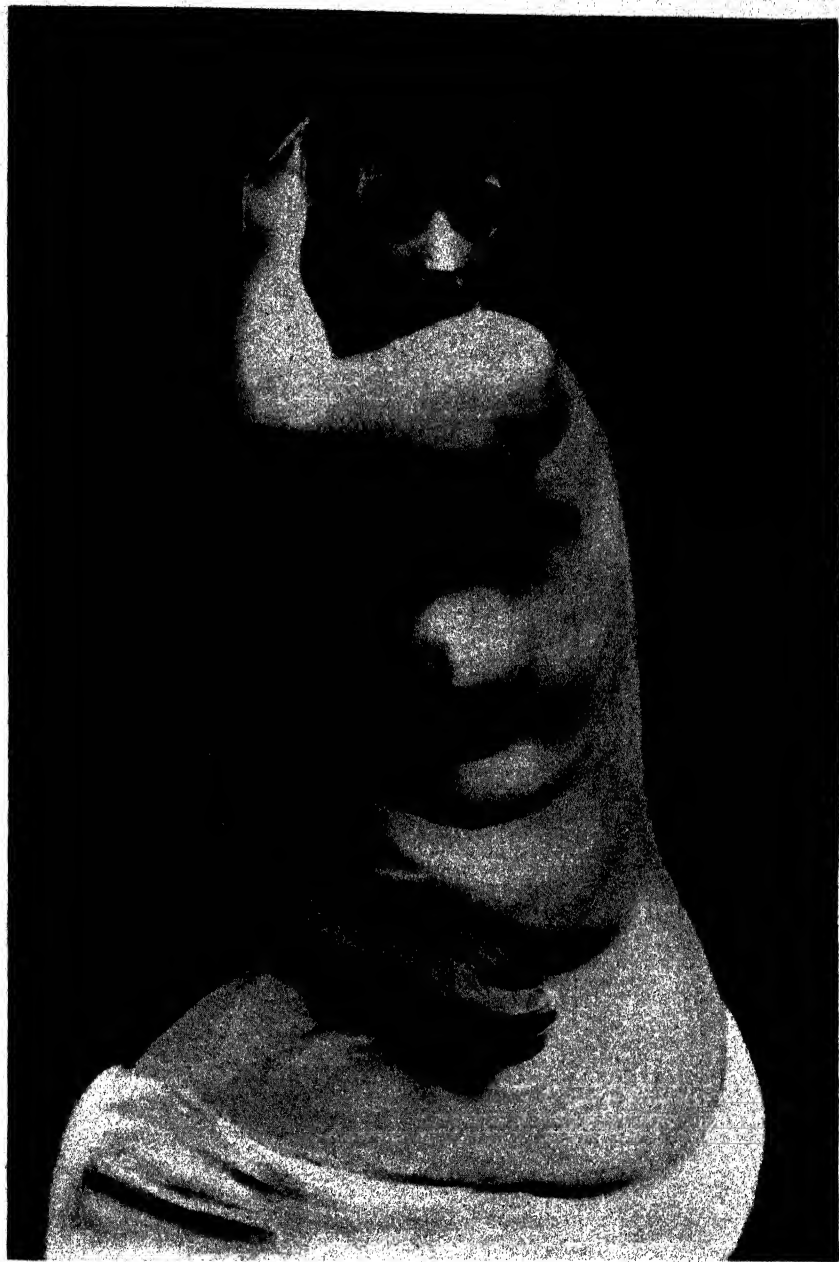
André Dunoyer de Segonzac
BALZAC GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



176. Landscape

André Dunoyer de Segonzac

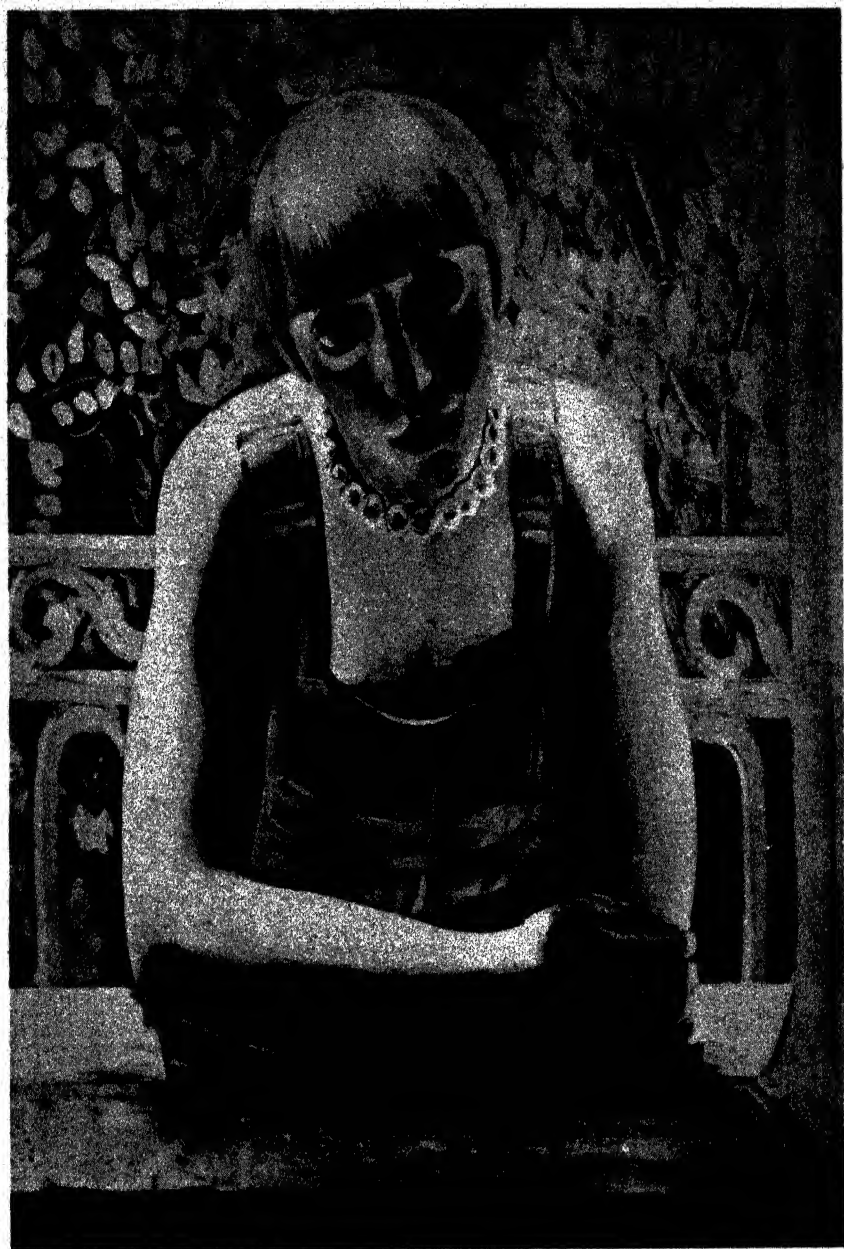
VALENTINE GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



177. Kiki (Queen of the Montparnasse Models)

Moise Kisling

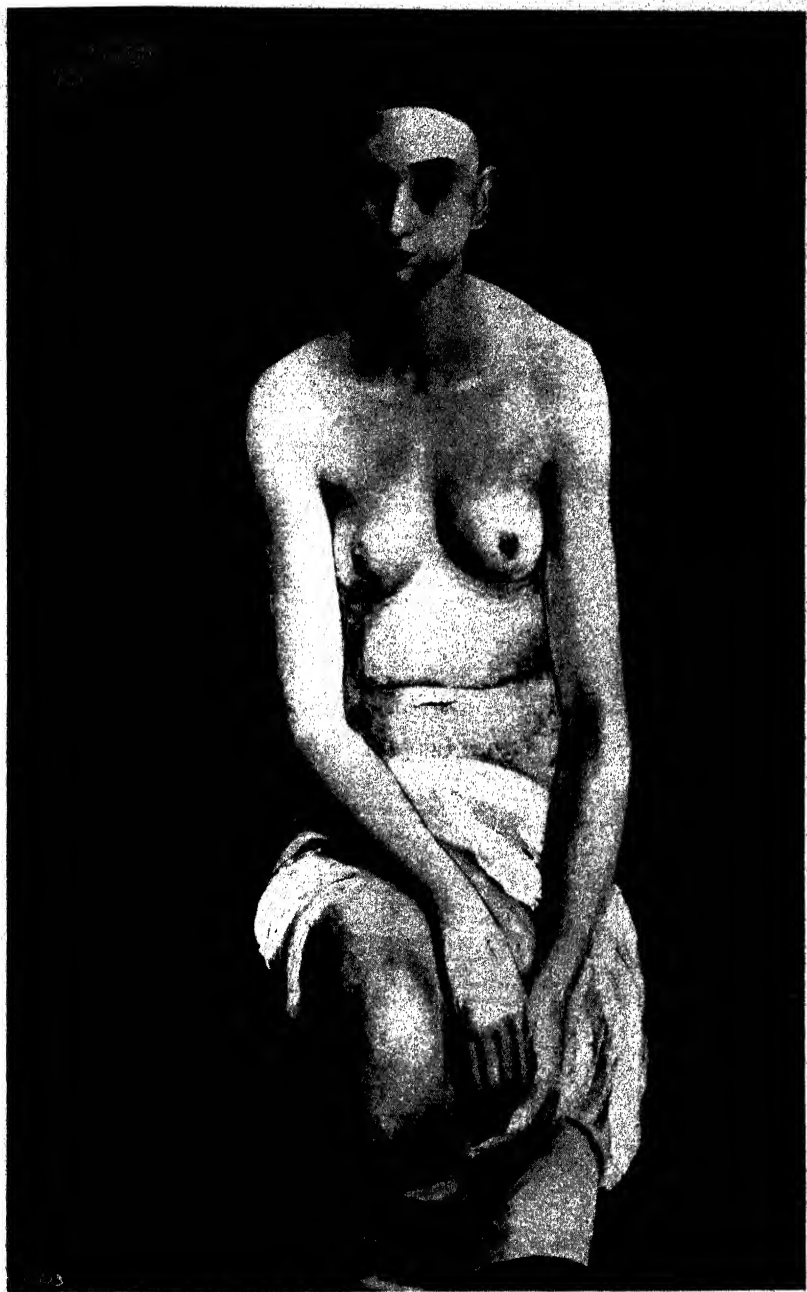
CHARLES AUGUST GIBARD GALLERY, PARIS



178. Girl

Moise Kisling

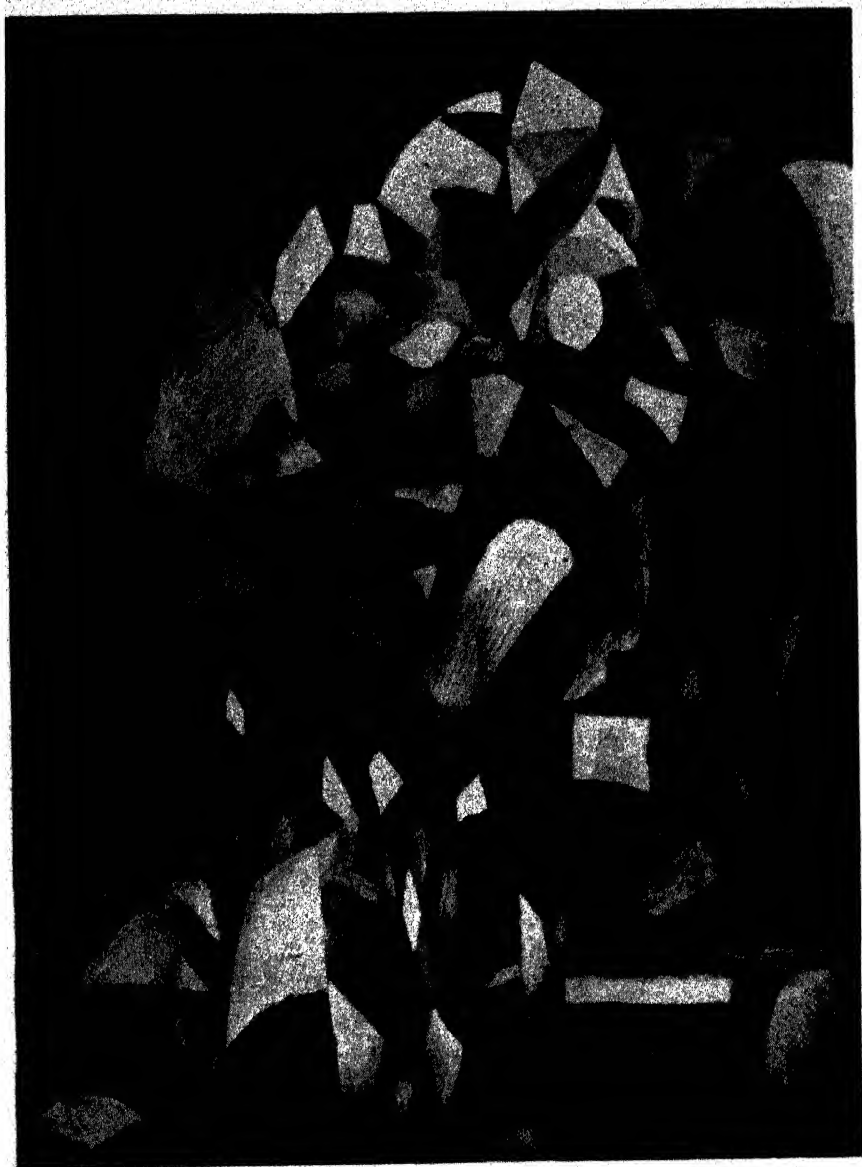
COLLECTION OF J. B. NEUMANN, NEW YORK



179. Nude Model

COLLECTION OF SAMUEL MARX, CHICAGO

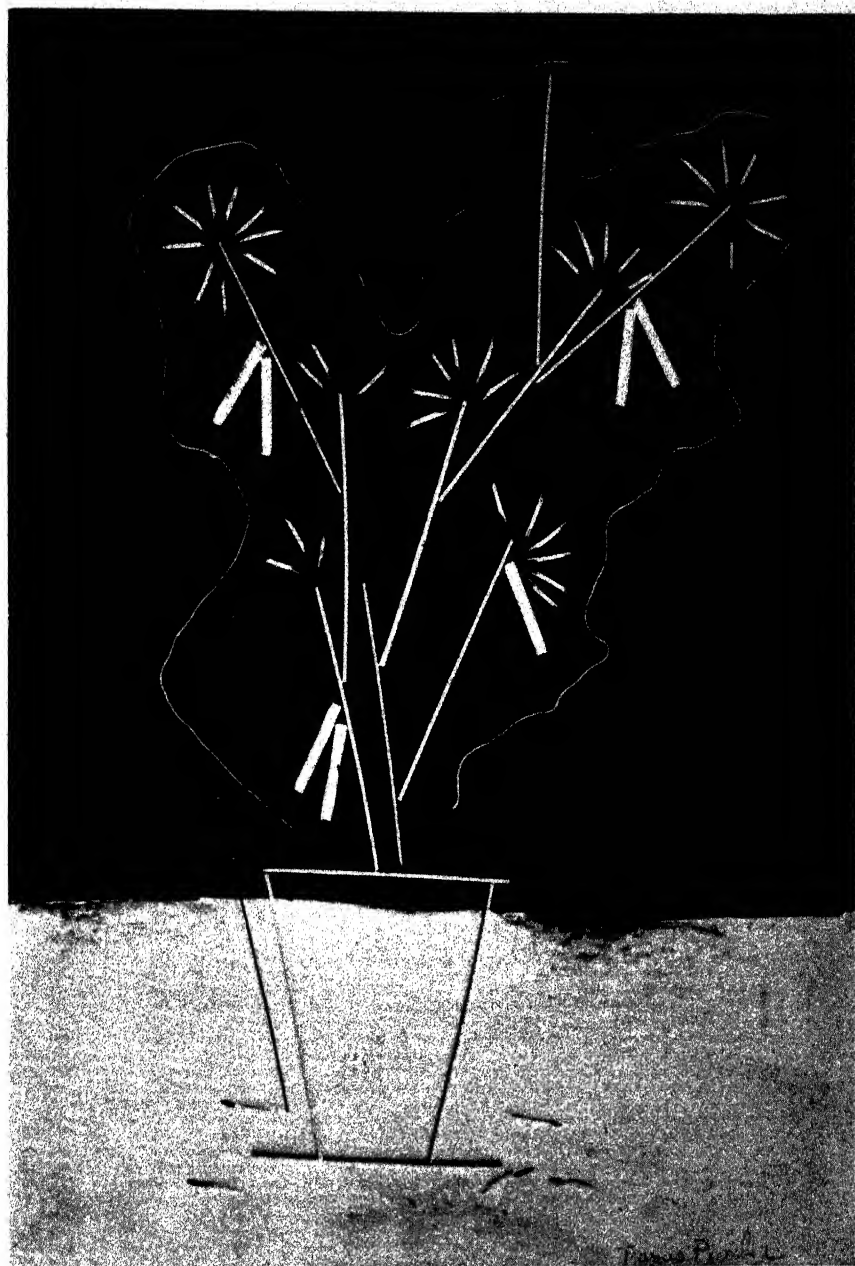
Moise Kisling



180. Dance at the Spring

Francis Picabia

COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. JEROME O. EDDY, SKULL VALLEY, ARIZONA



181. Straws and Tooth Picks

TRI-NATIONAL EXHIBITION, PARIS

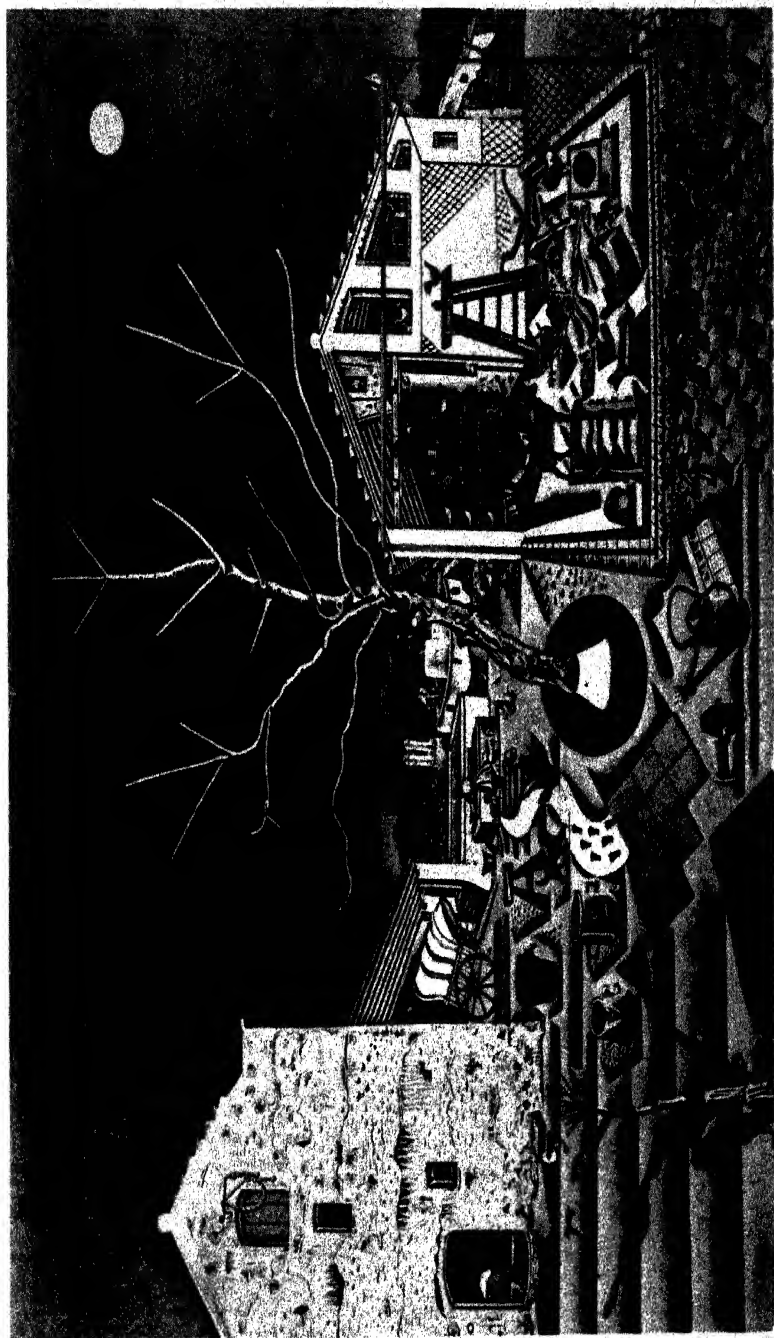
Francis Picabia



182. Alpha and Omega (1935)

Francis Picabia

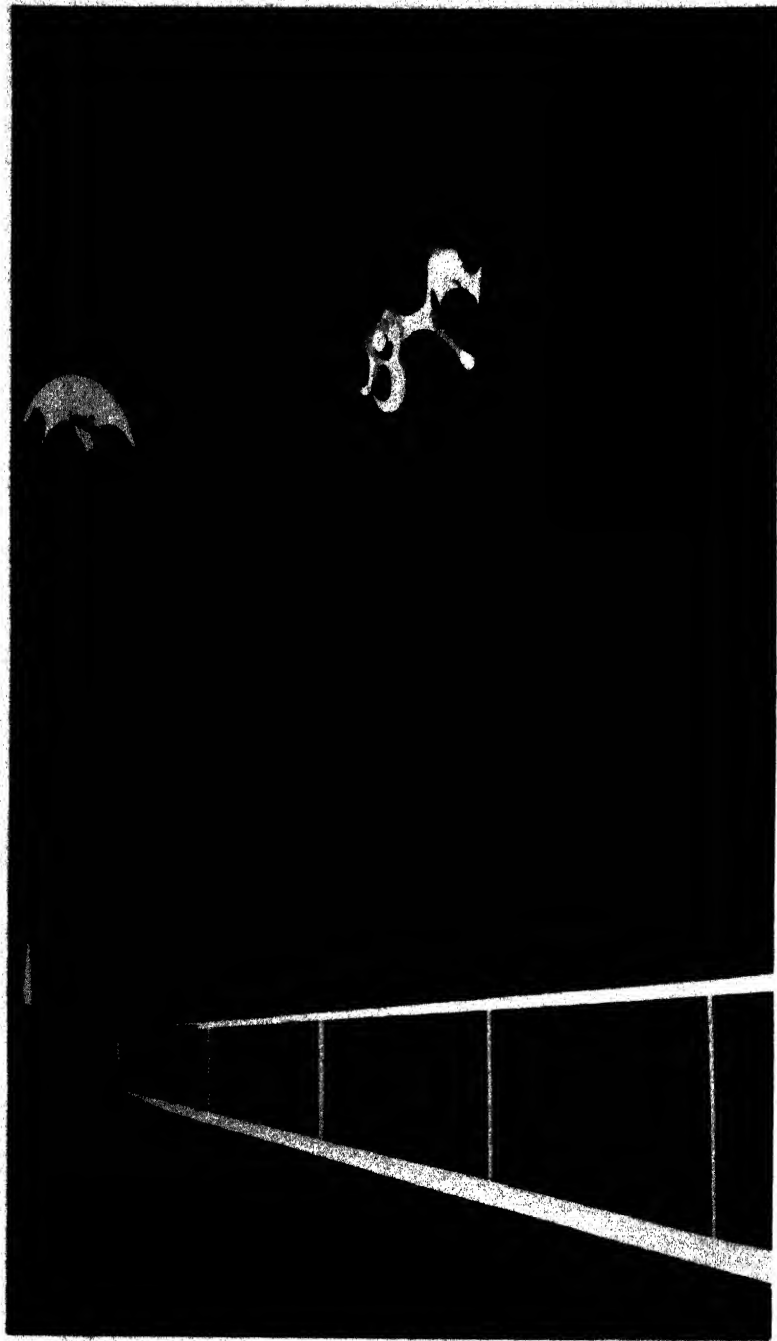
EXHIBITION ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO



183. The Farm

COLLECTION OF MRS. PAUL SCOTT MOWRER, CHICAGO

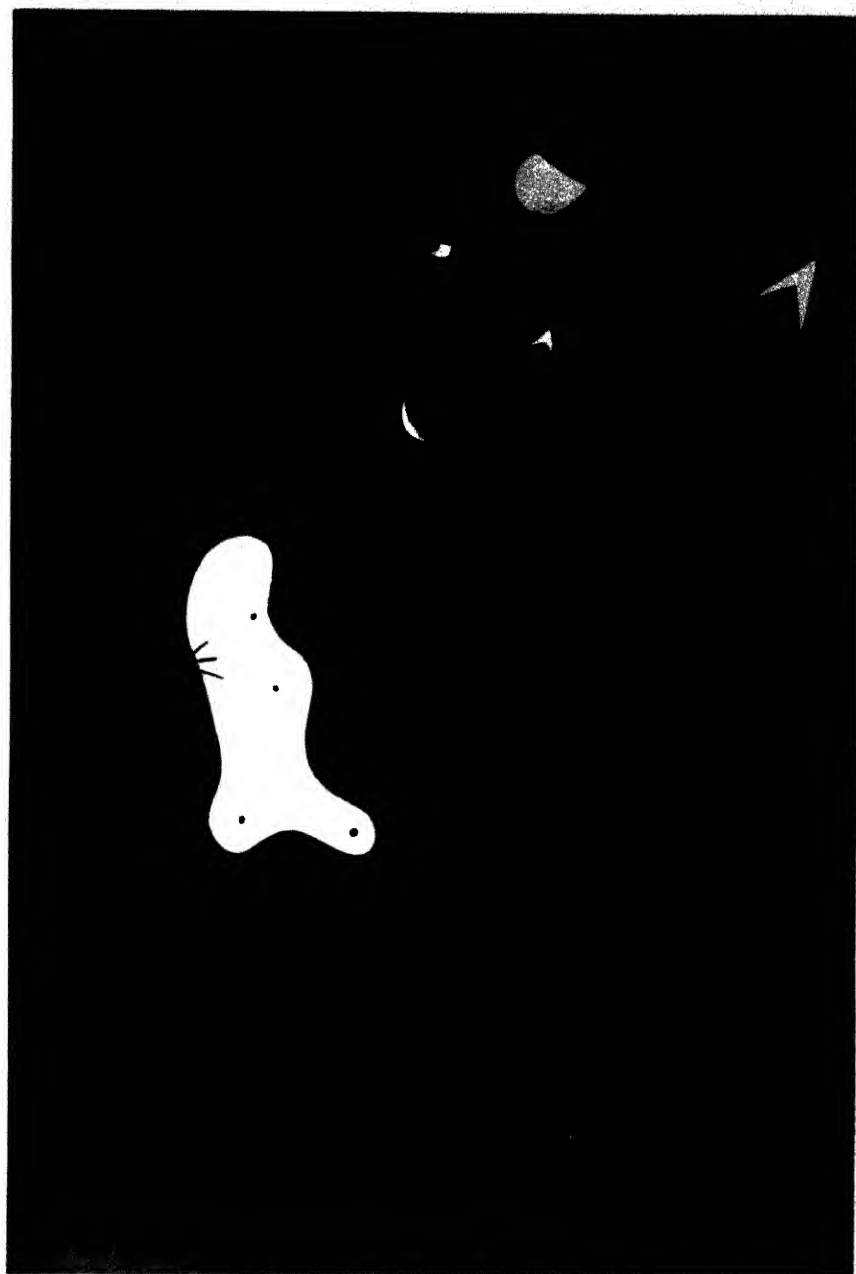
Joan Miro



184. Dog Barking at the Moon

COLLECTION OF A. E. GALLATIN, NEW YORK

Joan Miro



185. Composition (1933)

PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

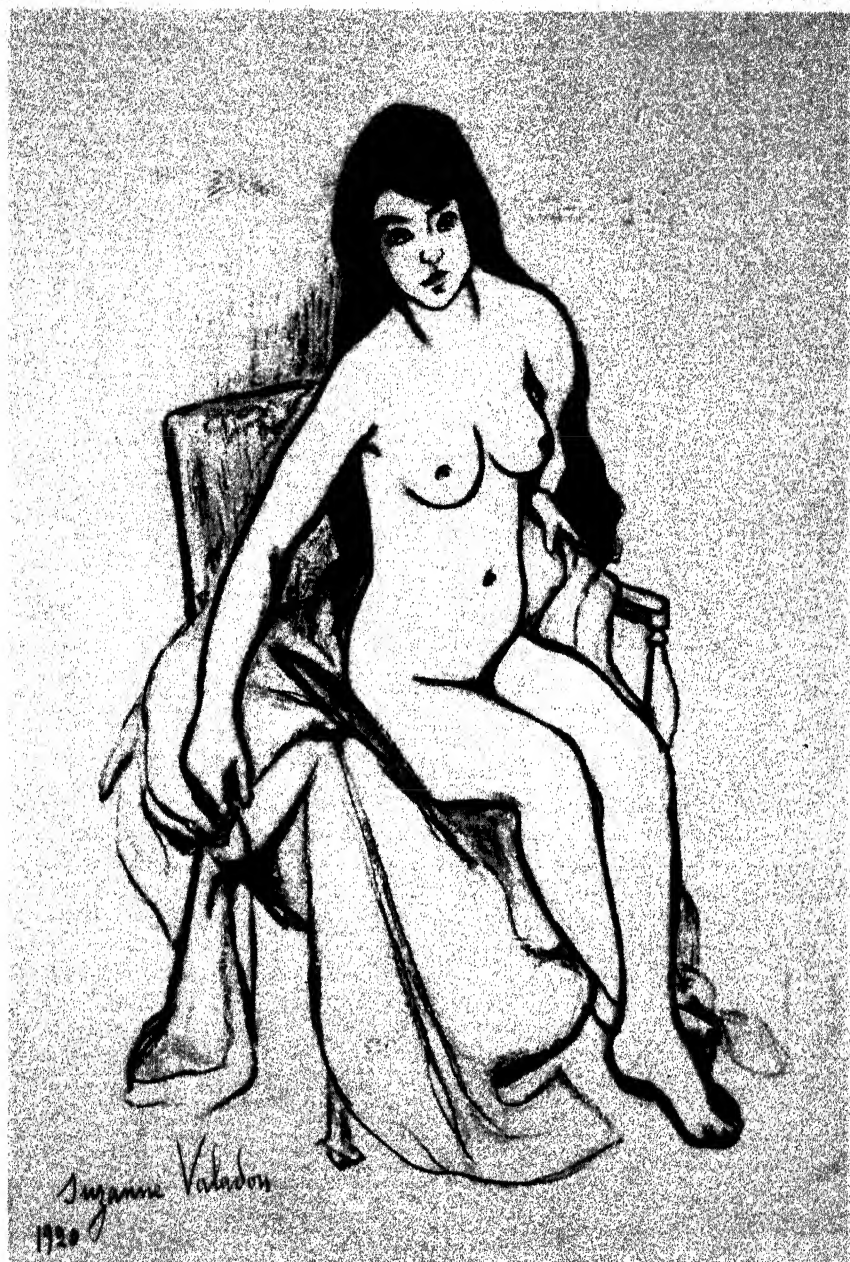
Joan Miro



186. The Bath

Suzanne Valadon

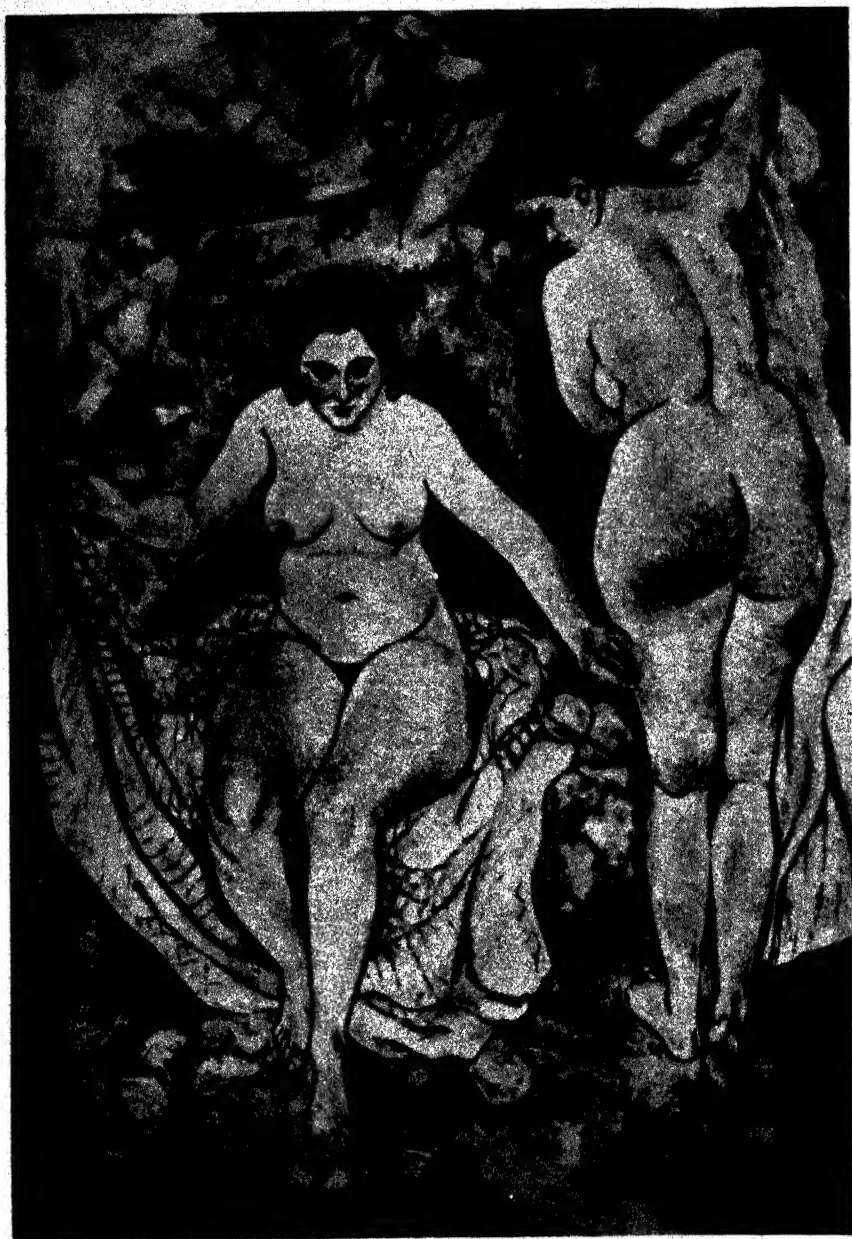
ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



187. Rising in the Morning (1920)

Suzanne Valadon

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, ALLERTON COLLECTION



188. Bathers

PRIVATE COLLECTION, PARIS

Suzanne Valadon



189. Girl with Cats (1920)

Marie Laurencin

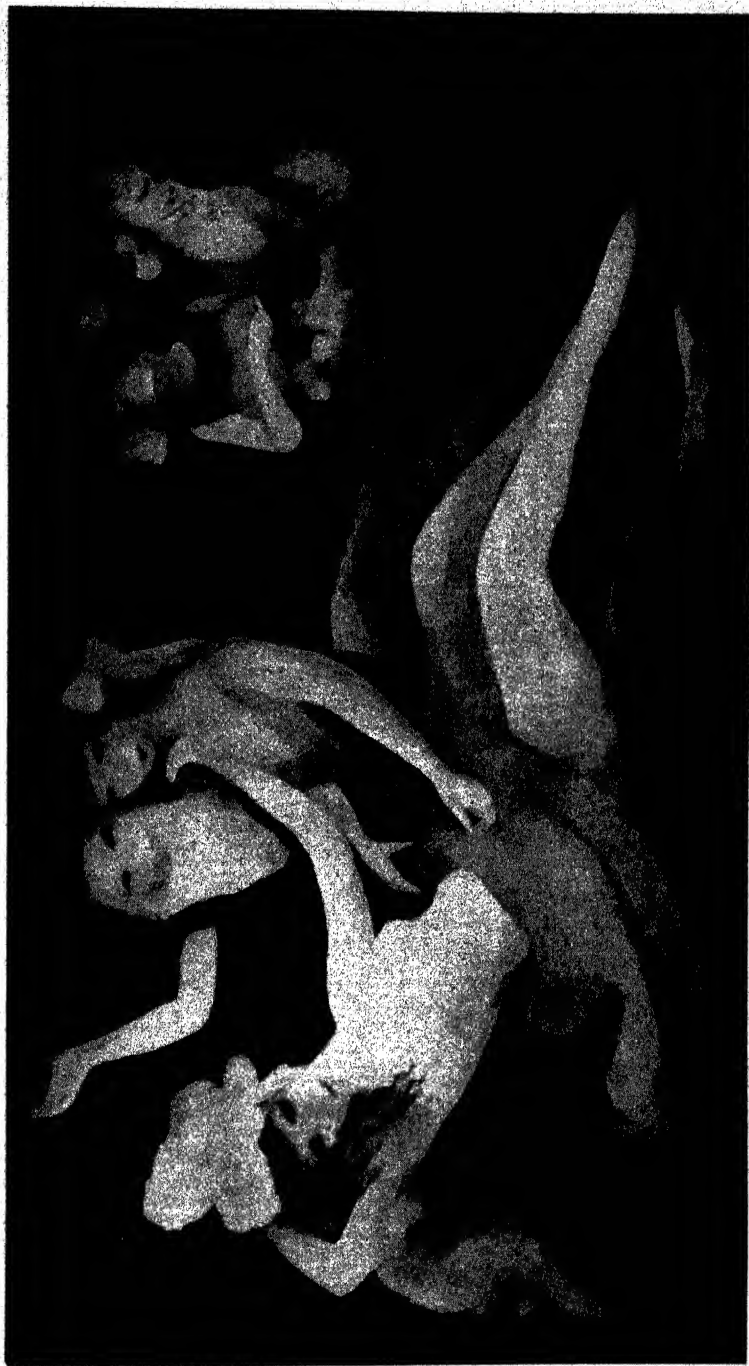
COLLECTION OF FRANK CROWNINSHIELD, NEW YORK



190. The Green Parrot (1925)

Marie Laurencin

COLLECTION OF MRS. R. R. MCCORMICK, CHICAGO



191. Composition

Marie Laurencin

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL, PITTSBURGH, 1928



192. Young Woman

Marie Laurencin

CHESTER JOHNSON GALLERIES EXHIBITION, CHICAGO



193. Self Portrait

ROULLIER GALLERIES COLLECTION, CHICAGO

Marie Laurencin



194. Valentine (1927)

PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK

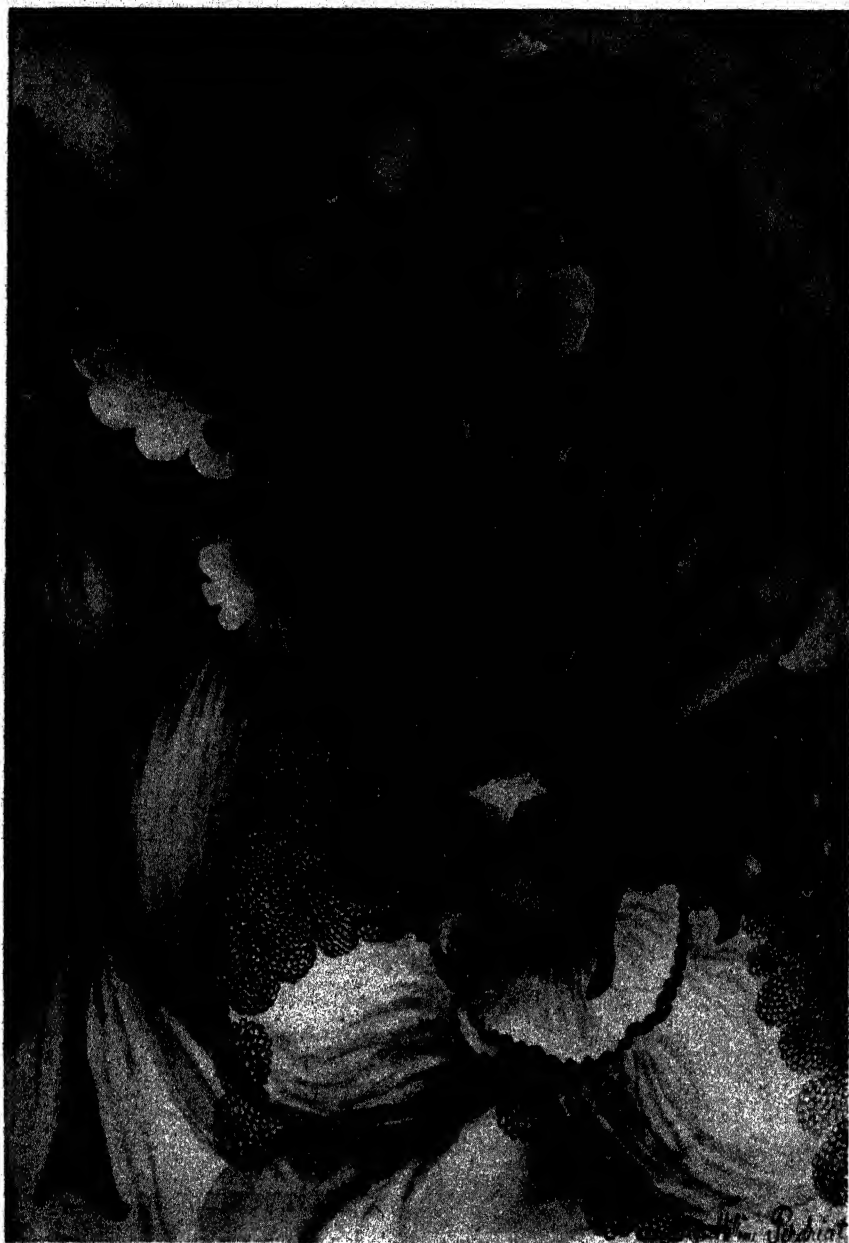
Hélène Perdriat



195. Nude Assemblage

PRIVATE COLLECTION, PARIS

Hélène Perdriat



196. The Secret

Hélène Perdriat

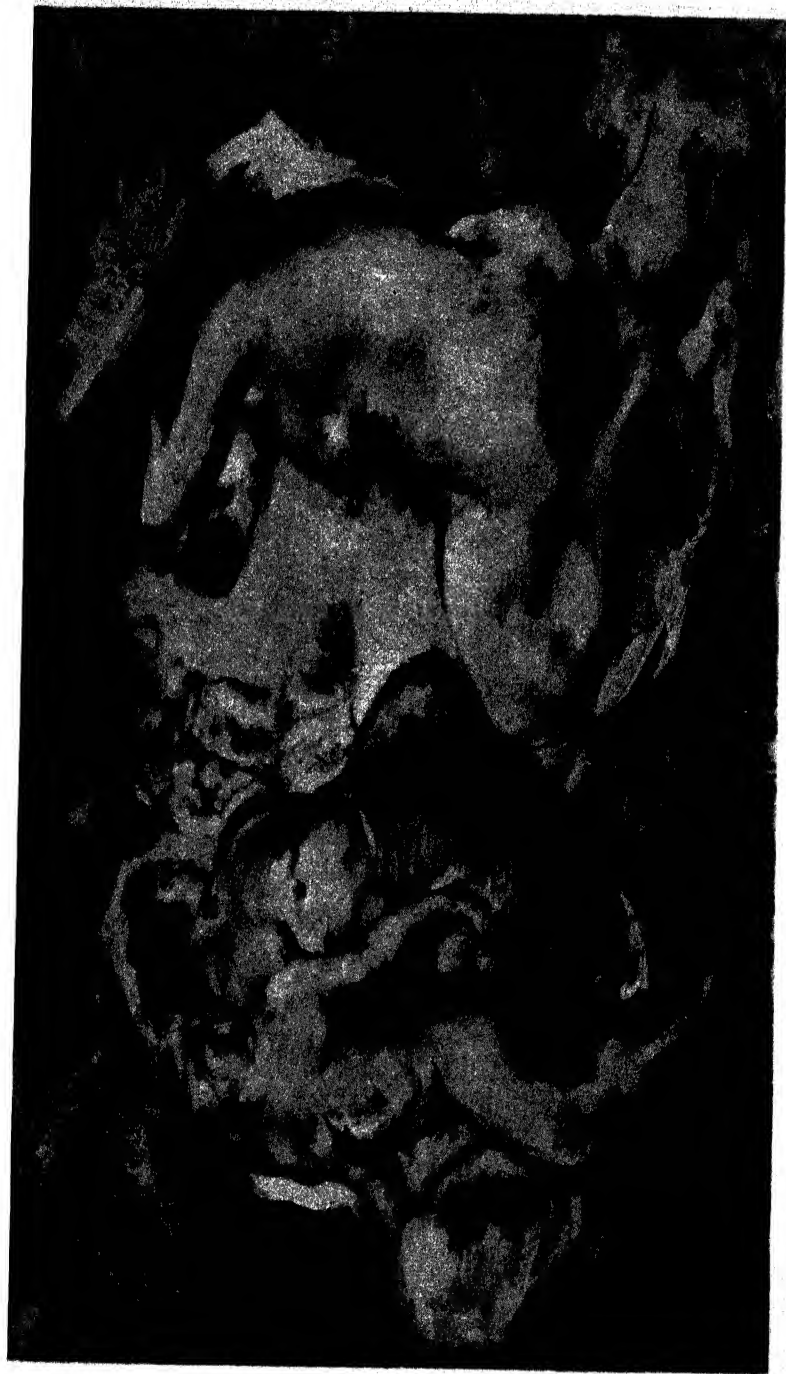
REINHARDT GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



197. Portrait of C. J. Bulliet

COLLECTION OF C. J. BULLIET, CHICAGO

Salcia Bahne



198. Nudes in a Forest

COLLECTION OF MRS. CELIA FAUST, CHICAGO

Salcia Bahne



199. Portrait of Renoir

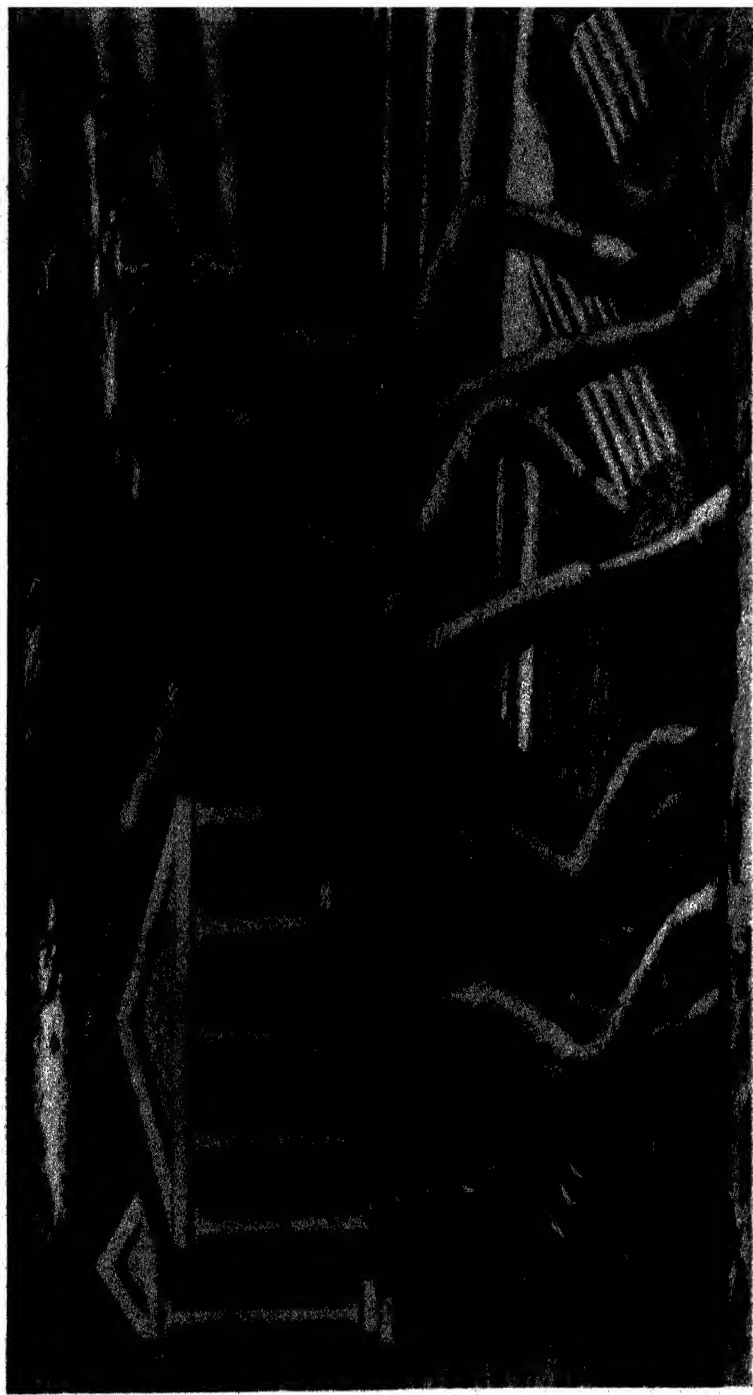
ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Albert André



200. Portrait of Ambroise Vollard

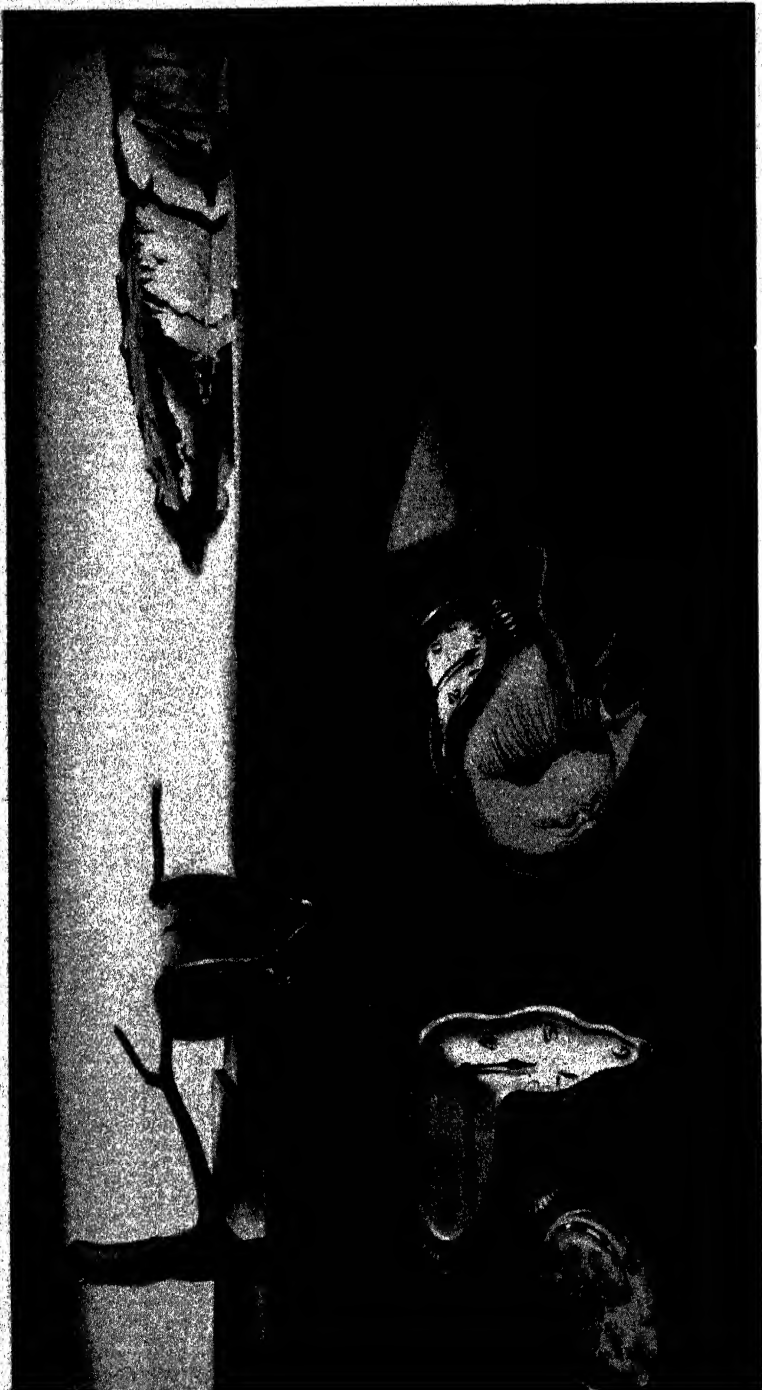
Pierre Bonnard
VOLLARD COLLECTION, PARIS; KNOEDLER EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



201. The Horses of Pliny the Elder

MONTROSS GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Giorgio de Chirico



Salvador Dalí

202. The Persistence of Memory

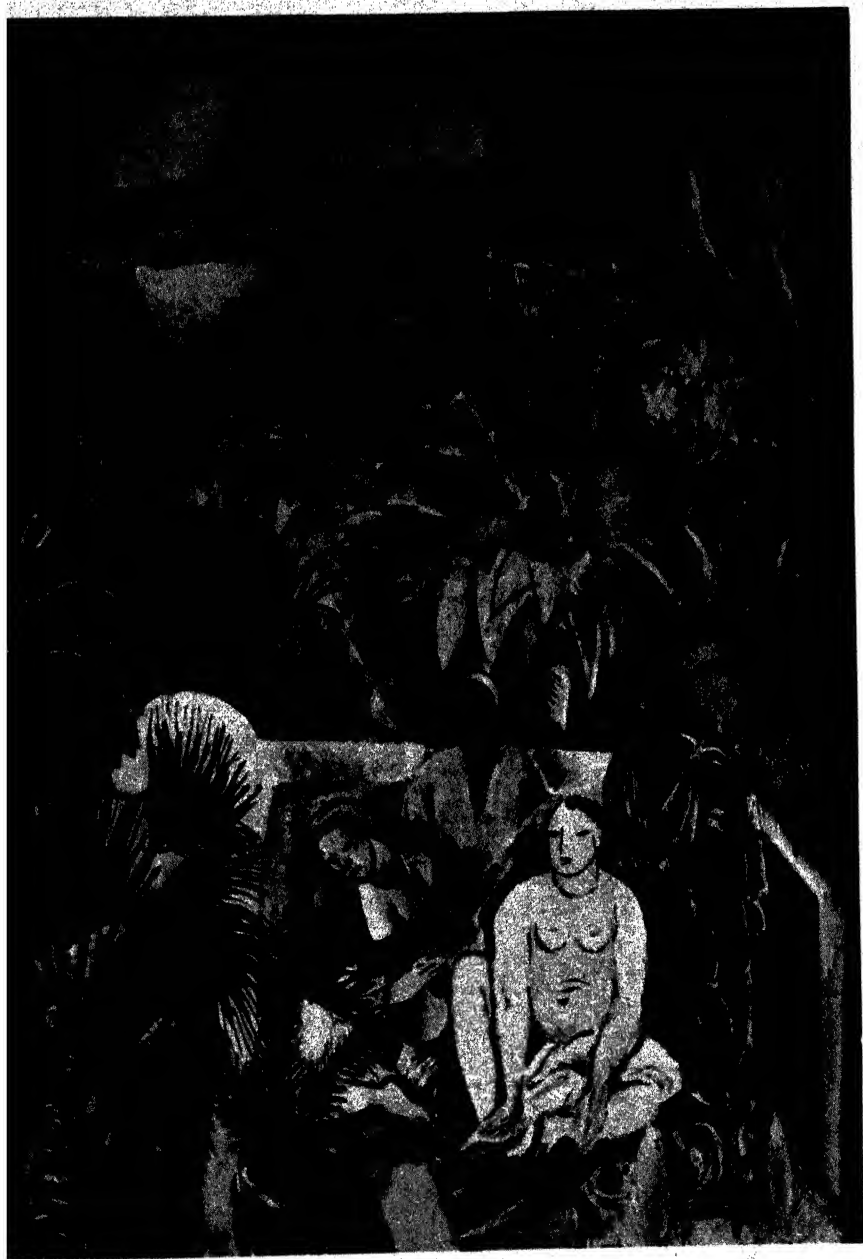
JULIEN LEVY GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



203. Nude Descending a Stair (1912)

Marcel Duchamp

COLLECTION OF WALTER CONRAD ARENSBERG, HOLLYWOOD



204. Landscape with Figures

REINHARDT GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Charles Dufresne



205. Nice

Raoul Dufy

COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. SAM LEWISOHN, NEW YORK



206. Trial Scene

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

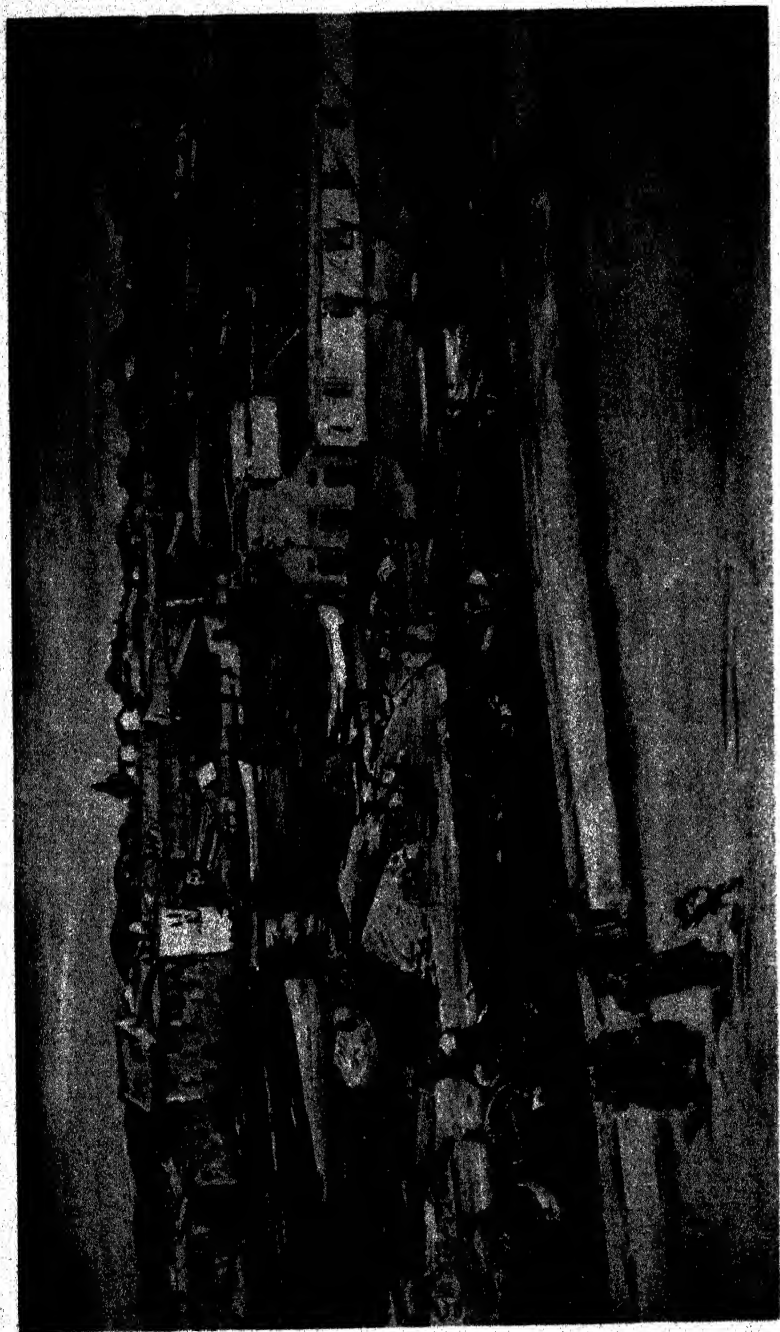
Jean Louis Forain



207. Self Portrait with Cats

REINHARDT GALLERIES, NEW YORK

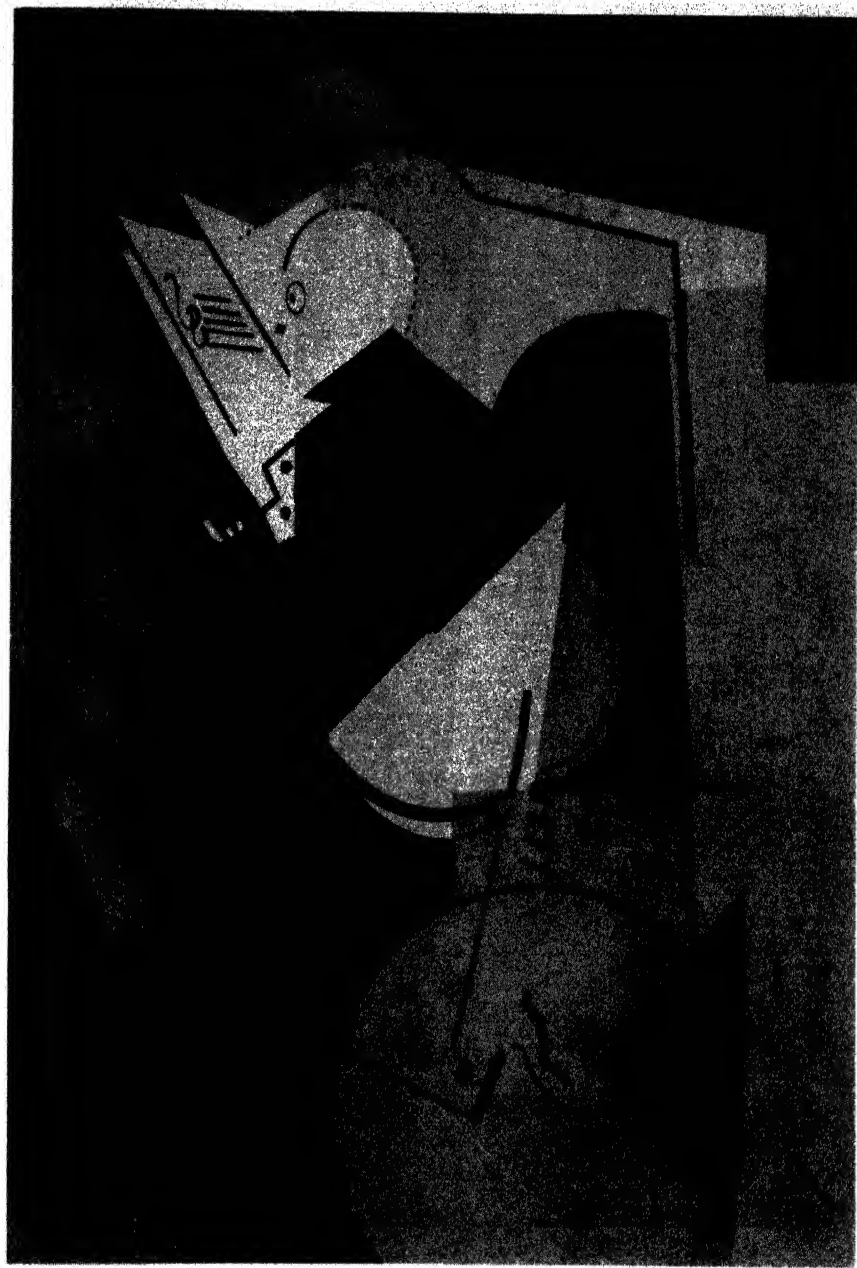
Tsugouharu Foujita



208. Harbor of Toulon

REINHARDT GALLERIES, NEW YORK

Othon Friesz



209. Cubistic Composition

Albert Gleizes

COLLECTION OF ALBERT ROULLIER GALLERIES, CHICAGO



210. The Loge

Edouard Goerg

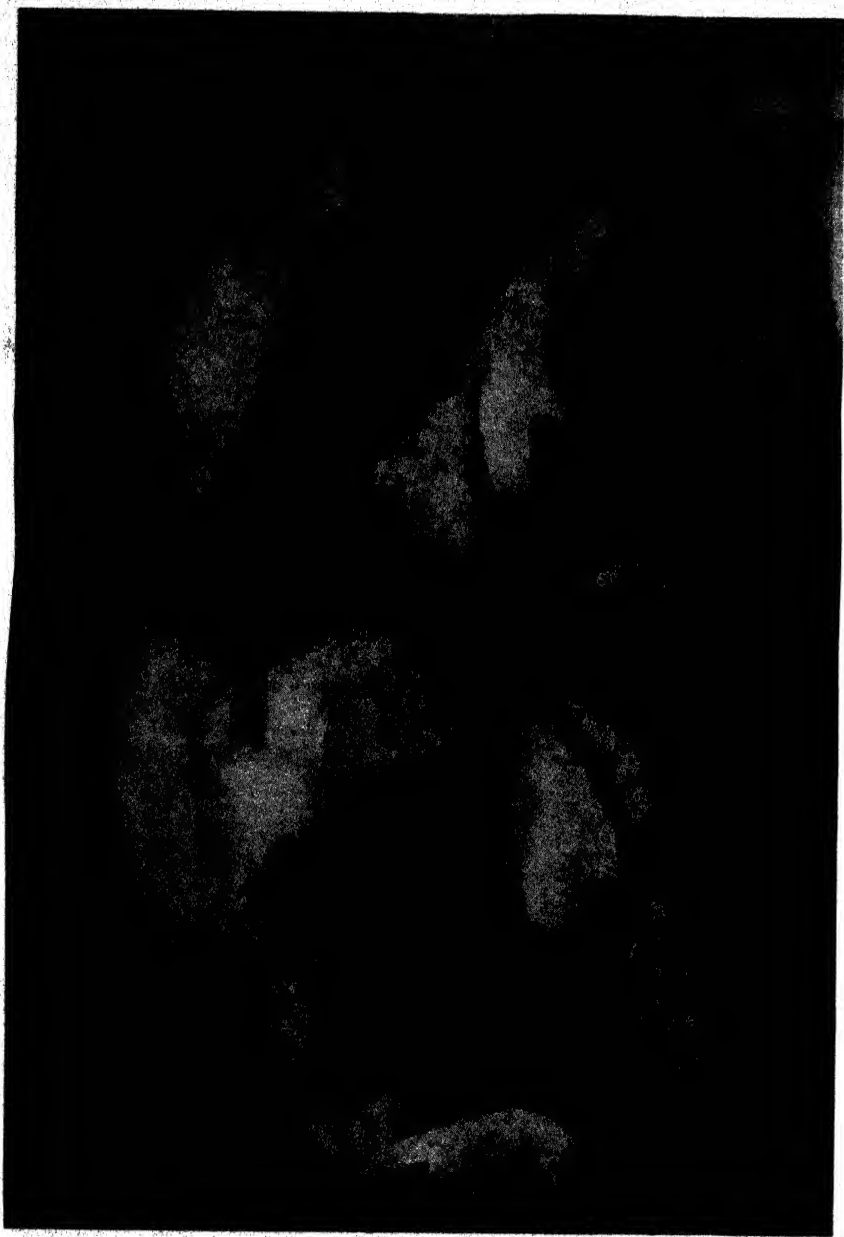
MARIE HARRIMAN GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



211. The Drinker (about 1910)

DE HAUKE GALLERY, NEW YORK

Juan Gris



212. Girl Asleep

BALZAC GALLERIES, NEW YORK

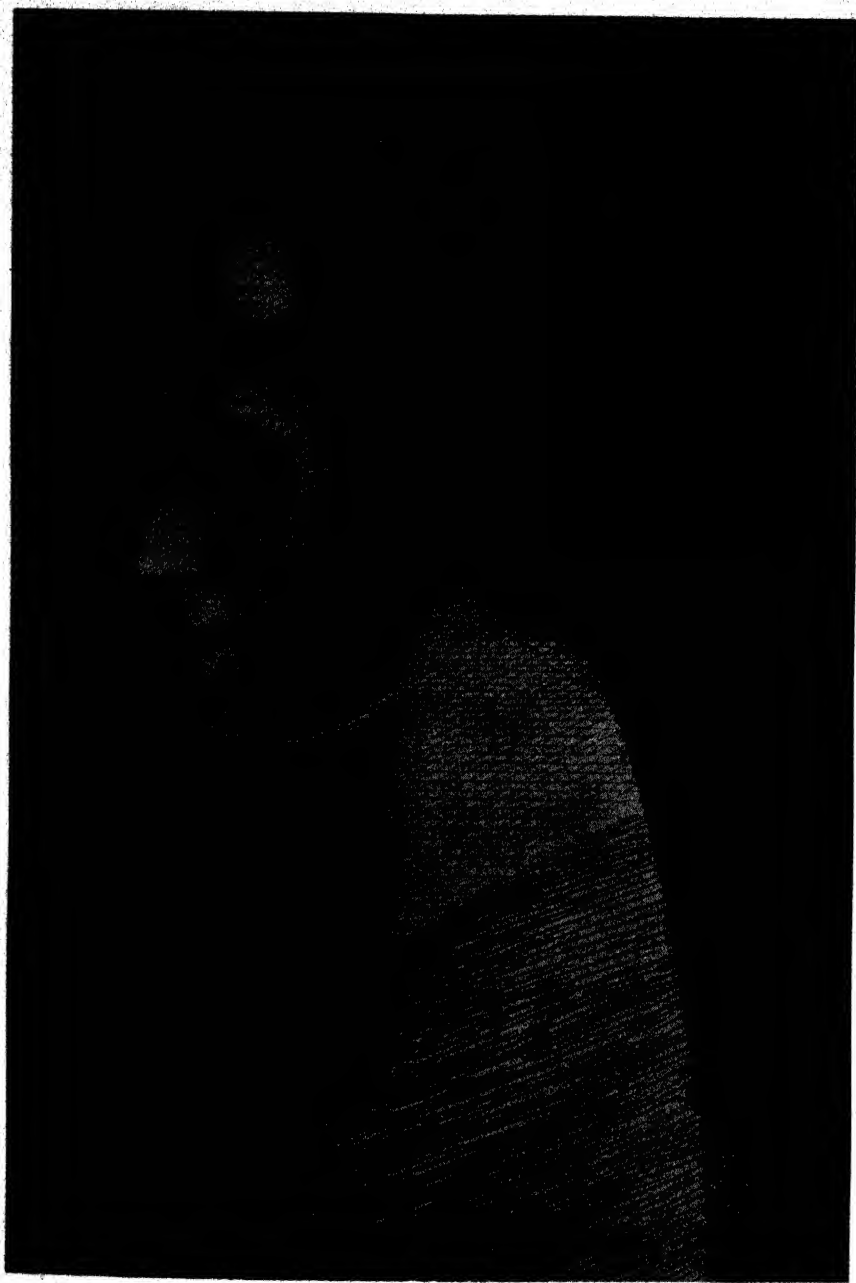
Marcel Gromaire



213. Women of Avignon

André Lhote

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, BIRCH-BARTLETT COLLECTION



214. Helena Rubenstein

Louis Marcoussis

EXHIBITION ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO



215. Girl with a Dove

REINHARDT GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

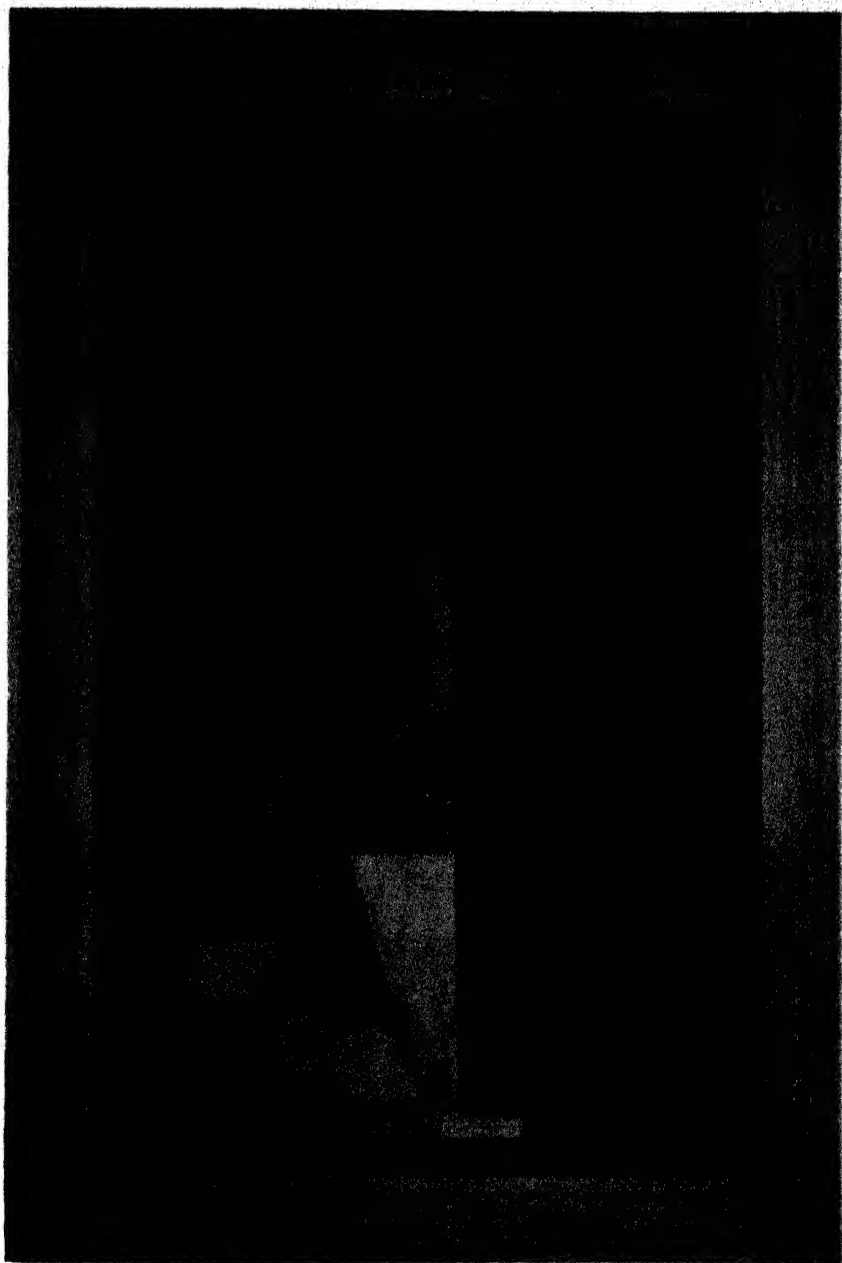
Jean Metzinger



216. Portrait of Mamie

Luc-Albert Moreau

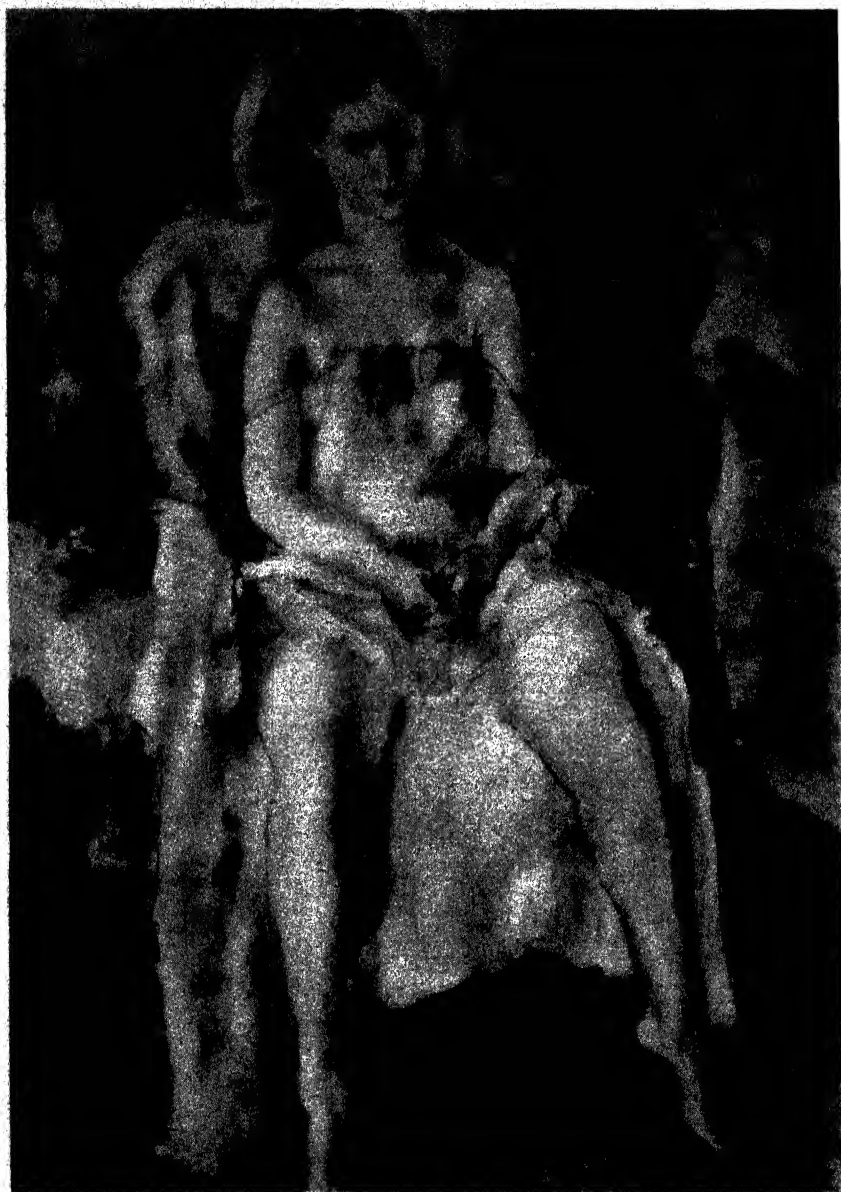
CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL, PITTSBURGH, 193



217. Composition

Amadée Ozenfant

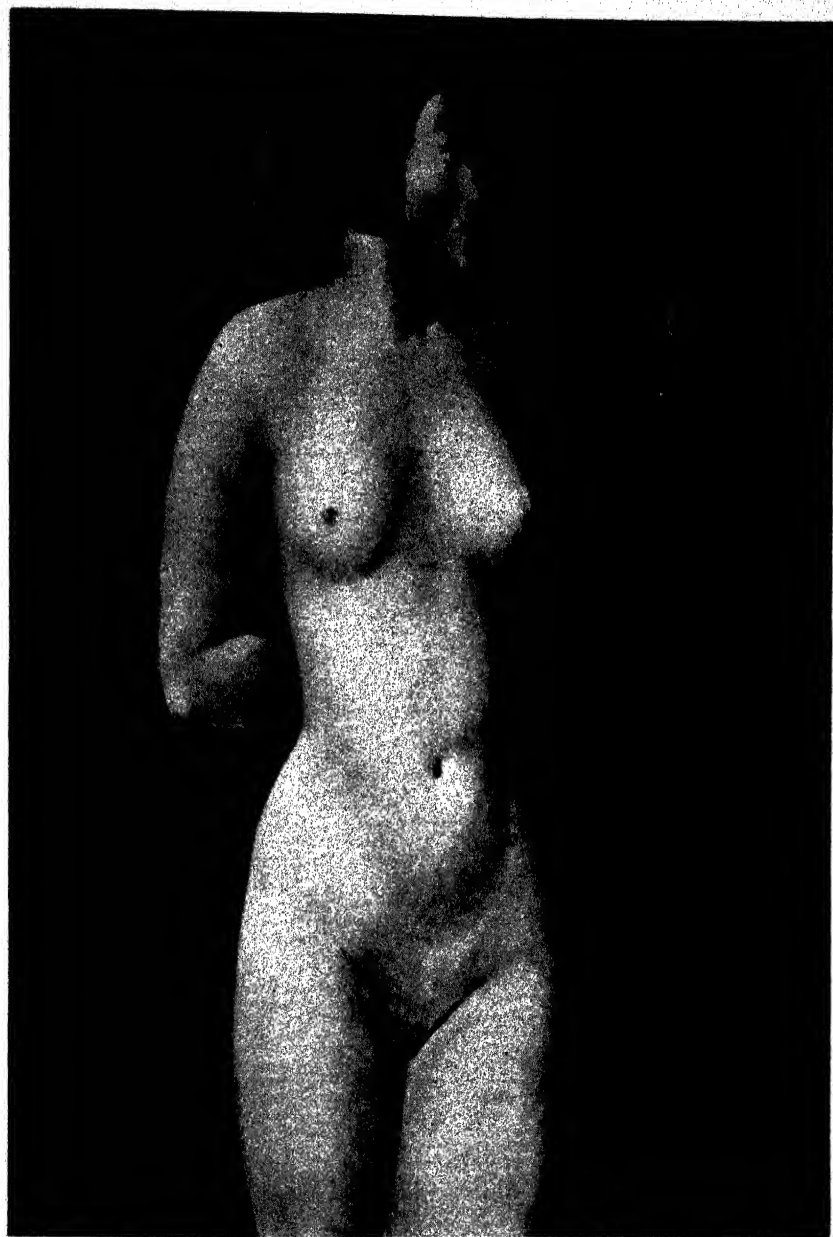
COLLECTION OF ROBERT ALLERTON, CHICAGO



218. The Girl with Bare Legs

BALZAC GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

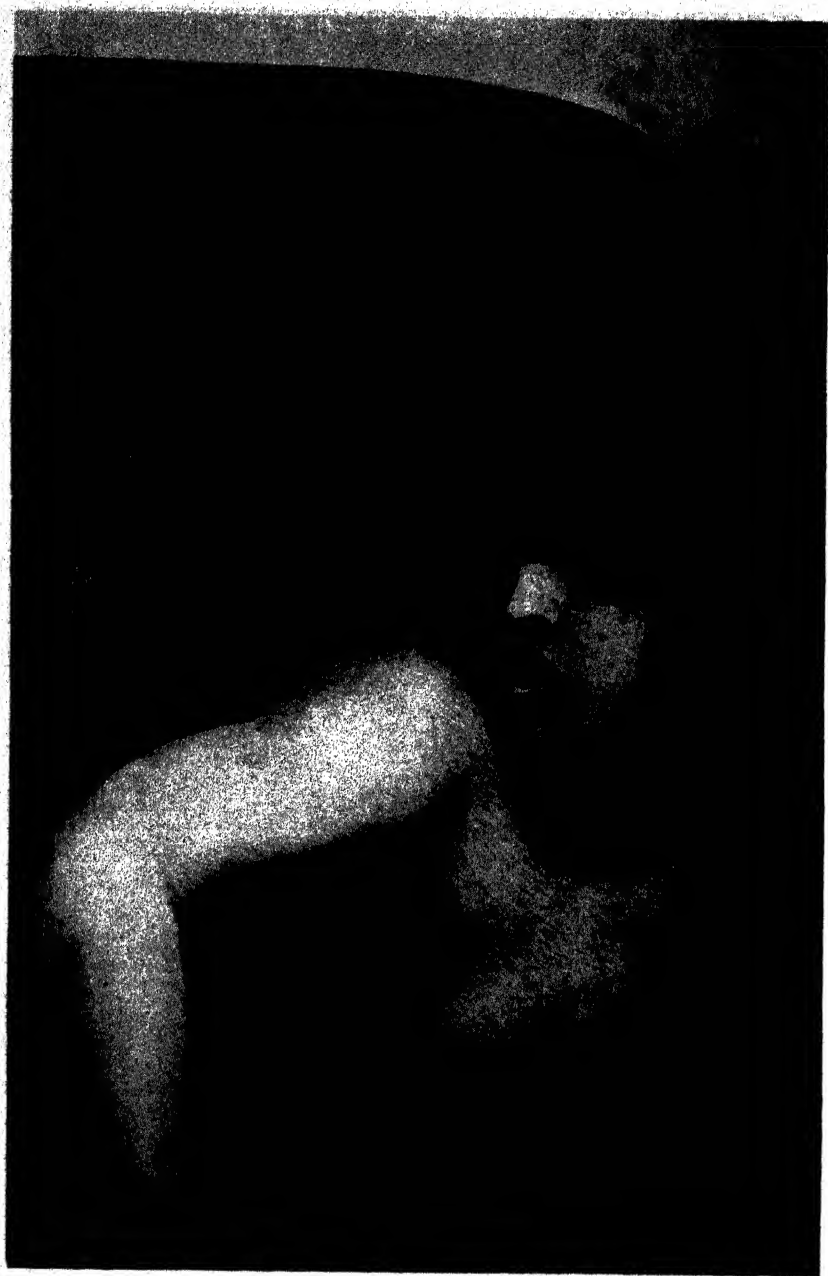
Jules Pascin



219. Nude with Red Hood

Pedro Pruna

CHESTER JOHNSON GALLERY EXHIBITION, CHICAGO



220. Decorative Nude

MURAL, MEXICO CITY

Diego Rivera



221. A Venetian Lady

Chaim Soutine

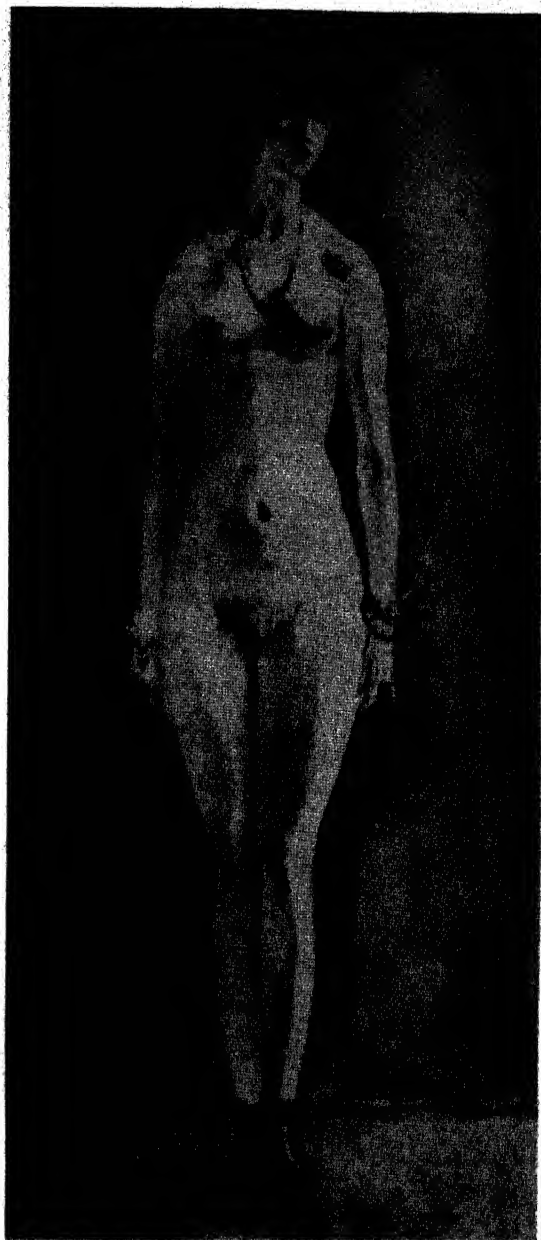
KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



222. Bathers at a Forest Pool (1922)

EUROPEAN PRIVATE COLLECTION

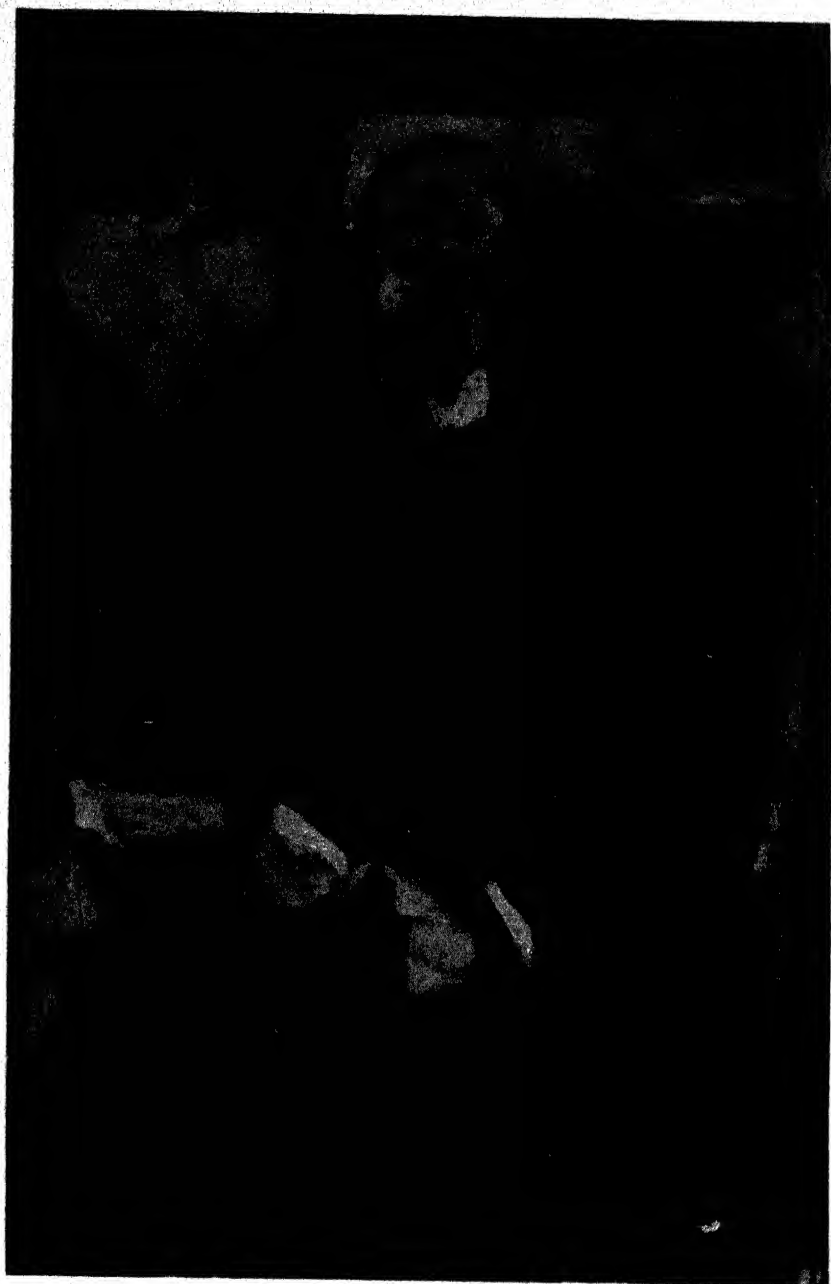
Léopold Survage



223. Portrait of the Actress Mlle. Guy

PRIVATE COLLECTION, PARIS

Kees van Dongen



224. Portrait of the Artist's Father (1913)

EXHIBITION ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Jacques Villon



225. Sidewalk Flirtation

WEYHE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Georg Grosz



226. Laughing Model

WEYHE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Georg Grosz



227. Two Women and a Man

WEYHE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

Georg Grosz



228. Street Corner, Berlin

EXHIBITION ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Georg Grosz



229. Third Class Funeral

FLECHTHEIM COLLECTION, BERLIN

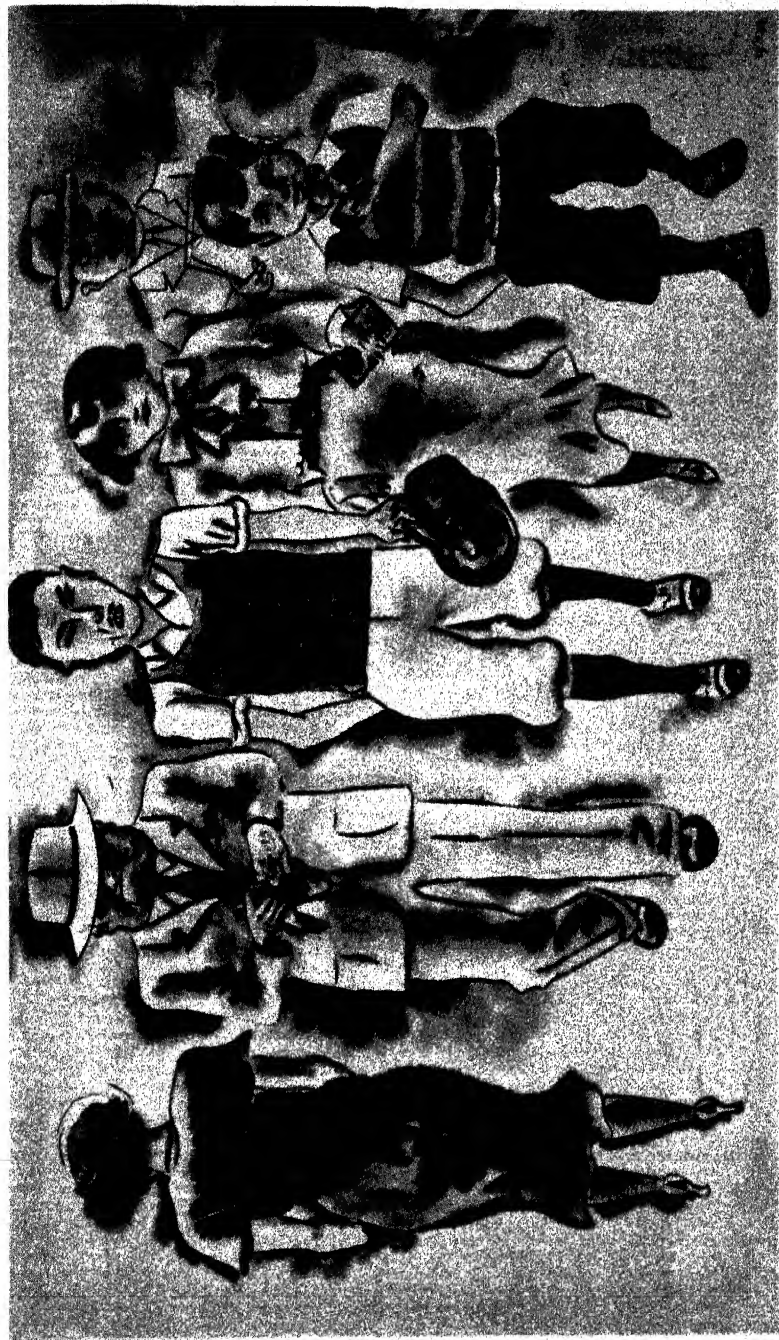
Georg Grosz



230. Street in Berlin

PRIVATE COLLECTION, CHICAGO

Georg Grosz



231. American Street Scene

EXHIBITION ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Georg Grosz



232. Woman with Parrot (1915)

Oskar Kokoschka

COLLECTION OF BERNARD KOEHLER, BERLIN



233. Crucifixion

Oskar Kokoschka

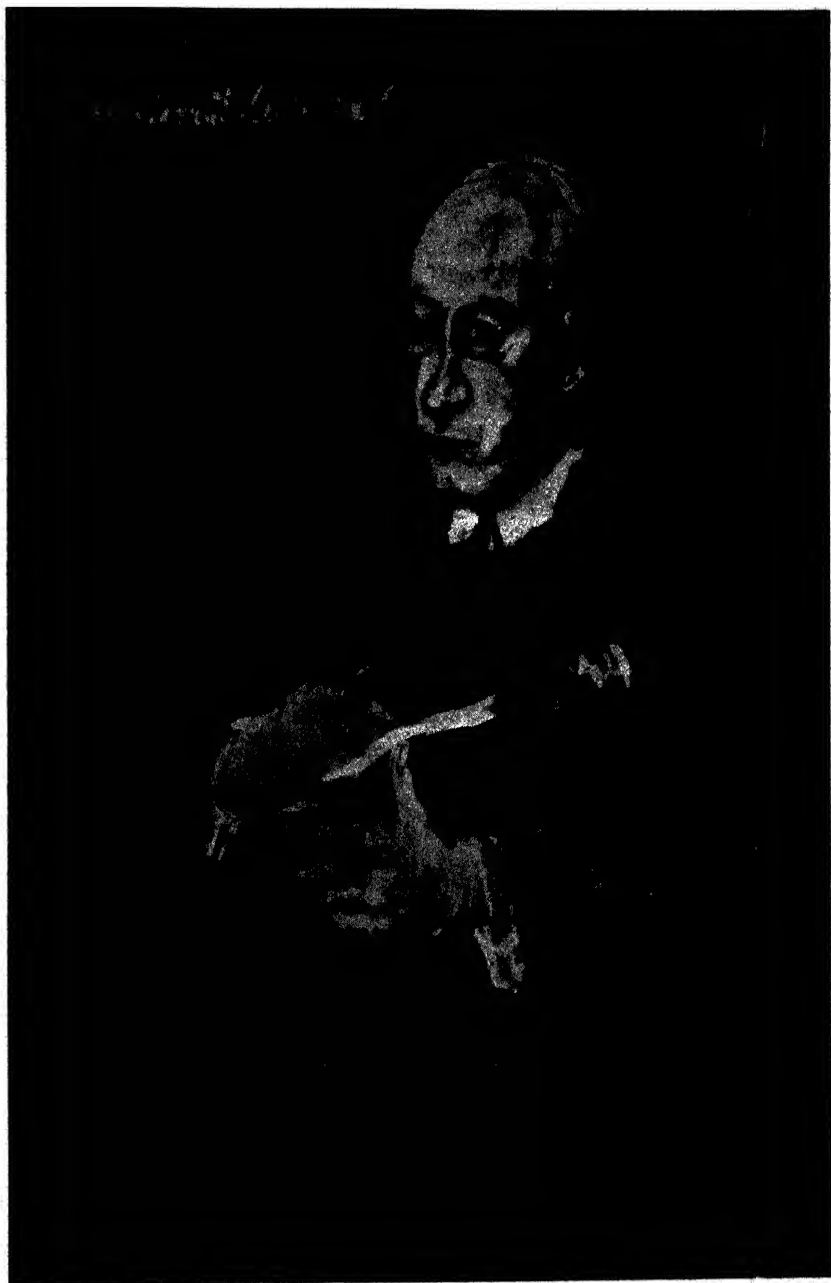
WEYHE GALLERY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



234. Portrait of the Artist's Mother

KROCH'S BOOK STORE EXHIBITION, CHICAGO

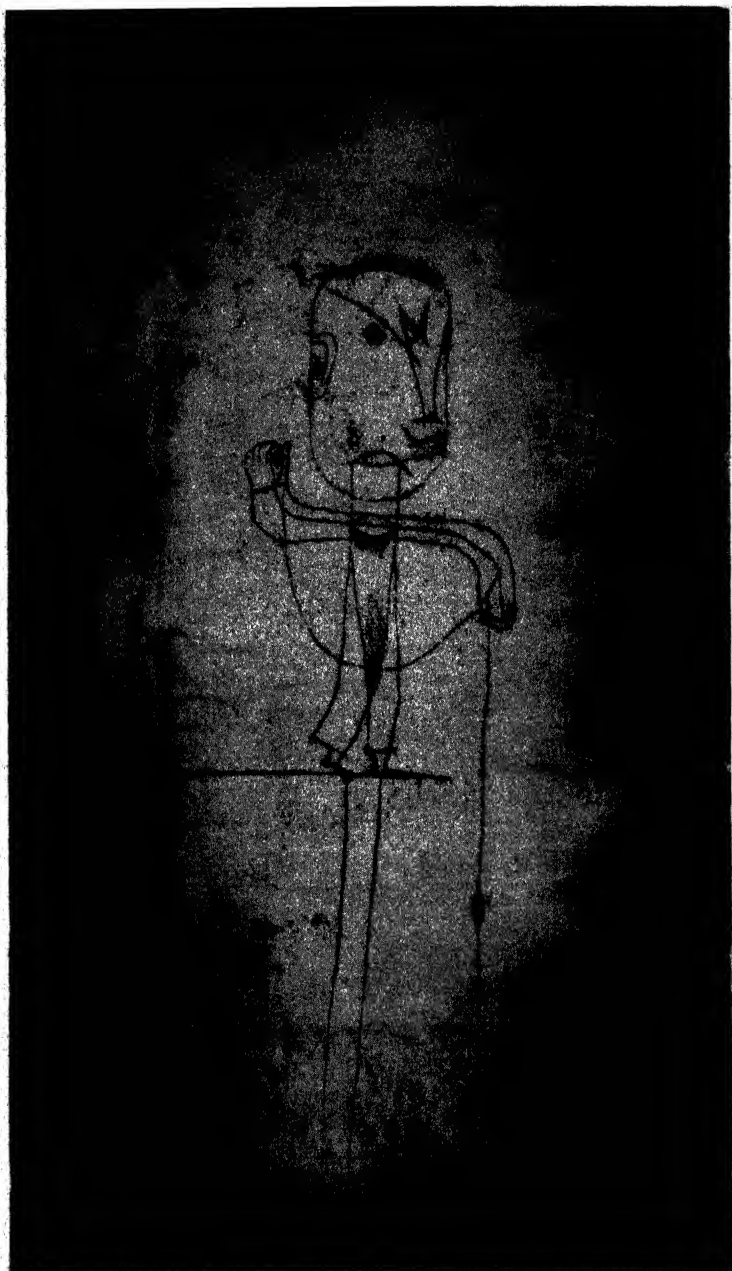
Oskar Kokoschka



235. Portrait of Dr. Schwarzwald

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL, PITTSBURGH, 1930

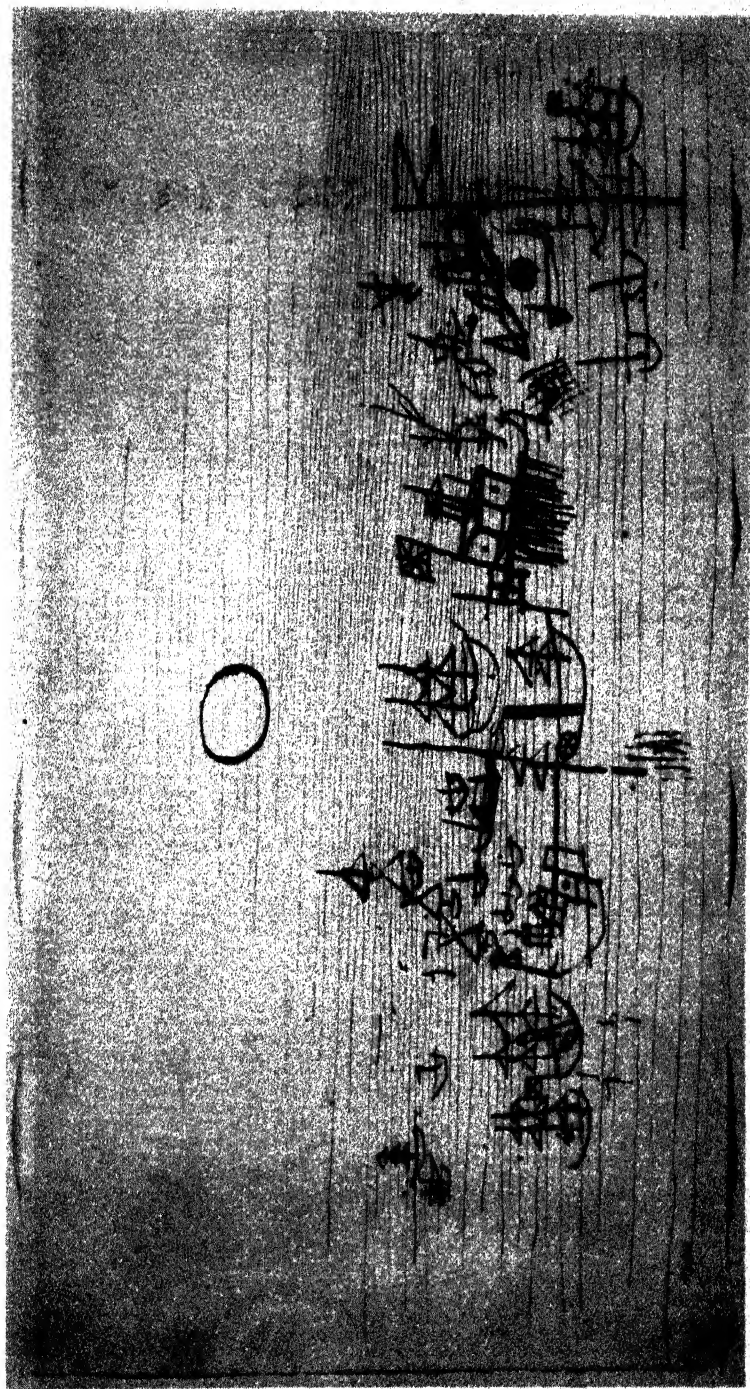
Oscar Kokoschka



236. Angler

NATIONAL GALLERY, BERLIN

Paul Klee



237. The Harbor of Plit (1927)

FLECHTHEIM COLLECTION, BERLIN

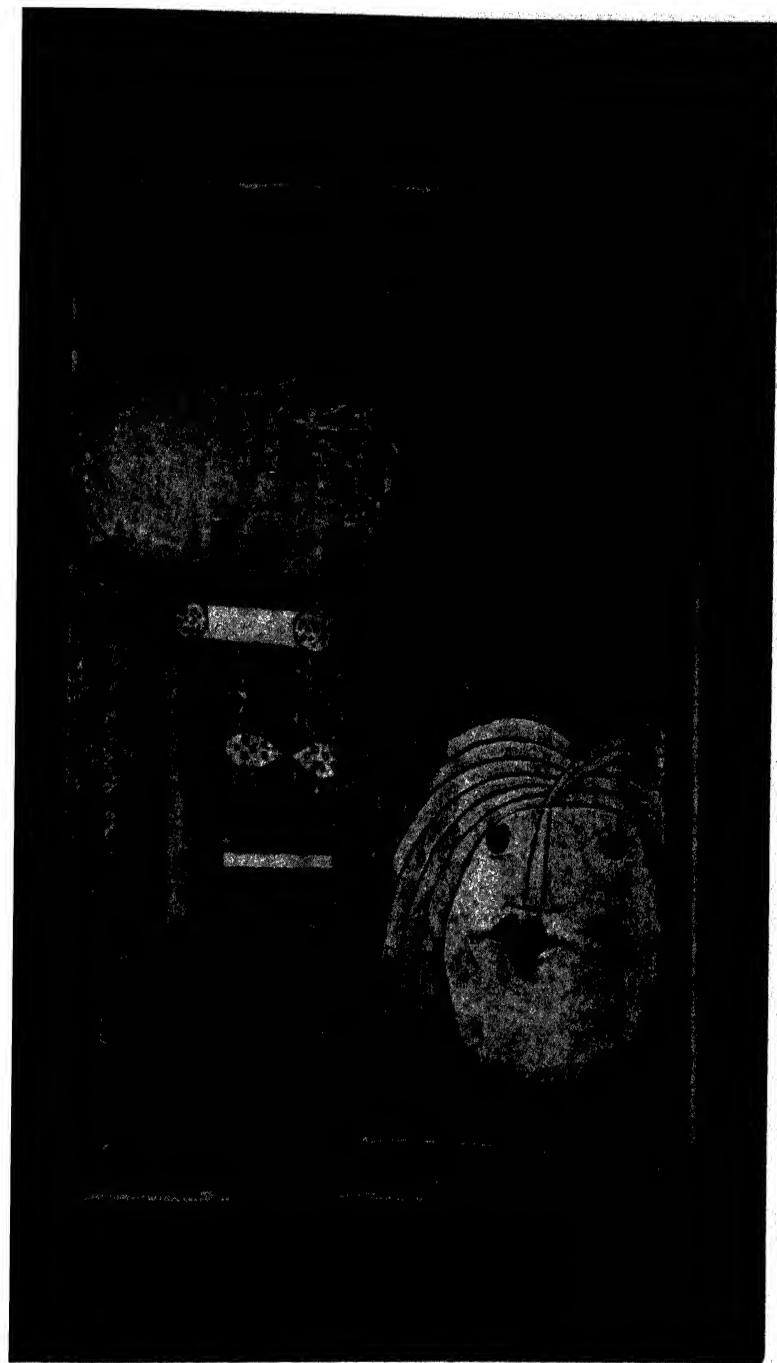
Paul Klee



238. A Little Fool in a Trance (1927)

Paul Klee

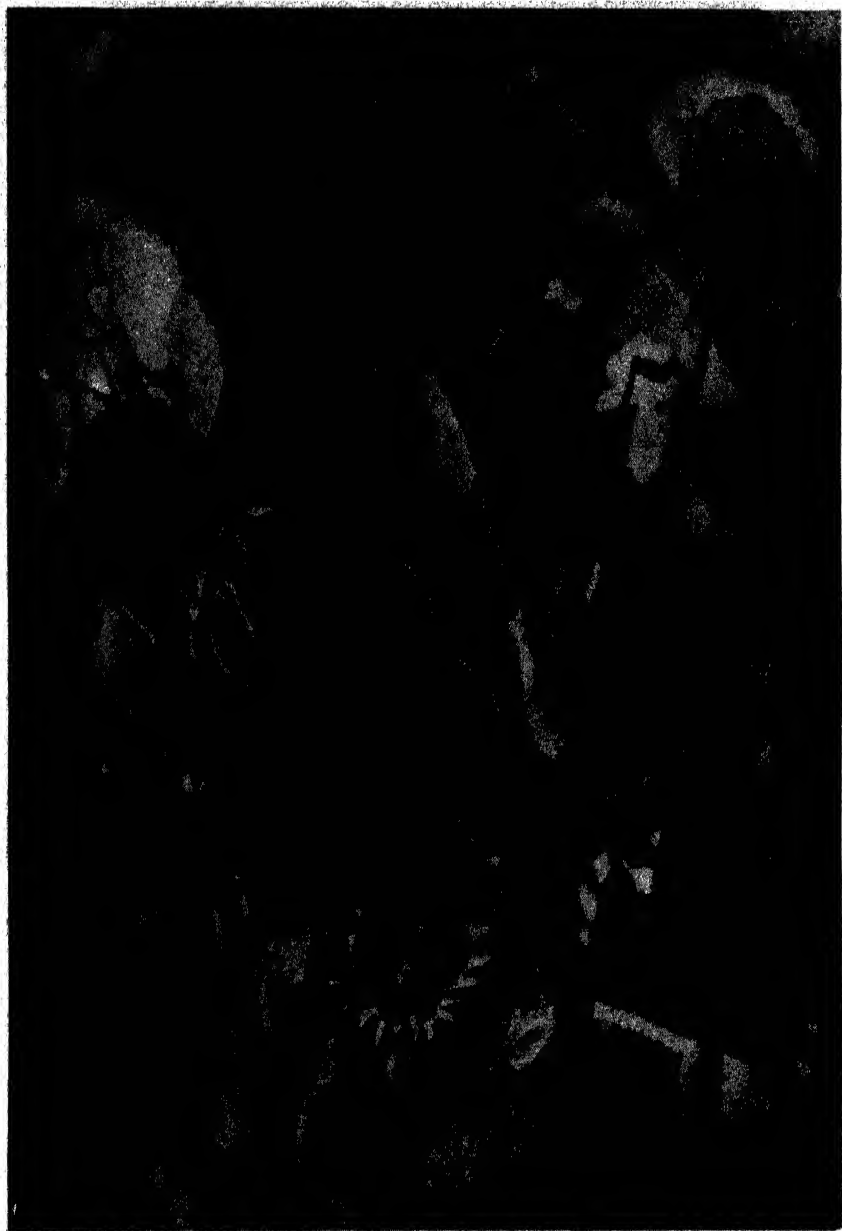
FLECHTHEIM COLLECTION, BERLIN



239. Gifts for T

FLECHTHEIM COLLECTION, BERLIN

Paul Klee



240. Improvisation No. 30 (Warlike Theme)

Vasily Kandinsky

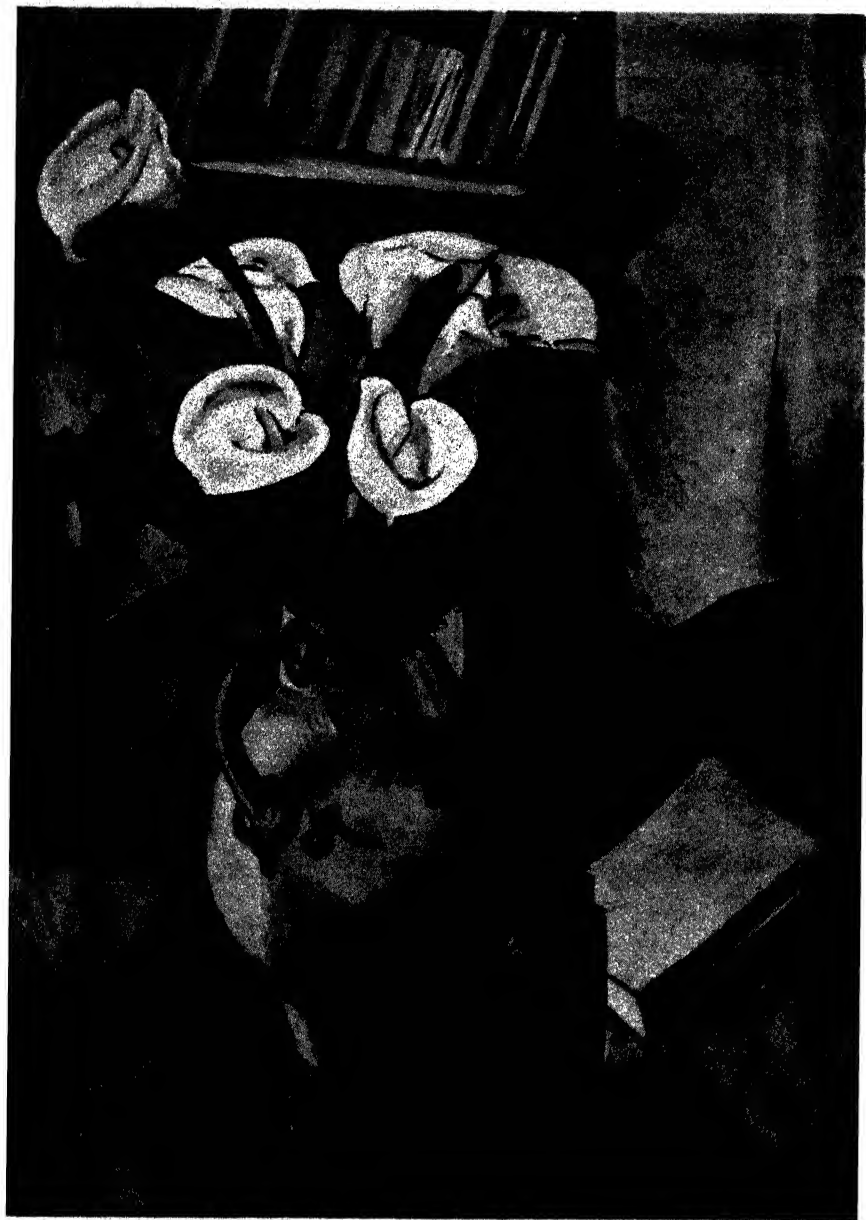
ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, EDDY COLLECTION



241. Nude

COLLECTION OF ARTHUR HUEN, CHICAGO

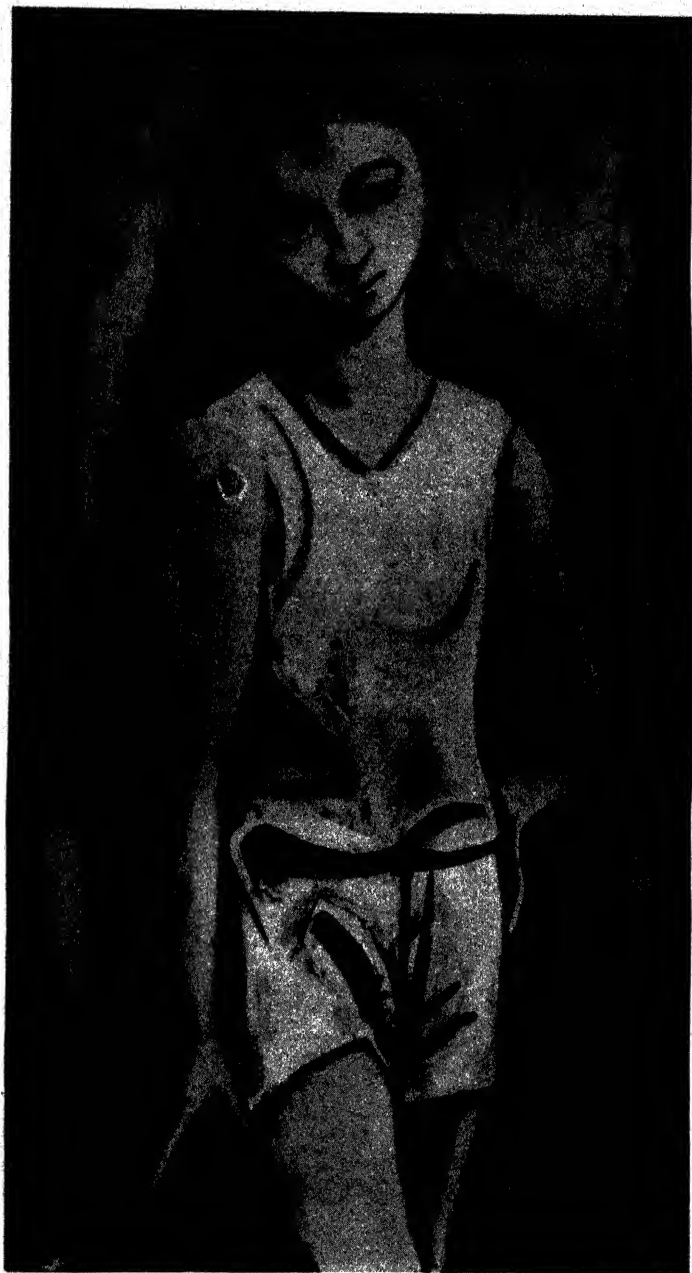
Emil Nolde



242. Calla Lilies

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL, PITTSBURGH, 1927

Max Pechstein



243. Standing Girl

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL, PITTSBURGH, 1930

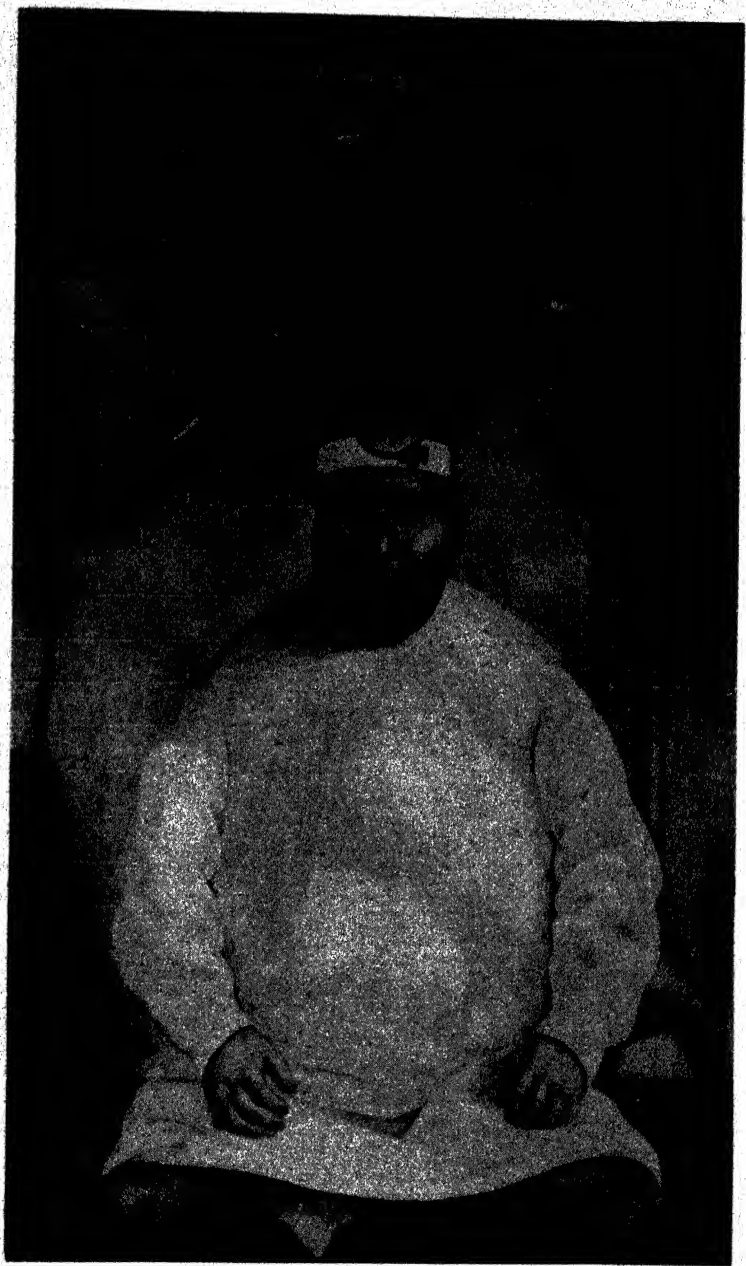
Karl Hofer



244. The Baby (1928)

NATIONAL GALLERY, BERLIN

Otto Dix



245. Portrait of Dr. Meyer-Hermann

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

Otto Dix



246. Animal Trainer

ROULLIER GALLERIES, CHICAGO

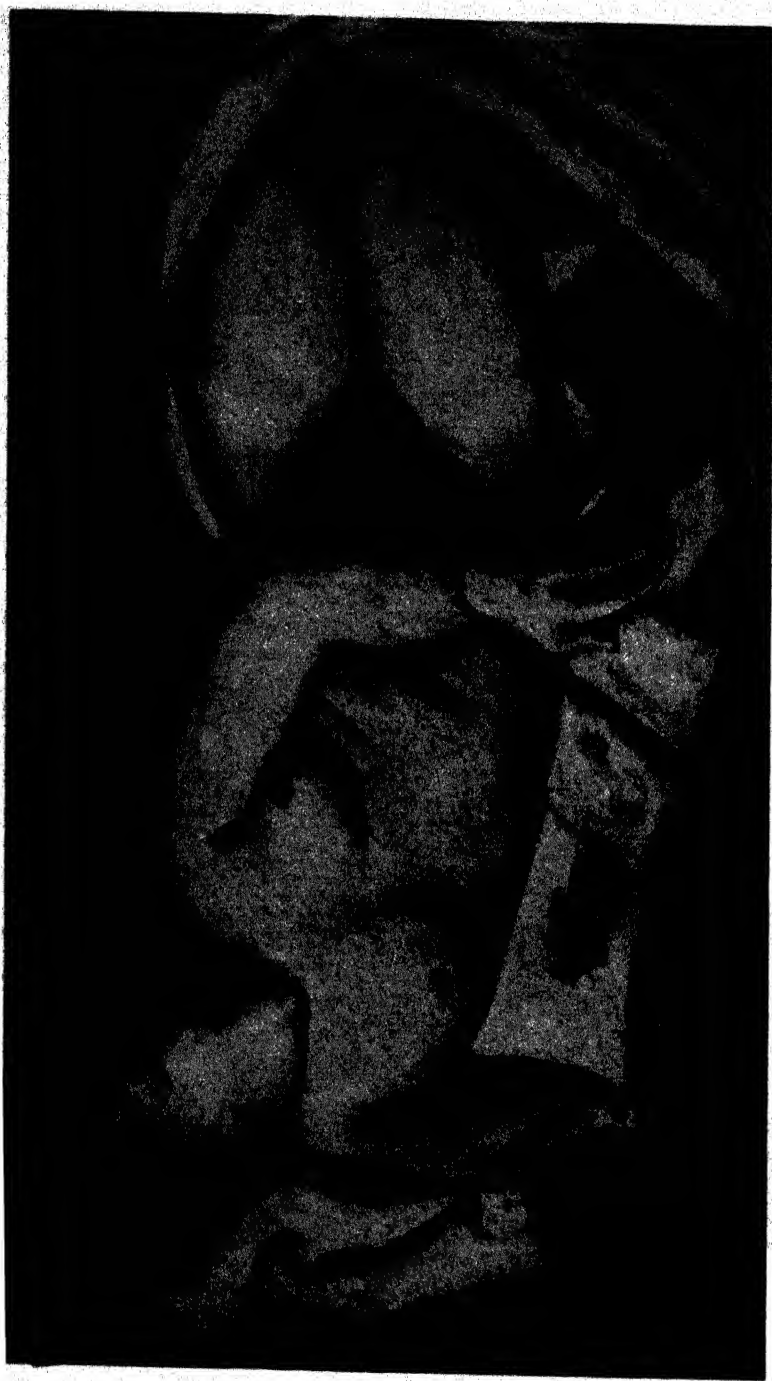
Otto Dix



247. Dancers

COLLECTION OF J. B. NEUMANN, NEW YORK

Max Beckmann



248. Reclining Woman

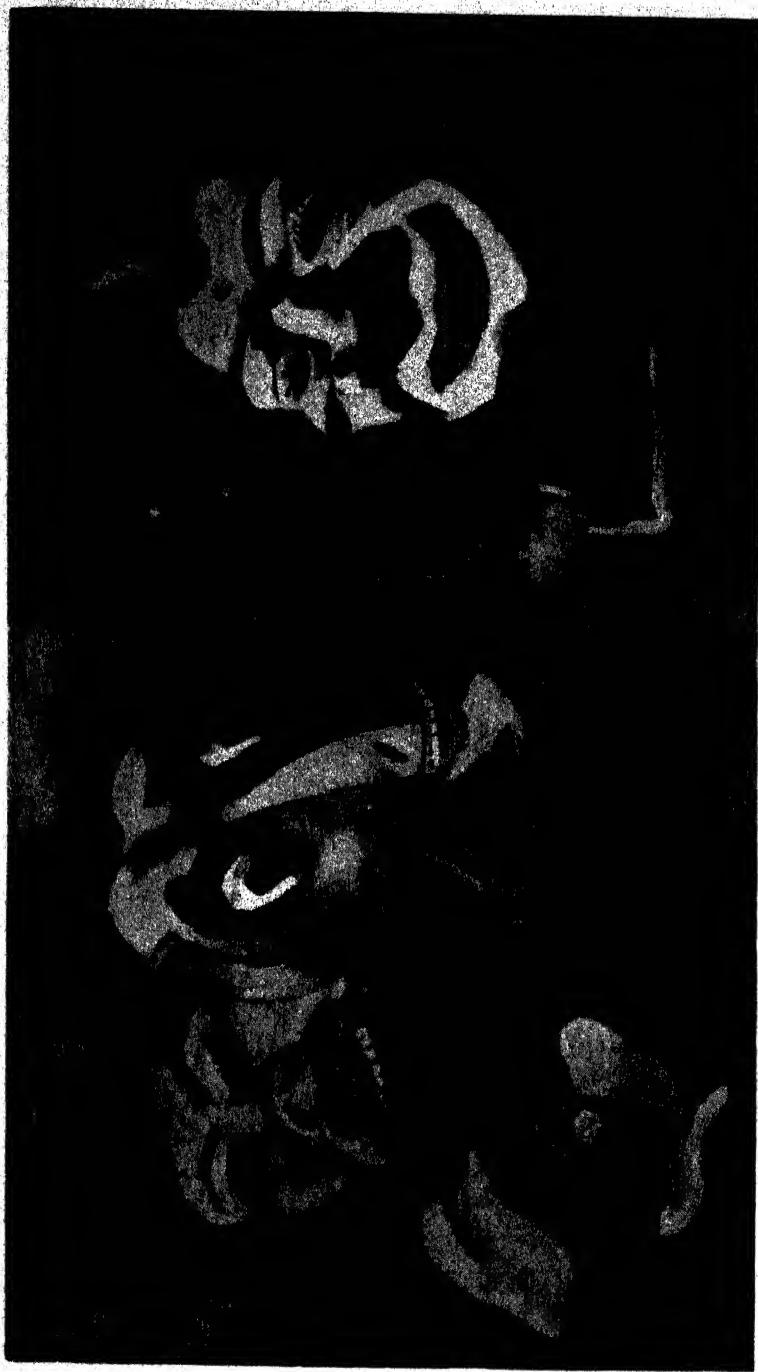
Max Beckmann

COLLECTION OF J. B. NEUMANN, NEW YORK



249. *Women by the Sea*

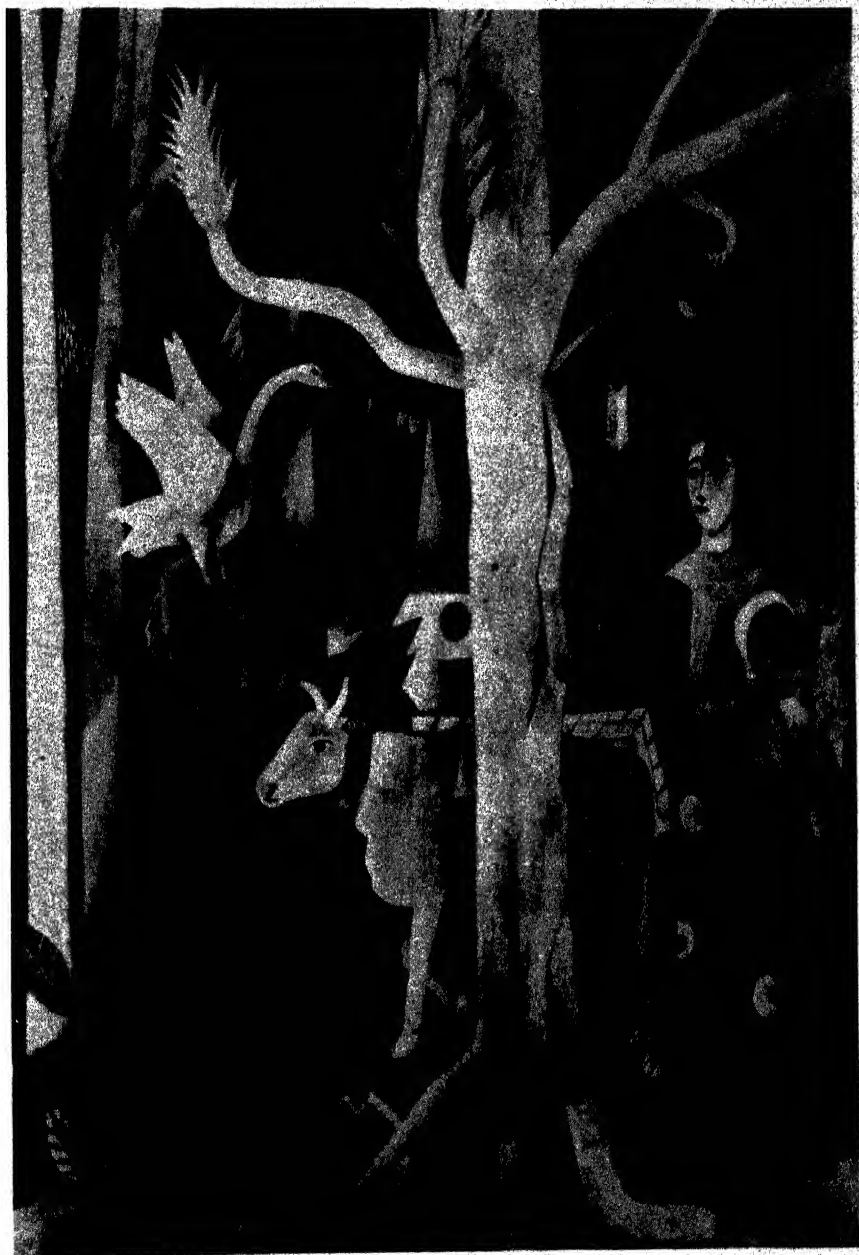
KARL SCHMIDT-ROTLUFF
CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL, PITTSBURGH, 1928



250. *Masks*

Karl Schmidt-Rottluff

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL, PITTSBURGH, 1930



251. The White Tree

Heinrich Campendonk

COLLECTION OF KATHERINE S. DREIER, NEW YORK



252. Girls Bathing

COLLECTION OF DR. W. K. VALENTINER, DETROIT

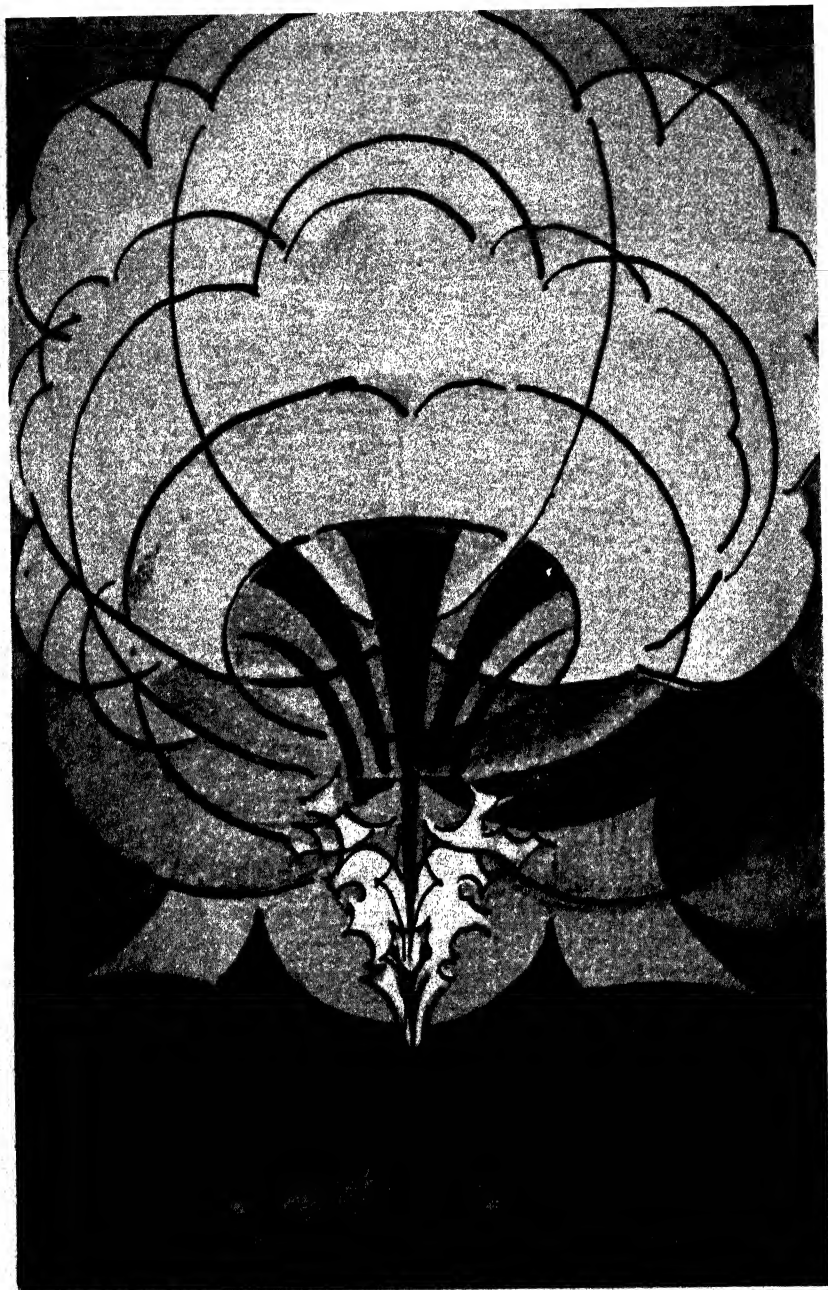
Otto Mueller



Giacomo Balla

253. War (1916)

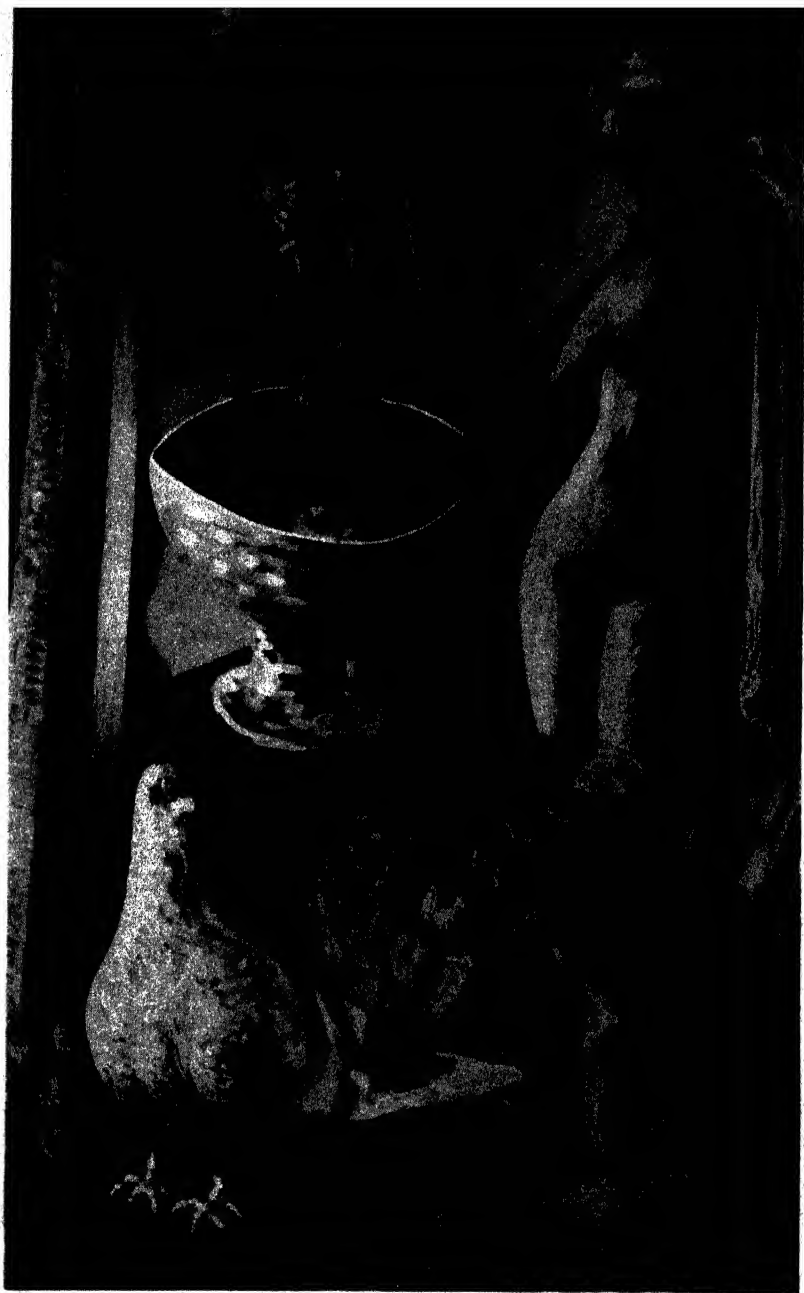
COLLECTION OF LEONIDE MASSINE, NEW YORK



254. Sensation of Spring

PRIVATE COLLECTION, ITALY

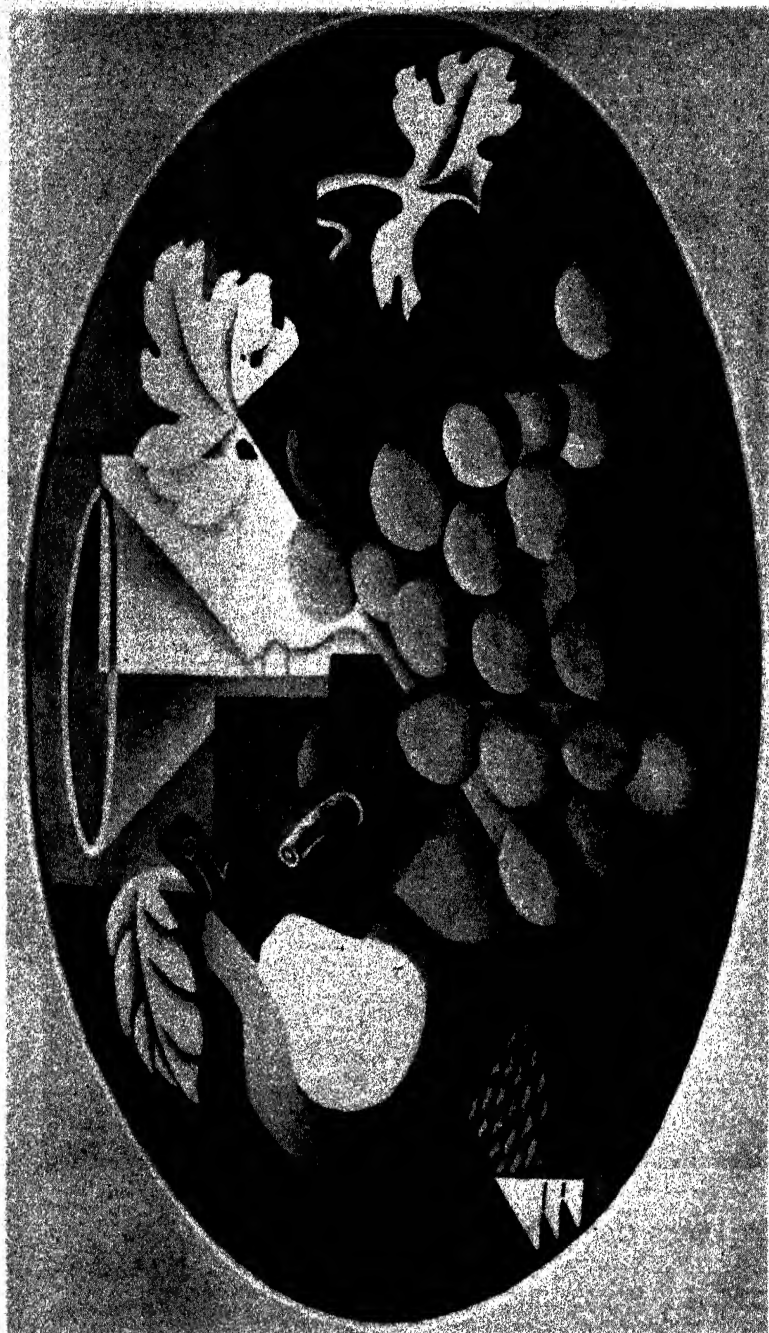
Giacomo Balla



255. Still Life

Gino Severini

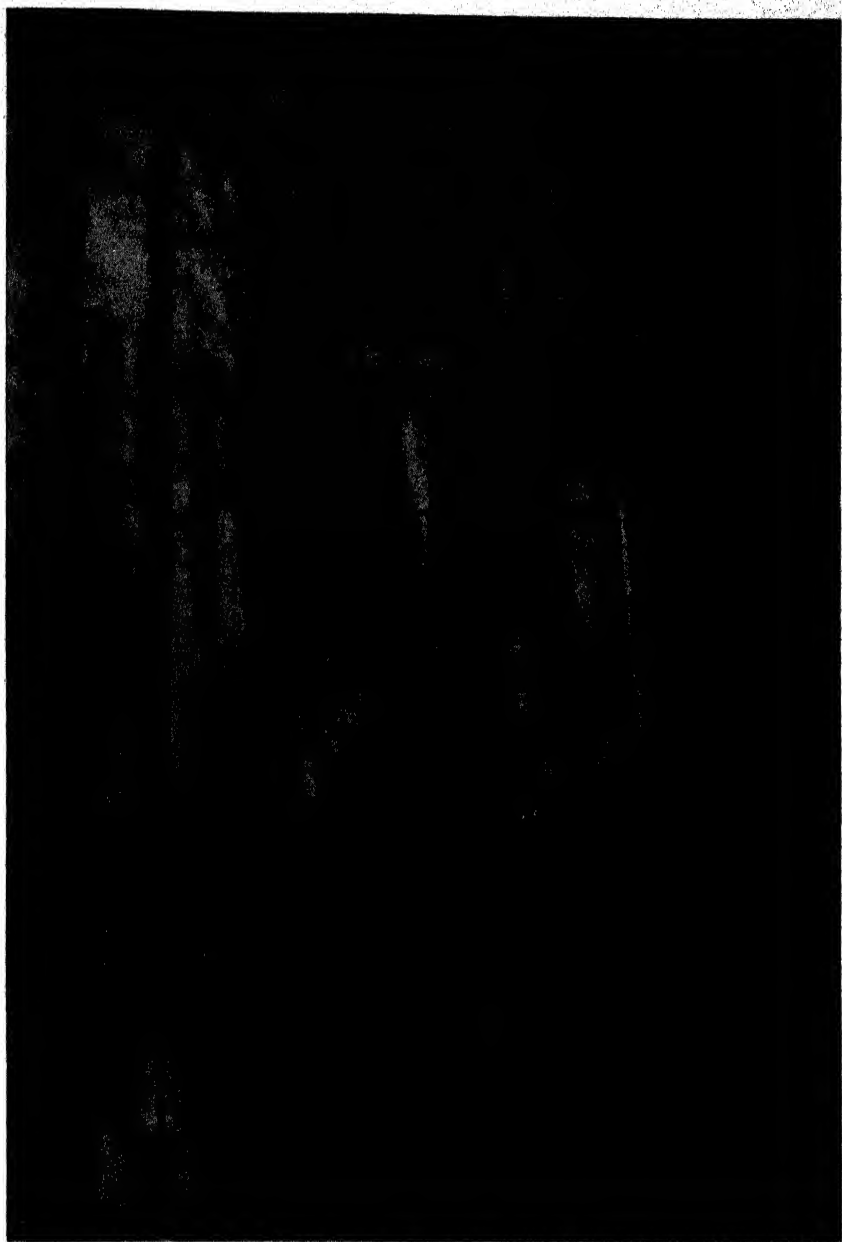
EXHIBITION ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



256. Grapes

Gino Severini

PRIVATE COLLECTION, CHICAGO



257. Infant Prodigy (1915)

Carlo Carra

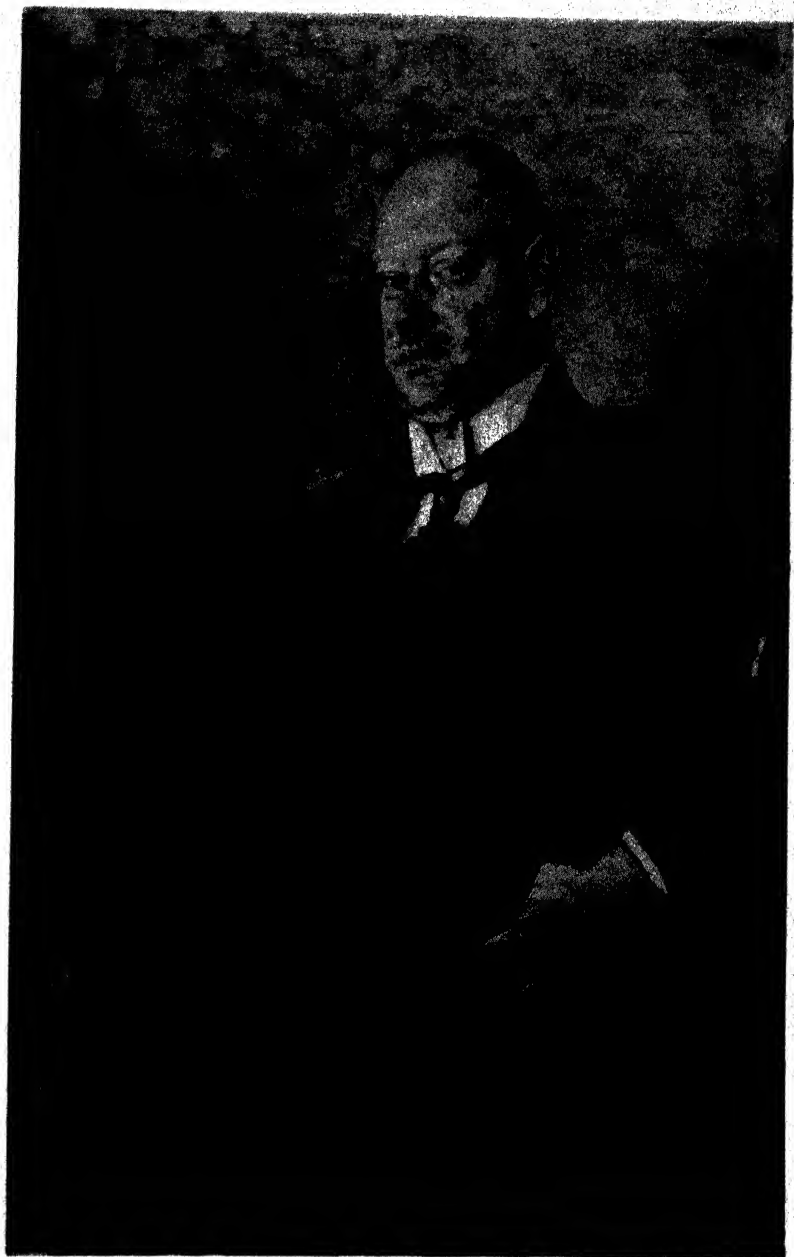
COLLECTION OF LEONIDE MASSINE, NEW YORK



258. Gypsies

Augustus John

EXHIBITION ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



259. Portrait of Dr. Stresemann

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL, PITTSBURGH, 1930

Augustus John



260. Venus of Willendorf (Oldest Known Sculptured Figure)
VIENNA MUSEUM, FROM CAVERN OF WILLENDORF, AUSTRIA

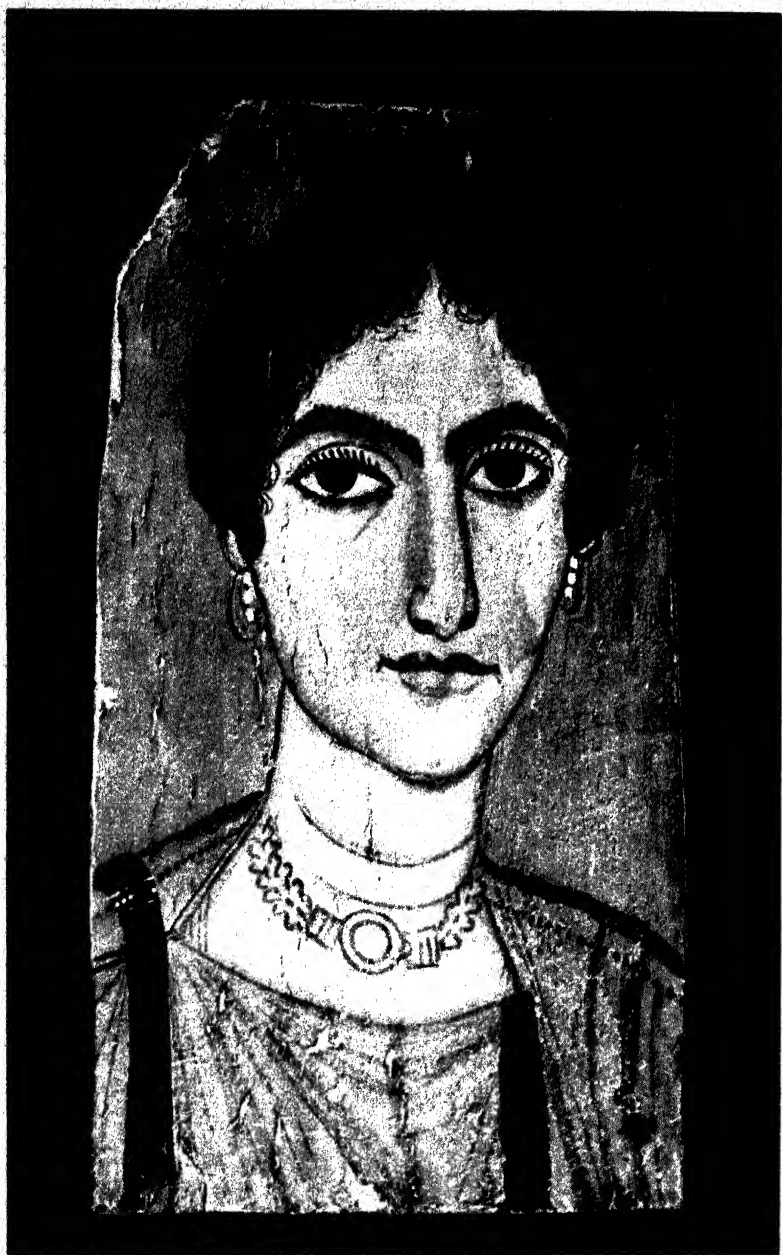




261. Egyptian Feast

Theban Tomb, 1500 B.C.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK



262. Tomb Portrait

Greco-Roman, Early A.D.

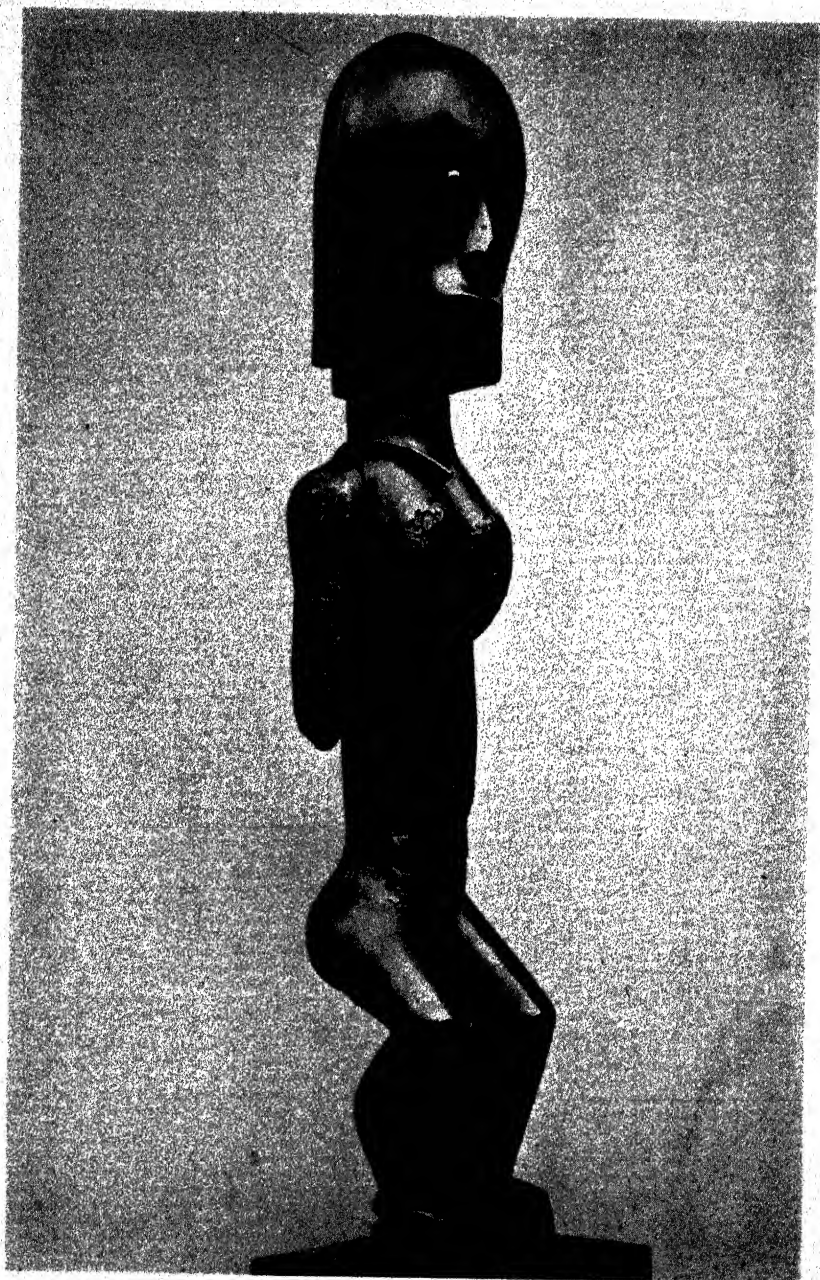
BRUMMER GALLERIES EXHIBITION, NEW YORK



263. Christ in Gethsemane

FOGG MUSEUM, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Byzantine School



264. Negro Wood Sculpture

DURAND-RUEL EXHIBITION, NEW YORK

French Congo



265. Misty Landscape

Mi Yuan Hui, Sung Dynasty

YAMANAKA, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO



266. Madonna and Child

Gerard David

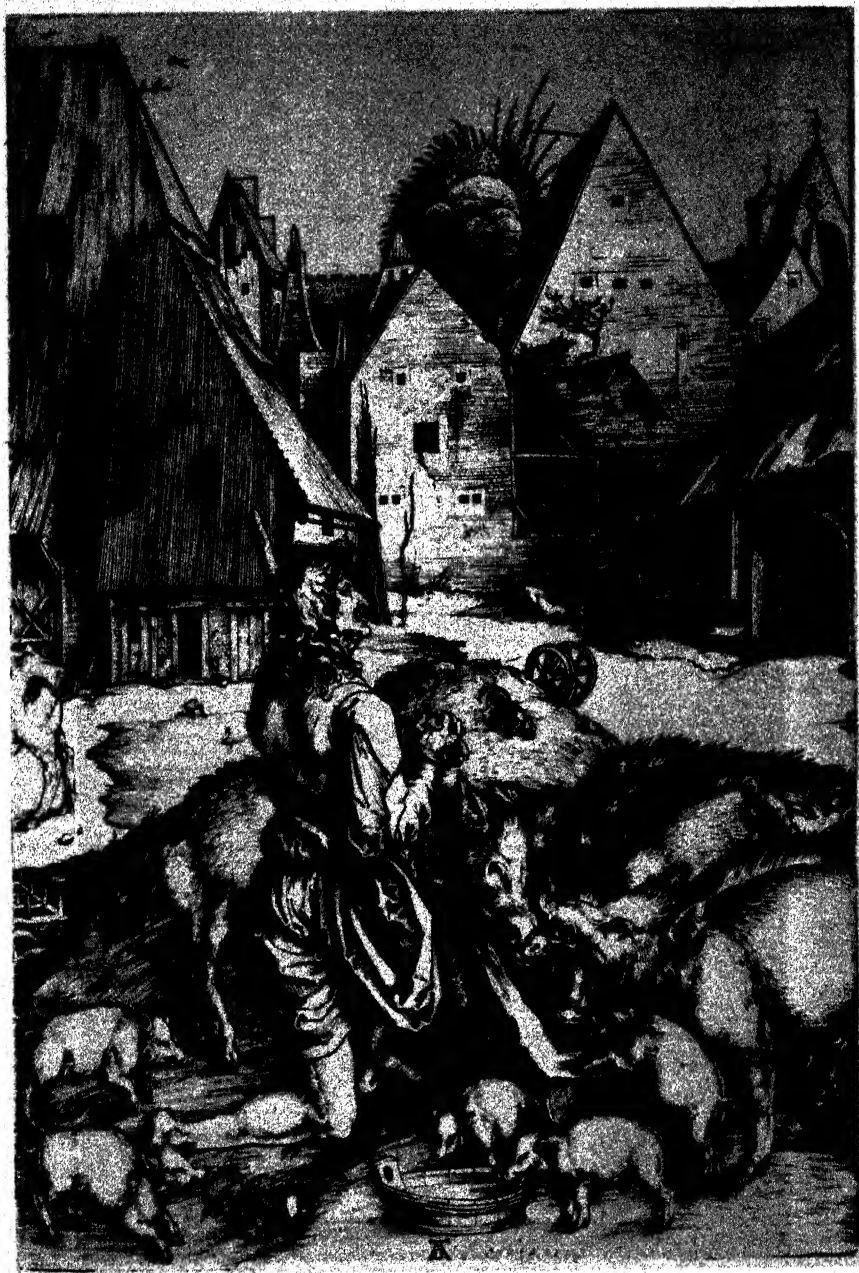
COLLECTION OF JULES S. BACHE, NEW YORK



267. Young Woman

OLD PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH, GERMANY

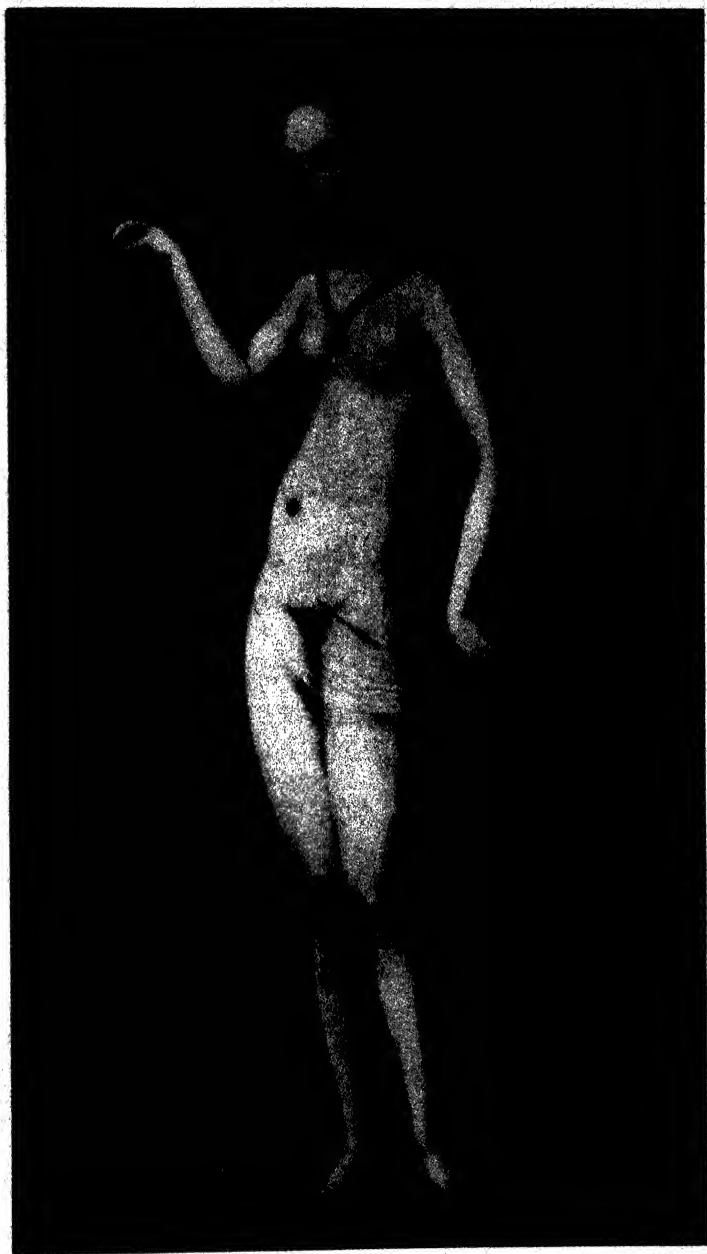
El Greco



268. The Prodigal Son

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

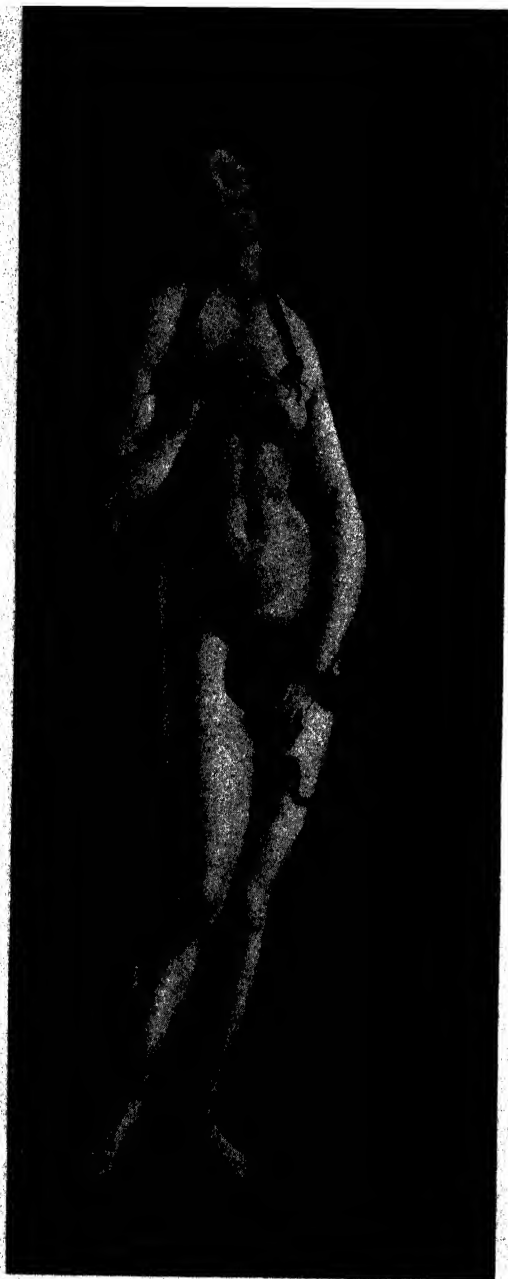
Albrecht Dürer



269. Venus

Lucas Cranach the Elder

MUSEUM, FRANKFORT, GERMANY



270. Venus

KAISER FREDERICK MUSEUM, BERLIN

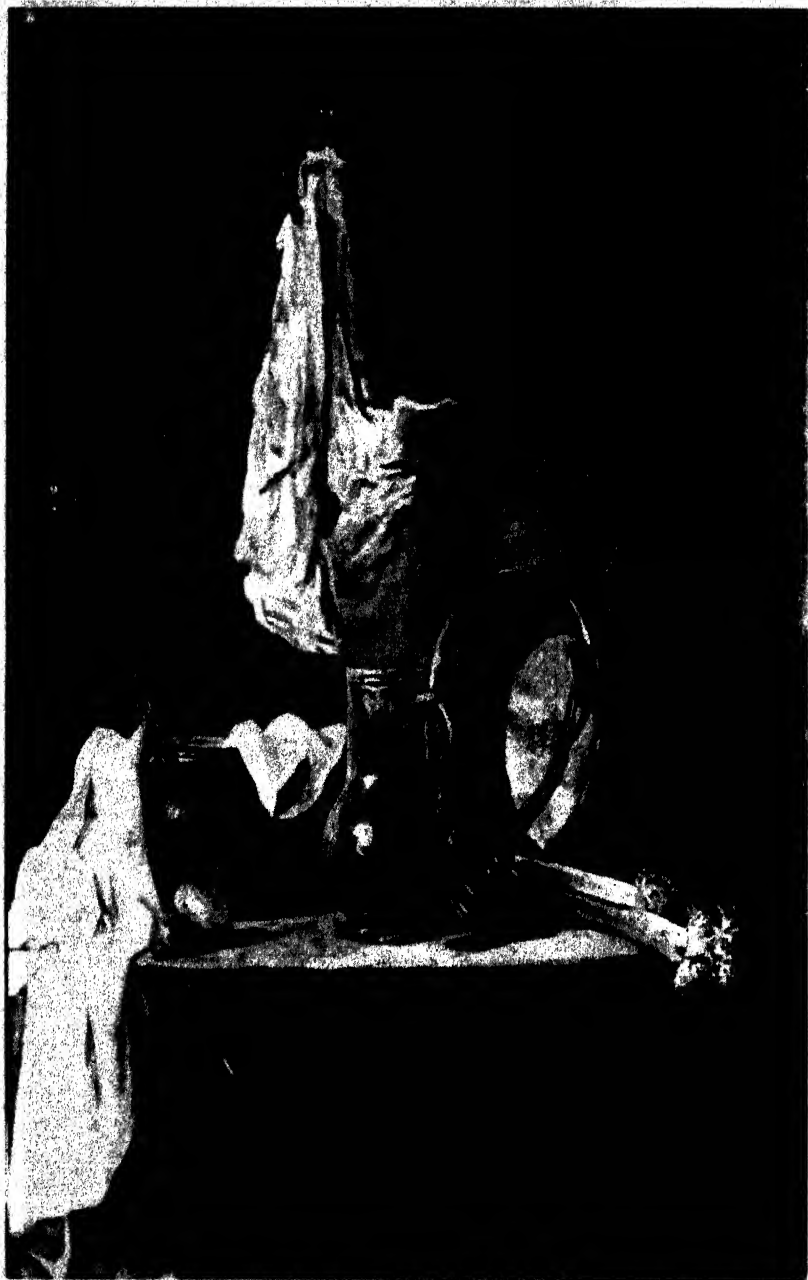
Sandro Botticelli



271. St. John on Patmos

Nicolas Poussin

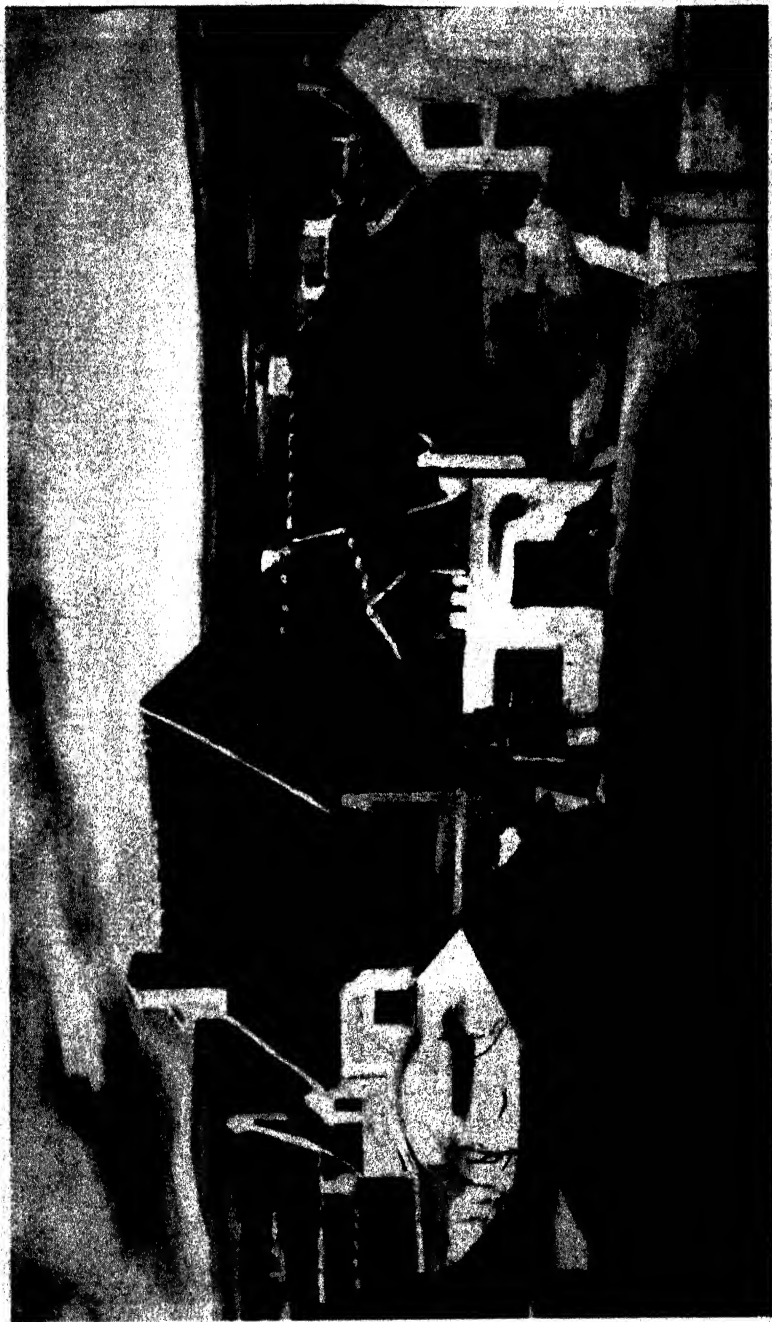
ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO



272. Still Life

J. B. S. Chardin

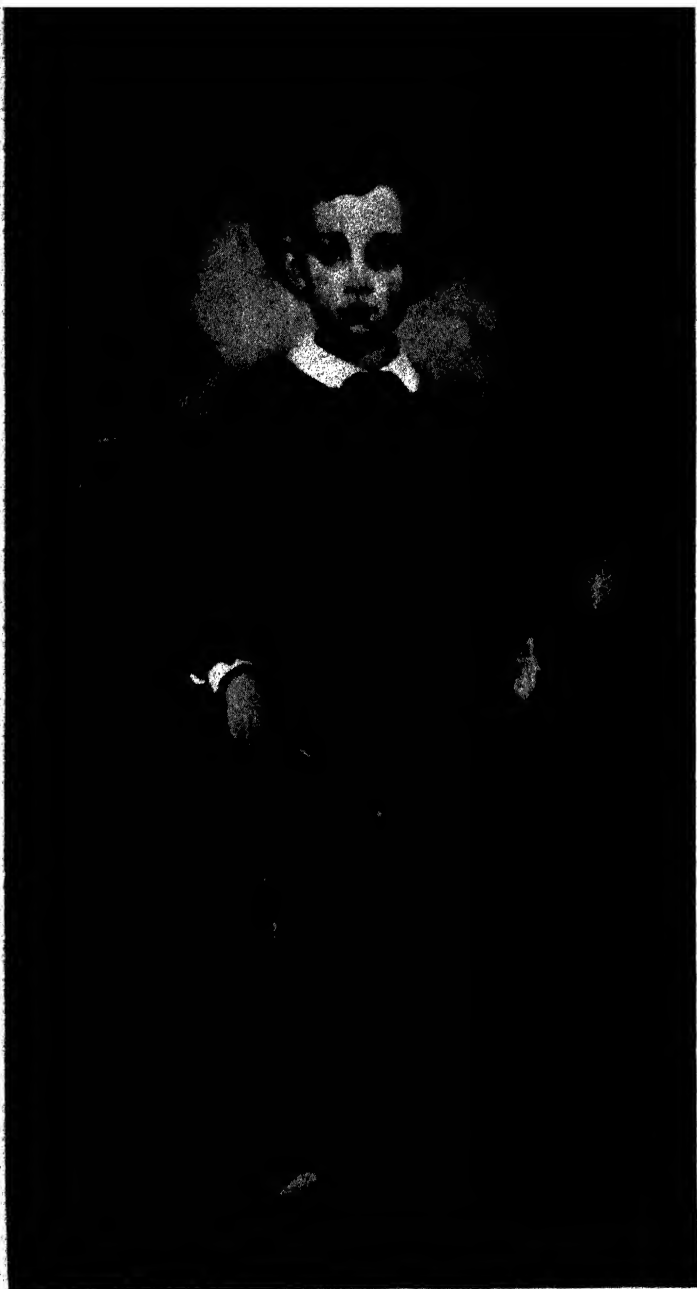
WILDENSTEIN GALLERIES, NEW YORK



273. The Inn at Montigny Les Cormeilles

FARNSWORTH MUSEUM, WELLESLEY, MASS.

Camille Corot



274. The Lange Boy

Edouard Manet

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, COBURN COLLECTION

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



142 163

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LIBRARY